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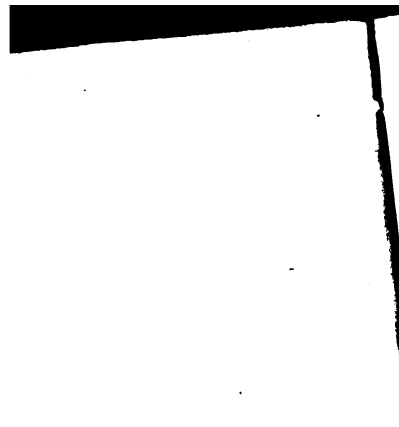

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WALPOLIANA.

I. ADELA, A TALE.

I have been amusing myself with a history of Picardy, and shall read you off a short tale that struck me.

Thomas de Saint Valery was travelling with his wife, Adela, daughter of a count de Ponthieu. They were attacked near a forest by eight armed men. St. Valery, after a severe struggle, was seized, bound, and thrown into a thicket. His wife was carried off, exposed to the brutality of the banditti, and afterwards dismissed in a state of nudity. She, however, sought for, and found her husband, and they returned together.

They were soon after met by their servants, whom they had left at an inn, and returned to their father's castle at Abbeville. The barbarous count, full of false ideas of honour, proposed, some days after, to his daughter, a ride to his town of Rue, on the seashore. There they entered a bark, as if to sail about for pleasure; and they had stood out three leagues from the shore, when the count de Ponthieu, starting up, said, with a terrible voice, "Lady, death must now efface the shame which your misfortune has brought on all your family."

The sailors, previously instructed, instantly seized her, shut her up in a hogshead, and threw her into the sea, while the bark regained the coast.

Happily a Flemish vessel passing near the coast, the crew observed the floating hogshead, and, expecting a prize of good wine, took it up, opened it, and, with great surprise, found a beautiful woman. She was, however, almost dead, from terror and want of air; and, at her earnest entreaty, the honest Flemings sent a boat ashore with her. She gained her husband's house, who was in tears for her supposed death. The scene was extremely affecting: but Adela only survived it a few hours.

John, count of Ponthieu, repenting of his crime, gave to the monks of St. Valery the right of fishing three days in the year, in and about the spot where his daughter had been thrown overboard.

II. COMMENTARIES OF AGRIPPINA.

Tacitus mentions the Commentaries of Agrippina, mother of Nero. I wish we had more extracts from a work by so singular an author. I should suppose it was decent, and attempted to palliate her crimes. Yet I should like to have a copy, bound up with Arian's life of Tilliborus the robber, quoted, if I remember right, by Lucian.

III. AKENSIDE AND ROLT.

Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination attracted much notice on the first appearance, from the elegance of its language, and the warm colouring of the descrip-

tions. But the Platonic fanaticism of the foundation injured the general beauty of the edifice. Plato is indeed the philosopher of imagination; but is not this saying that he is no philosopher at all? I have been told that Rolt, who afterwards wrote many books, was in Dublin when that poem appeared, and actually passed a whole year there, very comfortably, by passing for the author.

IV. ALGAROTTI.

Algarotti is a lively and pleasant writer, and sometimes conveys his thoughts in elegant metaphor; for example: "Lo stile di Bacone, uomo di altissima dottrina, abbonda di vivissimi pensieri. Nella maggior profondita d' acqua, si trovano le perle piu grosse." "The style of Bacon, a man of the most profound learning, abounds in most lively thoughts. In the greater depth of water the larger pearls are found."

V. AMERICANS.

The Americans are mostly engaged in trade and plantations. Their chief object is to make money. And, in truth, money is freedom.

VI. AMOROUS SAINT.

I am told that the life of St. Catherine of Sienna contains much curious and equivocal matter.

[The title is *Legenda della seraphica Catherina di Sienna.* Vinegie, 1556, 8vo.]

VII. AMUSEMENTS OF WAR.

When Louis XIV. besieged Lille, the count de Brouai, governor of the place, was so polite as to send a supply of ice every morning for the king's dessert. Louis said one day to the gentleman who brought it, "I am much obliged to M. de Brouai for his ice, but I wish he would send it in larger portions." The Spaniard answered, without hesitation, "Sire, he thinks the siege will be long, and he is afraid the ice may be exhausted." When the messenger was going, the duke de Charrost, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governor of Douai, who yielded like a rascal." The king turned round laughing, and said, "Charrost, are you mad?" "How, Sir!" answered he, "Brouai is my cousin."

In the Memoires de Grammont you will find similar examples of the *amusements* of war. You remember that when Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage. The king laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, "I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest."

VIII. ANANAS.

The culture of pine-apples was certainly known in England in the time of Charles II. as that picture on my right hand shows. It represents Rose the gardener presenting a pine-apple to Charles; and the likeness of the king is too marked, and his features too well known, to leave any room for doubt.

IX. ANCIENT DIARY.

THE diary of Philip IV. of France was printed at Florence in 1746. It contains little but his expences on a journey to Flanders in 1301; but is printed from his own hand-writing in tablets of beech-wood, done over with wax.

X. AN ANECDOTE CORRECTED.

LET me correct a story relating to the great duke of Marlborough. The duchess was pressing the duke to take a medicine; and, with her usual warmth, said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth*, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my lord duke; for it must be of service, in one way or the other."

XI. ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS.

THERE is a French book called *Anecdotes des Rues de Paris*. I had begun a similar work, "Anecdotes of the Streets of London." I intended, in imitation of the French original, to have pointed out the streets and houses where any remarkable incident had happened. But I found the labour would be too great, in collecting materials from various resources; and I abandoned the design, after having written about ten or twelve pages.

XII. APPLAUSE THE NURSE OF GENIUS.

ONE quality I may safely arrogate to myself: I am not *afraid to praise*. Many are such timid judges of

* By mistake put Lord Somers.

composition, that they hesitate, and wait for the public opinion. Show them a manuscript, though they highly approve it in their hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause; a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some cavils of Mason (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced Gray to destroy his two beautiful and sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.

XIII. APT QUOTATION.

Here is an antiquarian book for you! I have been dipping into it to my sorrow. Most of them are narcotic, but this is irritating; for who can bear insolence, mixed with false reasoning on false foundations? I took down Lucretius to look at a quotation, and an applicable passage caught my eye. I have marked it:

——— in fabricâ si falsa est regula prima,
Normaque si fallax notis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua si ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendose fieri, atque obstipa necessum est,
Prava, cubantia, prona, supina, atque absona tecta,
Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle ruantque,
Prodita judiciis fallacibus omnia primis.

XIV. ARCHITECTURAL SOLECISM.

A solecism may be committed even in architecture. The ruin in Kew Gardens is built with act-of-parliament brick*.

* An act passed, forty or fifty years ago, to fix the precise length, breadth, and thickness of each brick. The old Roman bricks, &c. &c. are of a very different form.

XV. ARMOUR.

My suit of armour, that belonged to Francis I. must have been only used in tilting: it is not strong enough for battle. You see that little men may be great men [smiling, as he was himself short in stature].

Grose I have read (on ancient armour). I see from it that our modern painters know nothing of costume. The chain, or ring armour was that used in the middle ages. Our artists always clap on plate armour long before it was invented.

XVI. ARMSTRONG'S WORKS.

Dr. Armstrong's Poem on Health is very well. I was induced t'other day to glance at his own collection of his works in two small volumes. His pride is most disgusting. If you believe him, there was no judge of poetry in England—except himself. An author should either know, or suppose, that there are in this enlightened country thousands of readers, who might perhaps write as well as himself, on any topic; but who, at any rate, may be superior judges, though they be too lazy to call their taste into active exertion. His prose is quaint and uninteresting; often puerile. I only remember his objection to the phrase *subject matter*, which is just. His tragedy has no incidents, and the language is all in a flutter. His *Winter*, in imitation of Shakspeare, deserves to be better known.

XVII. ARTFUL QUESTION.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges too, sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "and the partridges too." The dish was gold.

XVIII. ATHEISM THE OFFSPRING OF FANATICISM.

These horrible affairs in France are the offspring of fanaticism. Yes, sir; if the reformation had taken place there, as well as here, religion and the clergy would have been respected, as they are here. Fanatics make atheists. If I cannot believe in God without believing that a wafer is God, my reason abjures the deity. I wish religion to exist: it is of infinite use to society, and I therefore wish it to be as rational as possible. A synod of the English church might order several objectionable tenets and expressions of our worship to be altered. I love those reformations that prevent revolutions, by keeping pace with the gradual progress of reason and knowledge.

XIX. ATTERBURY.

Atterbury was nothing more or less than a Jacobite priest. His writings were extolled by that faction, but his letter on Clarendon's History is truly excellent*.

* Reminiscences, page 34.

XX. AUTHORS.

FLETCHER, in his Locustæ, has an odd line on authors:

> The goose lends them a spear, and every rag a shield.

XXI. AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

I HAVE always rather tried to escape the acquaintance and conversation of authors. An author, talking of his own works, or censuring those of others, is to me a dose of ipecacuanha. I like only a few, who can in company forget their authorship, and remember plain sense.

The conversation of artists is still worse. Vanity and envy are the main ingredients. One detests vanity because it shocks one's own vanity.

Had I listened to the censures of artists, there is not a good piece in my collection. One blames one part of a picture, another attacks another. Sir Joshua is one of the most candid; yet he blamed the stiff drapery of my Henry VII. in the state bedchamber, as if good drapery could be expected in that age of painting.

XXII. AUTHORS IN FLOWER—MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

AT Strawberry-hill, 19th September, 1784, Mr. Walpole remarked that, at a certain time of their lives, men of genius seemed to be *in flower*. Gray was in flower three years, when he wrote his odes, &c. This starting the idea of the American aloe, some kinds of

which are said to flower only once in a century, he observed, laughing, that had Gray lived a hundred years longer, perhaps he would have been in flower again. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams bore only one blossom; he was in flower only for one ode.

Next evening, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Walpole gave me the Mysterious Mother to read, while he went to Mrs. Clive's for an hour or two. The date was remarkable, as the play hinges on an anniversary *twentieth of September.*

> —— but often as returns
> The twentieth of September, &c.

This odd circumstance conspired with the complete solitude of the Gothic apartments, to lend an additional impression to the superstitious parts of that tragedy. In point of language, and the true expression of passion and feeling, the new and just delineation of monastic fraud, tyranny, and cruelty; it deserves the greatest praise. But it is surprising that a man of his taste and judgment should have added to the improbability of the tale, instead of mellowing it with softer shades. This might be cured by altering one page of the countess's confession in the last act. The story, as told in Luther's Table Talk, seems more ancient than that in the Tales of the Queen of Navarre.

On Mr. Walpole's return he said he had printed a few copies of this tragedy at Strawberry-hill, to give to his friends. Some of them falling into improper hands, two surreptitious editions were advertised. Mr. W. in consequence, desired Dodsley to print an edition 1781, and even caused it to be advertised.

But finding that the stolen impressions were of course dropped, he ordered his not to be issued, and none were ever sold.

XXIII. MISS BALLENDEN.

The Prince, afterwards George II. was desperately in love with Miss Ballenden, who hated him. Mrs. Howard went between them, but not succeeding, the prince was forced to content himself with the mediatrix, who was not pretty, but very agreeable.

Miss Ballenden was exquisitely beautiful, and as great an ornament to the court of George I. as her countrywoman, Miss Stuart, had been to that of Charles II. She was the daughter of lord Ballenden, and married colonel Campbell, afterwards duke of Argyle.

After her marriage her former royal lover, piqued by her disdain, seldom failed to step up to her at court, and say such cruel things that she would colour, and be most uneasy*. Ungenerous, certainly, as he ought rather to have applauded her virtue. Henry IV. of France, you know, praised the lady who answered him, that the only path to her chamber lay through the church.

* Reminiscences, page 48.

Several of the anecdotes in the "Reminiscences" are retold in the present volume, but generally with some variation of circumstances, and always with so much colloquial grace, that it was thought better to refer to the former volume, for the sake of comparison, than to omit them.

XXIV. BEARDS.

Francis I. of France, amusing himself with his courtiers one winter day, was struck on the chin with a piece of a tile, which chanced to be taken up in a snowball. As the wounded part could not be shaved, he let his beard grow; and the fashion was revived after it had been dropped for a century.

It is said, I know not with what truth, that the same prince, having lost his hair and an eye by the venereal disease, introduced the wig and the hat. The latter had before been used in riding, to cover the face from the sun: but the bonnet continued to be the ceremonial covering.

XXV. BEAUTIFUL PROVERBS.

Proverbs not only present "le bon gros sens qui court les rues," but sometimes are expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with an oriental one of this sort, which I met with in some book of travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin."

XXVI. BERNIS AND FLEURY.

Cardinal de Bernis, when only an Abbé, solicited Cardinal Fleury, then fourscore, for some preferment. Fleury told him fairly he should never have any this in his time: Bernis replied, "*Monseigneur, j'attendrai**."

* My lord, I shall *wait*.

XXVII. BIOGRAPHIA.

I HAD happened to say that the Biographia Britannica was an apology for every body. This reached the ears of Dr. Kippis, who was publishing a new edition; and who retorted that the life of Sir Robert Walpole should prove that the Biographia was not an apology for every body. Soon after I was surprised with a visit from the doctor, who came to solicit materials for my father's life. You may guess I very civilly refused.

XXVIII. BOLINGBROKE AND MARLBOROUGH.

LORD Bolingbroke discovered a foible of the great duke of Marlborough, that he delighted in tying Miss Jennings's garters. When he repeated the story, he used to add, "What is known to women is known to the world."

XXIX. BOLINGBROKE'S GRATITUDE.

BOLINGBROKE, to show his gratitude to my father for permitting him to return to England, endeavoured to supplant the minister by means of the royal mistresses —but George II. was ruled by his queen, and not by his mistresses*: Queen Caroline, indeed, deserved

* Reminiscences, page 14.

the favour she enjoyed. So attentive was she to her husband, that he could not walk through the gardens without her calling for her cloak, and following him, even when she had a cold, or was otherwise indisposed.

XXX. DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

THE duchess dowager of Bolton, who was natural daughter to the duke of Monmouth, used to divert George I. by affecting to make blunders. Once when she had been at the play of "Love's Last Shift," she called it, *La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*. Another time she pretended to come to court in a great fright, and the king asking the cause, she said she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her the world would be burnt in three years; and for her part she was determined to go to China.

XXXI. BONS-MOTS.

I HAVE made a collection of the witty sayings of Charles II. I have also a collection of bons-mots by people who only said one witty thing in the whole course of their lives.

Charles II. hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "Ay," observed the king, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."

XXXII. BOOK-MAKING.

NEVER was the noble art of book-making carried to such high perfection as at present. These compilers seem to forget that people have libraries. One vamps up a new book of travels, consisting merely of disguised extracts from former publications. Another fills his pages with Greek and Latin extracts from Aristotle and Quintilian. A third, if possible, more insipid, gives us long quotations from our poets, while a reference was enough, the books being in the hands of every body. Another treats us with old French *ana* in masquerade; and, by a singular fate, derives advantage from his very blunders, which makes the things look new. Pah! I and an amanuensis could scribble one of those books in twenty-four hours.

XXXIII. BOOKSELLERS.

THE manœuvres of bookselling are now equal in number to the stratagems of war. Publishers open and shut the sluices of reputation as their various interests lead them; and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications.

XXXIV. BOSSUET.

THE eloquence of Bossuet's Discourse on Universal History, so highly vaunted in France, I never could taste. The work, by the by, is so wholly occupied

with Jewish and ecclesiastical affairs, that it should have been entitled, "A Discourse on Ecclesiastic History." It is not, indeed, like Montaigne's chapter on boots, in which there is not a word about boots, but secular matters are so briefly handled, that the title is completely erroneous.

At the same time I confess that Bossuet's conduct to the meek and inoffensive Fenelon was so infamous, that I do not wish to be pleased with his writings.

XXXV. BOURBON.

The duke of Bourbon, who succeeded Orleans the regent, in the management of French affairs, during the minority of Louis XV. was but a weak man; and was ruled by his mistress madame de Prye, herself a weak woman. Her portrait, which I have in crayons, seems to confirm the insipidity of her character, but shows that she was beautiful.

The duke had another mistress, a madame Tessier, a woman of the most infamous character.

I suppose the marriage of Louis XV. to the daughter of Stanislaus, the dethroned king of Poland, to have proceeded from female intrigues. The princess was so much unprepared for this high honour, that madame de Prye was obliged to send her shifts and gowns.

XXXVI. BRANTOME.

Brantome is a singular and amusing writer. What a composition the first volume of his Dames Galantes!

In his account of the Vidame of Chartres he says,

that when that lord passed to London, as one of the hostages for the performance of the treaty between England and France, he rendered himself so agreeable to king Edward (III.?), that he took him with him "jusqu' au fin fonds des sauvages d'Escosse" (to the furthest part of the highlands of Scotland). There was held a grand hunt of deer; after which the Scots pressing with clubs the game killed, in order to squeeze out the blood, ate the raw flesh with bread, and thought it delicious.

I wonder this story has escaped Mr. Pennant.

XXXVII. BRIBERY.

If you look into the last volumes of the *Mémoires de Villars*, you will find minutes of the French council, whence it appears that Fleury was accused of taking money from England, at a time when it was alleged that my father was bribed by France. The origin of this mighty charge was, that Sir Robert Walpole had indorsed a bill of 500*l.* to a linendraper in the Strand, with the sole view of serving that linendraper.

XXXVIII. BRITISH CATTLE AND BLOODHOUNDS.

At Earl Ferrer's, Chartley, Staffordshire, the indigenal British cattle are still extant. In form they resemble a deer; and are white, except the ears and tail, which are black; a black list also runs along the back.

In Neidwood forest, in the same county, bloodhounds are still reared; about the size of a mastiff, blackish back, belly reddish brown.

XXXIX. BRITISH EMPIRE.

We now talk of the British *empire*, and of Titus and Trajan, who were absolute emperors. In my time it was the British *monarchy*. What is this mighty empire over ten or twelve millions of people, and a few trading colonies? People shut up in an island have always pride enough—but this is too ridiculous even for flattery to invent, and the absolute power of a Roman emperor to swallow, along with an apotheosis.

XL. BRUCE'S TRAVELS.

Bruce's book is both dull and dear. We join in clubs of five, each pays a guinea, draw lots who shall have it first, and the last to keep it for his patience.

Bruce's overbearing manner has raised enmity and prejudices; and he did wrong in retailing the most wonderful parts of his book in companies. A story may be credible when attended with circumstances, which seems false if detached.

I was present in a large company at dinner, when Bruce was talking away. Some one asked him what musical instruments are used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question; and at last said, "I think I saw one *lyre** there." George Selwyn whispered his next man, "Yes; and there is one less since he left the country."

* Same pronunciation as liar.

XLI. BRUTAL AFFECTIONS.

THE attachment of some French ladies to their lapdogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. I have heard of a lapdog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, his mistress thus expressed her *compassion*: "Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

Another lady kept a malicious ape, which bit one of her women so cruelly in the arm, that her life was in danger. The lady chid her ape, and told him not to bite so deep in future. The maid lost her arm; and the marchioness dismissed her with a vague promise of a provision. The marquis blaming this inhumanity, the lady answered with great coolness, "What would you have me do with the girl? She has lost an arm."

XLII. BURNET.

BISHOP Burnet's absence of mind is well known. Dining with the duchess of Marlborough, after her husband's disgrace, he compared this great general to Belisarius. "But," said the duchess, eagerly, "how came it that such a man was so miserable, and universally deserted?"—"Oh, madam (exclaimed the *distrait* prelate), he had such a brimstone of a wife*!"

XLIII. BUSTS.

WHEN madame de Staal was writing her memoirs, a female friend asked her, how she would manage when

* Reminiscences, page 76.

she came to characterize herself, her sensibility, and gallantries. "Oh," answered madame, "I shall give only a bust of myself."

In our novels, memoirs, &c. &c. we are great dealers in busts. The French, on the contrary, delight perhaps too much in whole lengths: but they have the merit of anatomizing the whole of human nature, while our hypocrisies mutilate the figure, and destroy all its truth.

XLIV. BUTE'S MINISTRY.

Lord Bute was my schoolfellow. He was a man of taste and science, and I do believe his intentions were good. He wished to blend and unite all parties. The Tories were willing to come in for a *share* of power, after having been so long excluded—but the Whigs were not willing to grant that share. Power is an intoxicating draught; the more a man has, the more he desires.

XLV. CARPETS.

Carpets are mentioned in the twelfth century; but they would not do for our old vast apartments; and straw was necessary for warmth.

XLVI. CAUTION TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

Youth is prone to censure. A young man of genius expects to make a world for himself; as he gets older, he finds he must take it as it is.

It is imprudent in a young author to make any enemies whatever. He should not attack any living person. Pope was, perhaps, too refined and jesuitic a professor of authorship; and his arts to establish his reputation were infinite, and sometimes perhaps exceeded the bounds of severe integrity. But in this he is an example of prudence, that he wrote no satire till his fortune was made.

XLVII. CELLINI'S BELL.

One of the pieces in my collection which I the most highly value is the silver bell with which the popes used to curse the caterpillars; a ceremony I believe now abandoned. Lahontan, in his Travels, mentions a like absurd custom in Canada, the solemn excommunication, by the bishop, of the turtle-doves, which greatly injured the plantations.

For this bell I exchanged with the marquis of Rockingham all my Roman coins in large brass. The relievos, representing caterpillars, butterflies, and other insects, are wonderfully executed.

Cellini, the artist, was one of the most extraordinary men in an extraordinary age. His life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know.

XLVIII. EPISTLE TO CHAMBERS.

The first compiler of these anecdotes having learned that the celebrated epistle to Sir William Chambers was supposed to be written by Mason, very innocently expressed to Mr. Walpole his surprise that Mason,

the general characteristic of whose poesy is feeble delicacy, but united with a pleasing neatness, should be capable of composing so spirited a satire. Mr. Walpole, with an arch and peculiar smile, answered, that it would be indeed surprising. An instantaneous and unaccountable impression arose that he was himself the author—but delicacy prevented the direct question. The compiler has since heard a suspicion to the same effect, expressed by competent judges. There is, at any rate, reason to believe that Mr. Walpole had a share in that composition.

XLIX. CHARLES I.

THE best and most undoubted specimen of the mental powers of Charles I. is his conference with Henderson.

L. LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THE reason why Lord Chesterfield could not succeed at court was this. After he returned from his embassy at the Hague, he chanced to engage in play at court one night, and won 1500*l.* Not choosing to carry such a sum home, at so late an hour, he went to the apartment of the countess of Suffolk, the royal mistress, and left the money with her. The queen's apartments had a window which looked into the staircase leading to those of the countess, and she was informed of the transaction. She ruled all, and positively objected to Chesterfield ever being named*.

* Reminiscences, page 42.

LI. CHOISEUL.

THE Duke de Choiseul was dismissed from the ministry by the intrigues of madame Barry, who accused him of an improper correspondence with Spain.

LII. QUEEN CHRISTINA.

THAT drawing is of Christina, Queen of Sweden, in her travelling dress. You know it a good deal resembled that of a man, which made her say, when the court ladies of France crowded to kiss her on her arrival, "I do believe they take me for a gentleman."

What an infamous murder was that committed by her orders in the gallery of Fontainbleau! Had I been Louis XIV., I should have ordered her to be seized, tried, brought to the block—then pardoned, and dismissed from the kingdom.

LIII. CHURCH PATRONAGE.

VERY literary office or situation in England is in the nds of the church. The clergy even contrive to get o offices originally designed for laymen. This vast ronage is the real rock against which neither storms tempests shall prevail. Our clergy are by far the learned in Europe; and many of them of the respectable character. That they would rather martyrs than be martyrs is what must be exd from human nature.

LIV. THE CLERICAL GOWN.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protection;" replied, "It may be mine, but it shall not be yours;" pulled it off, and thrashed the aggressor.

LV. CLERICAL SARCASM.

In some parish churches it was the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman, eager for the honour of the sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, it is not among us."—"So much the better," answered the priest; "it will be over the sooner."

LVI. COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

The chief apprehension of the Duke of Newcastle, the minister, was that of catching cold. Often in the heat of summer the debates in the house of lords would stand still, till some window were shut, in consequence of the duke's orders. The peers would all be melting in sweat, that the duke might not catch cold.

When Sir Joseph Yorke was ambassador at the Hague, a curious instance happened of this idle apprehension. The late king going to Hanover, the duke must go with him, that his foes might not injure him in his absence. The day they were to pass the

sea, a messenger came, at five o'clock in the morning, and drew Sir Joseph's bed-curtains. Sir Joseph, starting, asked what was the matter. The man said he came from the Duke of Newcastle. "For God's sake," exclaimed Sir Joseph, "what is it? Is the king ill?" —"No." After several fruitless questions, the messenger at length said, "The duke sent me to see you in bed, for in this bed he means to sleep."

LVII. COLISEUM.

When I was at Rome, the first time I went into the Coliseum, it was still so stupendous that though a company of strollers were acting on a temporary stage, and their audience were sitting on benches, the whole spectacle was so very inconsiderable, that it seemed remote, and not to be noticed in that vast area, of which it occupied a most trifling space. Yet as ancient Romans were not taller than modern, it struck me that the gladiators and actors must have appeared still more diminutive to the original spectators from the elevated arches. They must have been like thousands of flies, gazing at mites from an immense height.

LVIII. A COMMANDMENT.

The evening before a battle, an officer came to ask marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the general, who saw through the pretext; "thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth."

LIX. A COMPLIMENT OF STATE.

The Duke of Bourbon demanded one of the granddaughters of George I. as a wife for Louis XV. The old king was pleased with the proposal; but answered, as was expected, that the laws of the country prevented such an alliance.

The French court knew this: but the offer was highly flattering; and this was its sole intention.

LX. CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A French gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife before his second, who one day said to him, "Monsieur, je vous assure qu'il n'y a personne qui la regrette plus que moi*."

LXI. CONJUGAL WIT.

Another French lady wrote this letter to her husband. "Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire: je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire†."

LXII. CONNOISSEURS.

Dr. Ducarel was a poor creature. He was keeper of the library at Lambeth; and I wanted a copy of

* "I assure you, sir, no one regrets her more than I."

† "I write to you, because I have nothing to do: I end my letter, because I have nothing to say."

that limning there, which is prefixed to my Royal and Noble Authors. Applying to the doctor, I found nothing but delays. I must purchase his works, and take some of his antiques at an exorbitant price, &c. Completely disgusted, I applied to the archbishop himself, who immediately permitted a drawing to be taken.

Sir *** *** is another poor creature of a connoisseur. He is, in truth, a mere dealer in antiquities, and some of them not the most genuine.

LXIII. CONTEMPORARY JUDGMENTS.

CONTEMPORARIES are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame. Burnet, you know, speaks of "one Prior;" and Whitlocke of "one Milton, a blind man." Burnet and Whitlocke were men of reputation themselves. But what say you of Heath, the obscure chronicler of the civil wars? he says, "one Milton, since stricken with blindness, wrote against Salmasius; and composed an impudent and blasphemous book, called Iconoclastes."

LXIV. A CONVERT.

A METHODIST in America, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called up one of them, and after some questions, asked him if he had found great comfort last Sunday, after receiving the sacrament. "Ay, master," replied the savage, "I wished it had been brandy."

LXV. CONVENIENT COURAGE.

A CERTAIN earl having beaten Antony Henley, at Tunbridge, for some impertinence, the next day found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated Henley on that acquisition of spirit. "Oh, my lord," replied Henley, "your lordship and I know whom to beat."

LXVI. CORRUPTION.

IN my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind, but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them. Several worthy men, whom I know, fall into such unexpected situations, that to me, who know these situations, their conduct is matter of compassion, and not of blame.

Sir Robert Walpole used to say, that it was fortunate so few men could be prime ministers, as it was best that few should thoroughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind.

I never heard him say that all men have their prices; and I believe no such expression ever came from his mouth.

LXVII. COUNTESS OF COVENTRY.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of George the second, the beautiful countess of Coventry talking to him on shows, and thinking only of the figure she herself should make in a procession, told him, the sight she wished most to see was a coronation.

LXVIII. FAMILY OF COURTENAY.

GIBBON's account of the Courtenay family is in his usual masterly style. Look into Misson's Travels for a curious epitaph on the last lord, who died at Padua. I need not remind you that he was honoured in the affections of Mary and Elizabeth.

Anglia quem genuit, fueratque habitura patronum,
  Cortoneum celsa hæc continet arca ducem.
Credita causa necis regni affectata cupido,
  Reginæ optatum tunc quoque connubium.
Cui regni proceres non consensêre, Philippo
  Reginam regi jungere posse rati.
Europam unde fuit juveni peragrare necesse,
  Ex quo mors misero contigit ante diem.
Anglia si plorat defuncto principe tanto,
  Nil mirum, domino deficit illa pio.
Sed jam Cortoneum cœlo fruiturque beatis,
  Cum doleant Angli, cum sine fine gemant.
Cortonei probitas igitur, præstantia, nomen,
  Dum stabit hoc templum, vivida semper erunt;
Angliaque hinc etiam stabit, stabuntque Britanni,
  Conjugii optati fama perennis erit.
Improba Naturæ leges Libitina rescindens,
  Ex æquo juvenes præcipitatque senes*.

* Thus translated:—"This high chest contains the Duke of Courtenay, born in England, of which country he had a prospect of becoming the master. The supposed cause of his death was his ambition to seize the throne, by marrying the queen; but the peers would not consent, preferring Philip, a royal husband. Hence it became necessary for the youth to travel

LXIX. COURT POLITESSE.

When Lord Townsend was secretary of state to George the first, some city dames came to visit his lady, with whom she was little acquainted. Meaning to be mighty civil, and return their visits, she asked one of them where she lived? The other replied, near Aldermanbury. "Oh," cried Lady Townsend, "I hope the alderman is well."

LXX. COURT PROMISES.

I have sent the Strawberry-hill books to the Prince of Denmark, as I was requested, except the Anecdotes of Painting; which I was forced to buy at a high price, to present to the King of Poland. I have no answer from Denmark, which I much wonder at.

LXXI. COWLEY'S MISTRESSES.

Cowley's catalogue of mistresses seems to be founded on a poem in the Anthologia Italorum. [p. 104.]

LXXII. CREDIT.

I have no credit any where. How should I? I have never stooped to the means of acquiring it.

through Europe; and, in consequence, he perished by a premature death. It is not surprising that England should lament the fate of such a prince, and droop as for the death of her pious lord. But Courtenay now enjoys the happy society of Heaven, while the English lament and groan without end," &c.

LXXIII. WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

William, Duke of Cumberland, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. "What have you been doing?" said the queen.—"Reading."—"What book?"—"The New Testament."—"Very well. What part?"—"Where it is said, *Woman, why troublest thou me* ?*"

LXXIV. DANTE.

Dante is a difficult author. I wish we had a complete translation in prose, with the original on the opposite page, like the French one of the Inferno, printed at Paris in 1776.

LXXV. DE CALLIERES.

The book of de Callieres, *De la Science du Monde*, is very well written. It was the foundation, I believe, of the pamphlet called the Polite Philosopher.

LXXVI. DE COUCY.

It was Raoul *Chatelain* de Coucy, and not a lord of Coucy, who was the famous lover and Poet. The lady

* Reminiscences, page 65.

was Gabrielle de Levergies; the husband Albert, lord of Faïel. See the Poems of de Coucy, with the old music, printed at Paris, 1781. The truth of this horrible tale seems certain: the date A. D. 1191. The poetry is very good for that period.

LXXVII. DEMOCRATS.

A FIG for our democrats! [1792]. Barking dogs never bite. The danger in France arose from silent and instantaneous action. They said nothing, and did every thing—ours say every thing, and will do nothing.

LXXVIII. LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

THE poor Queen of Denmark was certainly very imprudent. I learn that she would even appear in full court in breeches; and those northern countries are rigid in the *bienséance*.

LXXIX. THE DEVIL.

IN the time of Louis XIV. several ladies of rank were accused of magical practices. A duchess among them was examined by a magistrate of celebrated ugliness. She confessed that she had conversed with the devil. "Under what resemblance was he?" said the magistrate gravely. "In his own person—and he resembled you as much as one drop of water does another." Then, turning to the clerk, she desired him to write down her answer. The magistrate, apprehensive of the ridicule, took care to stop and suppress the examination.

LXXX. DEVOTION OF LOUIS XIV.

In his old age Louis XIV. was either led by his own superstition, or by the artifices of his wife Maintenon, to an excess of devotion. His courtiers, as usual, rivalled him in weakness; and some of them, it is said, would take the sacrament twice in a day.

LXXXI. D'HANCARVILLE.

That book of d'Hancarville's is very foolish. He is puzzled why all barbarous nations have similar idols and customs; and yet is not puzzled at their all having two eyes and a nose. The human mind and the human form are every where similar. All nations find milk very useful; yet d'Hancarville is deplorably wise on the universal veneration paid to bulls and cows. A little good sense is worth all the erudition in the world;

> And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.

LXXXII. DIVINE FAVOUR.

In Italy, when they make processions to procure rain, and a tempest and deluge follow, they say that when Dominidio is good he is too good. A Venetian trying to mount a horse, prayed to our Lady to assist him. He then made a vigorous spring, and fell on t'other side. Getting up, and wiping his clothes, he said, "Our Lady has assisted me too much."

LXXXIII. DON QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote is no favourite of mine. When a man is once so mad as to mistake a windmill for a giant, what more is to be said, but an insipid repetition of mistakes, or an uncharacteristic deviation from them*?

LXXXIV. DOUBLE PUN.

A good pun is not amiss. Let me tell you one I met with in some book the other day. The Earl of Leicester (that unworthy favourite of Elizabeth) was forming a park about Cornbury, thinking to enclose it with posts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expense, a gentleman stood by, and told the earl, that he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why?" said my lord. "Because," replied the gentleman, "if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

LXXXV. MADAME DU BARRY.

A great French lady, who was one of the first to visit Madame du Barry, after she was known to be the royal mistress, justifying herself to her niece on that account, said, "It is reported that the king gave a hundred thousand livres to countenance her; but it is not true." "No, madam," replied the niece nobly, "I dare say it is not true; for it would have been too little."

* This judgment was surely too harsh.

LXXXVI. DUBOIS.

THE infamous abbé, afterwards Cardinal Dubois, was a proper coadjutor for the Regent Orleans. When the latter was young, Dubois was introduced by St. Laurent to teach him Latin; and the abbé availed himself of this opportunity to flatter his pupil's passions, and give him lessons of early depravity.

Soon as d'Estrées, archbishop of Cambrai, died, Dubois ran to the regent, whom he found in bed with Emily, an opera girl. The duke immediately consented to appoint this worthy ecclesiastic to the vacant archbishopric; and a solemn oath by all the charms of Emily sanctioned the claim of Dubois.

LXXXVII. EASY WRITING.

EASY writing is not easy reading. An author was praised, in the presence of a good judge, for the facility with which he composed; and it was added, that he was not the less modest on that account. "No," answered the critic, "that is not enough; he should be the more humble on that account."

LXXXVIII. ECCLESIASTICAL SQUABBLE.

A VICAR and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading

the words, "I am the resurrection," when the vicar arrived, almost out of breath, and, snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn, cried, "*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection!"—and then went on.

Nota.—This, though copied from Mr. Walpole's own hand-writing, is suspected not to be very new. But even old jests, that such a man thought worthy of writing or speaking, cannot be unworthy of a place in this lounging compilation; and they often gained by passing through his hands.

LXXXIX. ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

A FRENCH officer being just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered, with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought so yesterday."

XC. MADAME ELIZABETH.

MADAME Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. is almost a saint. On the 20th of June, 1792, when the mob burst into the palace, she ran into the king's apartment; and when they called for the queen, by the name of the Austrian strumpet, and were about to seize Elizabeth by mistake, an attendant exclaiming, "This is not the queen," she turned round, and said, "For the love of God, do not undeceive them."

The same lady, when it was said that the royal family should be recommended to a *Dieu Vengeur*, answered, "No; but to a *Dieu Protecteur*."

XCI. AMBASSADORS.

You remember Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador, "A man sent to tell lies for the good of his country." He should of course have a firm countenance. Louis XIV. delighted in exciting awe and confusion of face in those who approached him, but could not succeed with Baron Pentrider, envoy from the emperor. When he was making his first speech, Louis was piqued at his coolness, and sought to embarrass him by calling out, "Speak louder, Mr. Ambassador." Pentrider only answered, "Louder?" raised his voice, and proceeded.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the curious account of his own life, which I printed, tells a good story of a Spanish ambassador, who had abandoned a congress because he could not obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to court, he waited on the king, and explained the reason of his conduct. "What," said the monarch, "could you think of abandoning such an important business for the sake of a ceremony?" The ambassador, piqued at the reflection, answered, with great spirit, "A ceremony! What is your majesty yourself but a ceremony?"

XCII. EMPHATIC OATH.

Some time after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king,

the queen-mother, and some of the council, for a peace, The articles were mutually agreed on; the question was upon the security for performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said, "Is not the word of a king sufficient security?" One of the deputies answered, "No, by St. Bartholomew, Madam."

XCIII. EMPHATIC REPROOF.

I HAVE heard of a general officer, who may be classed with the archbishop of Granada. When he was about ninety years of age he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls. "Is this, gentlemen, the example that I give you?"

XCIV. ENVY.

ENVY, though one of the worst and meanest of our passions, seems somehow natural to the human breast. This sentiment is well expressed by a French poet, in a drama on the banishment of Aristides.

> Je ne le connois point; Je l'exile à regret;
> Mais que ne jouit-il de sa gloire en secret.

A French general, of a jealous and invidious character, said to the duke d'Anguien, who had just gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi, in 1643, "What can those who envy your glory say now?" "I do not know," answered the prince; "I wish to ask you."

XCV. AN ÉQUAL MARRIAGE.

THE marriage of a lady of my acquaintance was settled by two noble lords: one for her, one for her husband. When the fortune, jointure, &c. was adjusted, one peer ingenuously said, "It ought to be mentioned that there is a little spice of madness upon our side." "There is also some on ours," answered the other. Both families had produced instances of insanity.

XCVI. EQUITY.

I HAVE read somewhere, I believe in Thuanus, that the inhabitants of a city stipulated with their sovereign, that their judges should not decide causes by equity. They deemed equity a mere pretext for abandoning the letter of the law.

XCVII. ERUDITION.

ERUDITION is excellent when managed by good sense. But how often does it only increase a man's natural fund of nonsense? What do you say to the scholastic question, *Si Deus scit quæ non sciuntur?* Hobbes said, that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he should have been as ignorant as they.

XCVIII. ETRURIAN WARE.

CONCERNING the Etrurian earthenware, see Plutarch's Life of Publicola, where there is a long and curious

passage, mentioning a chariot made of earthenware; a point of perfection to which it has not yet arrived among us.

XCIX. PRINCE EUGENE.

Prince Eugene was at one time so great a favourite in England, that an old maid bequeathed to him 2500*l.*; nay, a gardener left him 100*l.* by his will.

C. FACE PAINTING.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent: she went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

CI. FACTION CONFUTED BY FACTS.

It was not Lord Bath, but Lord Egmont, who wrote the famous pamphlet, "Faction confuted by Facts."

CII. FAME.

Much of reputation depends on the period in which it arises. The Italians proverbially observe, that one *half* of fame depends on that cause. In dark periods, when talents appear, they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. The strong beam dazzles amid the surrounding gloom. Open the shutters, and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice.

CIII. FARCES.

About the middle of the last century a hundred crowns were paid in Paris to the author of a successful play. Till the year 1722 farces were not given after plays in France, till the eighth or ninth representation. This leading to the opinion, that a farce was a symptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe desired that a farce might be given after the first representation of his Romulus. The example became universal.

CIV. FASHIONS.

It was about the year 1714 that two English ladies, visiting Versailles, set an example of low headdresses to the French ladies, who at that time wore them so high, arranged like organ-pipes, that their heads seemed in the middle of their bodies. The king loudly expressed his approbation of the superior taste and elegance of the English fashion; and the ladies of the court were of course eager to adopt the new form.

The same ladies are said to have introduced the fashion of large hoops in France; an absurd custom, which the delicate raillery of Addison could not extirpate.

CV. FISH IN FASHION.

When fashions are worn out at Paris, the milliners send the antiquated articles to the *North*, that is, to Sweden or Russia. A vessel deeply laden with such merchandise was run down in the channel of St. Pe-

tersburgh. Next day a salmon was caught in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; and in the same net were found two large cod, with muslin handkerchiefs around their necks. The sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste; and hardly was there a fish that did not display some of the freshest Parisian fashions that had ever visited the *North*.

CVI. FEMALE QUARRELS.

THE *spretæ injuria formæ* is the greatest with a woman. A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

CVII. THE FIRST STEP.

IL n'y a que le premier pas qui coute: "The first step is the only difficulty." This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in company say that St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand, "Yes, madam, two entire leagues."—"I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty*."

CVIII. FOLLY OF ERUDITION.

A GERMAN has written an elaborate dissertation to prove that Cæsar never was in Gaul! Was it he, or his brother, who attempted to prove that Tacitus did not understand Latin?

CIX. FONTENELLE.

Wit, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce." "But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs, he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

Fontenelle, in his old age, was very deaf, and was always attended in company by a nephew, a talkative vain young man. When any thing remarkable had escaped Fontenelle's auditory nerve, he used to apply to his nephew, "What was said?" This coxcomb would often answer, "Uncle, *I* said—" *Bah!* was the constant retort of the philosopher.

CX. FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.

A preacher in Italy was pronouncing the panegyric of his favourite saint, the founder of his order. He compared him with all the celestial hierarchy, and could find no place honourable enough for him, while his long paragraphs were ever closed with the excla-

mation, "Where shall we place this great patriarch?" An auditor, whose patience was exhausted, rose up, and said, "Since you are so puzzled, he may have my place, for I am going."

I do not know if it were the same preacher who said St. Francis Xavier converted, by one sermon, ten thousand persons in a desert island.

Père Seraphin, a noted capuchin of pious simplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV. at Versailles, when he perceived the Abbé Fenelon asleep. Stopping in the midst of his discourse, he said, "Wake that abbé who is asleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the king." Louis smiled, and pardoned the disrespect, in consideration of the father's simplicity of character.

CXI. FOOLS BY PROFESSION.

Our court-*fools* ceased with the reign of Charles I. L'Angely was the last in France. He was presented by the Prince of Conti to Louis XIV. Being asked why he never attended sermon, he answered, "Because I hate noise, and do not understand reasoning."

CXII. FORGERIES.

Forged charters were common in the middle ages. I remember to have read that a monk of Soissons, in the twelfth century, being on his death-bed, confessed that he had forged many charters for different monasteries.

CXIII. FOX.

WHAT a man Fox is! After his long and exhausting speech on Hastings's trial, he was seen handing ladies into their coaches with all the gaiety and prattle of an idle gallant.

CXIV. FOX'S INDIA BILL.

IN my opinion Mr. Fox's India bill was not only innocent, but salutary. In a conversation with Fox, I observed that all the arguments brought against that bill, of its forming a new power in the constitution, &c. had been formerly urged, as appears from Burnet, against the constituting of a board of trade in William's reign: a measure which was, however, carried into effect, and has not been attended with one bad consequence.

The following I heard with my own ears at a nobleman's table: After dinner I happened to outstay all the company, except two French gentlemen. One of them asked his lordship if he knew Mr. Fox? The nobleman answered—"A little, as people in the world know each other." The French gentleman then said, that he was just setting out for France, so had not time to see Mr. Fox; but he begged his lordship to tell him, that it was the universal opinion in France, of the best judges of the subject, that this bill presented the only plan which could secure India to England; and that its consequences were so apparent, that in France they were generally dreaded.

The present views of the French (1785) are evi-

dently to divest us of India, as they have done of America. Our fleet must of course decline; and in that case France hopes to dictate to us on all occasions, though the jealousy of other powers may prevent its conquest of this country. Naval power is, in all events, the most uncertain and precarious of any, as all history conspires to evidence. Ireland, by the infamous juggling of the "Propositions," has lost all confidence in this country. Were our shipping and commerce to decline, all is lost, for our debts swallow our revenue.

CXV. FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

It seems fatal to the house of Brunswick to display a constant succession of quarrels between father and son. George II. had quarrelled with his father. Frederic, Prince of Wales, was a worthless son. The cant of liberty, assumed by his partisans, was truly ludicrous, as much so as the prince's pretended taste for poetry and the arts. I recollect none of his ancestors eminent in arms: and that any of the family should have a real taste for letters, or the arts, would be little short of a miracle.

CXVI. FRENCH BULL.

A married French lady, who had an intrigue, insisted on having her lover's portrait. He remonstrated on her absurdity, and said it would be proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

CXVII. FRENCH CHARACTER.

I visit Paris often, and have considerably studied the French character. In individuals it is often excellent; but taken in general it disgusts by its petulance and vanity. The French have always been dissolute in their amours; and are thus led to assail the chastity of foreign women, the most unpardonable of all affronts to fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers. This, and their petulant overbearing conduct, prevent their conquests from being lasting. Yes, I swear to you by the Sicilian vespers, they can never be of much duration.

CXVIII. FRENCH NATIONALITY.

The Abbé Raynal came, with some Frenchman of rank, to see me at Strawberry Hill. They were standing at a window, looking at the prospect of the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them said in French not thinking that I and Mr. Churchill overheard them "Every thing in England only serves to recommend France to us the more." Mr. Churchill instantly stepped up, and said, "Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country they could eat nothing but train-oil."

CXIX. FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

I admire Voltaire and Helvetius. Rousseau I never could like. Take much affectation, and a little spice of frenzy, and you compose his personal character. I

found the French philosophers so impudent, dogmatic, and intrusive, that I detested their conversation. Of all kinds of vice I hate reasoning vice. Unprincipled themselves, they affected to dictate morality and sentiment. The great, from vainglory and want of ideas, encouraged their presence: but they always reminded me of the sophists hired to assist at Roman entertainments. And what reasoning! Every Frenchman ought to be taught logic and mathematics, that his mind may acquire some solidity. Their character is so impetuous, that what with us is sensation is with them passion. The real philosophers of antiquity were distinguished for their moderation, a radical mark of knowledge and wisdom; and they treated the popular religion with respect. Our new sect are fanatics against religion: and surely of all human characters a fanatic philosopher is the most incongruous, and of course the most truly ludicrous.

CXX. FRENCH ROYAL AUTHORS.

Louis XIV. translated from Cæsar, with the assistance of his governor, "La Guerre des Swisses," Paris, 1651, folio, from the royal press of the Louvre.

By his successor we have, "Cours des principaux Fleuves et Rivières de l'Europe: ouvrage composé et imprimé par S. M. très Crétienne Louis XV. Roi de France et de Navarre. Paris, de l'Imprimerie du Cabinet de sa Majesté, 1718, 8vo."—"The Course of the chief Rivers in Europe, composed *and printed* by his most Chrisian Majesty Louis XV. &c. Paris, from the King's Cabinet Press."

Philip of France, only brother of Louis XIV. trans-

lated Florus, Paris, 1670, 12mo. It was published by La Mothe le Vayer.

It is surprising that Louis XI. should appear among the royal authors of France. He wrote for the instruction of his son, "Le Rosier des Guerres;" a work divided into two parts, the first moral, the last historical. The first is in the form of maxims: for

"If a king wish to raise pure hands to heaven, let him be contented with his own domain, and the ancient subsidies; the greatest necessity of the public weal can alone authorize the imposition of new taxes."

"When men formed communities, and built towns, and appointed masters over them, it was only in order to obtain justice, and help against injuries: hence it is the prime duty of a king to prevent oppression and distribute justice."

CXXI. ANOTHER FRENCH ROYAL AUTHOR.

THAT assassin Charles IX. of France wrote a treatise on hunting, in which he gives directions for curing the mange and other diseases of dogs. Better to be his dog than his subject!

CXXII. ANCIENT FRENCH POETRY.

WHEN I mentioned lately that Froissart was the only French poet of the fourteenth century, I was mistaken. Philip de Vitry, bishop of Meaux, about 1350, wrote the poem on the advantages of a country life: the answer is by Pierre d'Ailly, bishop of Cambray. Vitry died in 1361, D'Ailly in 1425.

[These poems having great merit, and being very difficult to find, are reprinted.]

Combien est heureuse la vie de celuy qui fait sa demeure aux champs, par Philippe de Vitrac, Evesque de Meaux.

Sous feuille verde, sur herbe delectable,
Sur ruy bruyant, et sur claire fontaine,
Trouvay fichée une borde portable,
La mangeoit Gontier avec dame Helene.

Frais fromage, laict, beurre fromagée,
Cresme, maton, prune, noix, pomme, poire,
Cibot oignon, escalogne froyée,
Sur crouste bise, au gros sel, pour mieux boire.

Au goumer beurent, et oisillons harpoyent,
Pour rebaudir et le dru et la drue;
Qui par amours depuis s'entrebaisoyent,
Et bouche et née, et polie et barbue.

Quand eurent prins des doux mets de nature,
Tantost Gontier, hache au col, au bois entre:
Et dame Helene si mit toute sa cure
A ce buer* qui coeuure des et ventre.

J'oui Gontier, en abbattant son arbre,
Dieu mercier de sa vie tres seure:
"Ne scay," dit il, "que soint piliers de marbre,
Pommeaux luisans, mure vestue de peincture.

* To wash linen.

" Je n'ay paour de trahison, tissue
Sous bien semblant; ne qu'empoisonné soye
En vaisseau d'or. Je n'ay la teste nue
Devant tyran, ny genouil qui se ploye.

" Verge d'huissier jamais ne me deboute,
Car jusques la ne me prend convoitise.
Ambition ne lescherie gloute:
Labour me paist en joyeuse franchise.

" J'aym dame Heleine, et elle moy sans faille,
Et c'est assez: de tombel n'avons cure."
Lors dis, Helas! Serf de cour ne vaut maille!
Mais franc Gontier vaut en or gemme pure!

Combien est miserable la vie du Tyran; par Pierre d'Alliac, Evesque de Cambray.

Un chasteau scay sur roche espouventable,
En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuse;
La vy tyran, seant a haute table,
En grand palais, en sale plantureuse.

Environné de famille pompeuse,
Pleine de fraude, d'envie, et de murmure;
Vuide de soy, d'amour, de paix joyeuse,
Serve subjecte par convoiteuse ardure.

Vins et viandes avoit il sans mesure,
Chairs et poissons occis en mainte guise;
Froucts, et sausses de diverse teincture,
Et entremets faicts par art a devise.

Le mal glouton par tous guerte et advise,
Pour appetit trouver, et quiert maniere
Comment sa bouche, de lescherie esprise,
Son ventre emplisse comm'bourse pantonniere.

Mais sac à fiene, pulente cimetiere,
Sepulcre à vin, corps bouffi, crasse panse,
Pour tous ses biens en soy n'alie chiere,
Car ventre saoul n'a en saveur plaisance.

Ne le delite, jeu, ris, bal, ne danse,
Car tant convoite, tant quiert, et tant desire,
Qu'en rien qu'il ayt n'a vraye suffisance;
Acquerir veut ou royaume ou empire.

Pour avarice sent douloureux martire;
Trahison doute, en nully ne se fie:
Cœur a felon, enflé d'orgueil et d'ire,
Triste, pensif, plein de mélancolie.

Las, trop mieux vaut de franc Gontier la vie,
Sobre liesse, et nette poureté,
Que poursuyvir, par orde gloutonnie,
Cour de tyran, riche malheureté!

CXXIII. FRIENDSHIP.

In our cold climate friendship seldom ripens much. A friend is a name for a more constant acquaintance. Yet I have heard of a gentleman who laid down his equipage, and retrenched his expenses, in order to lay by a sum to assist two children of a deceased friend, who had left them in poverty.

CXXIV. ACT OF FRIENDSHIP.

A CAMBRIDGE gentleman, of undoubted veracity, told me a story, which he had from a young man, whose father, a miller in that neighbourhood, was the person concerned. This miller, about three o'clock in a summer morning, was driving his cart along an old track, rather than road, near Cambridge, and the young man, then a boy, with him. The wheel suddenly sinking in, they freed the cart, and perceived that the wheel had broken the top of a little kind of brick vault. This exciting their curiosity, they opened more of the vault, and found large pieces of iron, and some smaller under them of a yellow metal. Suspecting it to be gold, they picked it up carefully.

Soon after, a friend of theirs going to London, they desired him to sell those bits of yellow metal; and he brought them thirty pounds as their share, after deducting expenses. However, this false friend soon after kept race-horses, and went into different kinds of extravagance, living at a great rate for a short time. But not being successful, he died of what is called a broken heart, and confessed on his deathbed that he had received nine hundred pounds for the gold.

CXXV. NEW PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

SIR *** *** was a great amateur, nay, practiser, of boxing and wrestling, and willingly imparted his knowledge to those who consulted him. A lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked

into the garden, and the baronet started his favourite topic. The peer's politeness leading him to say that he should wish to see a specimen of the baronet's boasted skill, Sir *** suddenly seized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up starts my lord in a rage; when the baronet addressed him with great gravity, "My lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you. This master-stroke I have shown to no other person living."

CXXVI. FROISSART.

I WISH Froissart's poems were printed. He is the only French poet of that century (the fourteenth). I find Christine de Pise, my acquaintance, had a son a chronicler and poet. He was called Castel.

CXXVII. FRUIT WALLS.

M. D'ANDILLY, of Port-Royal, in 1652, published, under the name of Le Gendre, *La Manière de bien cultiver les Arbres Fruitiers*. In this book he first proposed the use of hot walls, as now practised.

The elector palatine, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the first who constructed greenhouses.

CXXVIII. FURNITURE.

I LIKE our old walnut tree furniture as well as mahogany. But ebony was a luxury of our ancestors. My ebony chairs in the Holbein room cost me a handsome sum, though not the most elegant of the kind.

CXXIX. GEORGE THE FIRST.

I DO remember something of George the First. My father took me to St. James's while I was a very little boy: after waiting some time in an anteroom, a gentleman came in all dressed in brown, even his stockings; and with a ribbon and star. He took me up in his arms, kissed me, and chatted some time*.

On a journey to Hanover the coach of George I. breaking down, he was obliged to take shelter in the next country house, which belonged to a gentleman attached to the abdicated family. The king was of course shown into the best room; where, in the most honourable place, appeared—the portrait of the pretender. The possessor, in great confusion, was about to apologize by pleading obligations, &c. when the king stopped him, by saying, with a smile of indifference, "Upon my word it is very like the family†."

CXXX. SIR JOHN GERMAIN.

I SHALL tell you a very foolish but a true story. Sir John Germain, ancestor of Lady Betty Germain, was a Dutch adventurer, who came over here in the reign of Charles II. He had an intrigue with a countess, who was divorced, and married him. This man was so ignorant, that being told that Sir Matthew Decker wrote St. Matthew's gospel, he firmly believed it. I doubted this tale very much, till I asked a lady of

* Reminiscences, page 7. † Reminiscences, page 38.

quality, his descendant, about it, who told me it was most true. She added, that Sir John Germain was in consequence so much persuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, that, by his will, he left two hundred pounds to Sir Matthew, to be by him distributed among the Dutch paupers in London.

When Sir John Germain was on his death-bed his lady desired him to receive the sacrament. "Do you think," said he, "that it will do me any good?"— "Certainly," she answered. He took it: and, after half an hour, said to her, "My dear, what was that little thing you made me take? You said it would do me good; but I do not feel a bit better."

CXXXI. GIBBON.

THE first volume of Gibbon's History is so highly finished that it resembles a rich piece of painting in enamel. The second and third volumes are of inferior composition. The three last seem to me in a medium, between the first volume and the two next.

CXXXII. GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

MR. GIBBON mentions that the palace of Theodosius, represented on one of his coins, is the oldest specimen of Gothic architecture. I doubt the coin and the palace. Perhaps the old shrines for reliques were the real prototypes of this fine species of architecture. Some, as old as Alfred's time, have pointed arches in miniature. It was a most natural transition for piety to render a whole church, as it were, one shrine. The Gothic style seems to bespeak *an amplification of the*

minute, not *a diminution of the great*. Warburton's groves are nonsense: it was not a passage from barbarism to art, but from one species of art to another. The style was at first peculiar to shrines, and then became peculiar to churches.

CXXXIII. MEMOIRES DE GRAMMONT.

I FIND that, in the notes to the Strawberry Hill edition of the Memoires de Grammont, republished by Dodsley, and of which I gave you a copy, I have fallen into some mistakes for want of a proper genealogy of the Abercorn family.

[The following little memoir will serve to rectify those mistakes, and at the same time prove interesting to the admirers of the Memoires de Grammont, perhaps the most witty and amusing of literary productions. Mr. Walpole's chief errors occur p. 75, and 273, in which he supposes George to be the eldest son; and thus perplexes several of the anecdotes].

"James, second Lord Hamilton, married Mary, daughter of James III. and by her had James, third Lord Hamilton, first Earl of Arran. His son James was second Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelheraut, whose eldest son, James, became insane. John, the second son, was created Marquis of Hamilton in 1599.

"The third son, Claud, was, in 1585, created Lord Paisley, and his eldest son, James, was made Earl of Abercorn in 1606. By Mariana, daughter of Lord Boyd, he had five sons and three daughters.

"The three eldest sons failing of issue, the title of Abercorn afterwards fell to the descendants of Sir George, the fourth son. (Alexander, the fifth son,

became a count of the empire, and settled in Germany, where his posterity still remain.)

"Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, married Mary*, third sister to James, first Duke of Ormond (she died in 1680), and by her he had,

"1. James, groom of the bedchamber to Charles II. and colonel of a regiment. Being on board the fleet with the Duke of York, a cannon-ball carried off his leg, and he died the 6th of June, 1673. From him springs the present Earl of Abercorn.

* "Her nieces, daughters of James, duke of Ormond, Lady Mary, wife of the Earl of Devonshire, and Lady Elizabeth, second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield, were the reigning beauties of the age. There are pictures of both in the present Earl of Ormond's castle of Kilkenny. Lady Chesterfield was of a delicate form and low stature; her daughter married John, Earl of Strathmore.

"The scandalous chronicles of those times charge her husband, the Earl of Chesterfield, with having caused her to take the sacrament upon her innocence, respecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, and having then bribed his chaplain to put poison into the sacramental cup, of which she died. His son, Lord Stanhope, by his third wife (father of Lord Chesterfield the author), married Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and earl quarrelled, and the latter made his son bring his wife to Litchfield, breaking off all intercourse between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilet her father's "Advice to a Daughter:" her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote on the title-page, "Labour in vain." On her side, the lady made her servant out of livery carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup; and whenever she dined or supped in company with her father-in-law, either at his own house or abroad, she never would drink but of those liquors from her servant's hand, as a hint to the earl, and society present, of what his lordship was suspected of having effected by a sacred beverage."

"2. George, Count Hamilton, a marechal de camp in the French service. He married Frances Jennings, sister to the Duchess of Marlborough, and left three daughters: Elizabeth, wedded to Viscount Ross; Frances, to Viscount Dillon; Mary, to Viscount Kingsland.

"(By which last marriage the pictures I saw at Tarvey, Lord Kingsland's house, came to him. I particularly recollect the portraits of Count Hamilton and his brother Antony; and two of Madame Grammont, one taken in her youth, the other in an advanced age).

"3. The third son of Sir George was Antony, who followed King James into France, where he died a lieutenant-general.

"4. Thomas, a captain in the sea-service, died in New-England.

"5. Richard, died a lieutenant-general in France.

"6. John, a colonel, slain at the battle of Aghrim.

"As Sir George Hamilton was governor of the castle of Ninagh in 1649, from that, and his affinity to the Duke of Ormond, it has been concluded that his children were all born in Ireland*.

"He had also three daughters.

"1. Elizabeth, wedded to Philibert, Count de Grammont, by whom she had a daughter, who became the wife of Henry, Earl of Stafford. Tradition reports that Grammont, having attached, if not engaged himself to Miss Hamilton, went off abruptly for France; that count (George) Hamilton pursued and overtook

* He afterwards went abroad, and did not return till the restoration, when he was created a baronet. Dougl. Peer. Sir George himself was probably born in Scotland. Any of his children, born between 1649 and 1660, may claim a foreign birth.

him at Dover, when he thus addressed him: "My dear friend, I believe you have forgot a circumstance that should take place before your return to France." To which Grammont answered, "True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I will instantly accompany you back to London and rectify that forgetfulness." It is hardly requisite to add, that the witty Count de Grammont is not recorded to have been a man of personal courage.

"2. Lucy, married to Sir Donogh O'Brien, of Lemineagh.

"3. Margaret, to Matthew Forde, Esq. of Coolgraney, Wexford.

"(With his descendant at Seaford, county Down, I saw the picture of count (George) Hamilton, dressed in the French uniform; the painting not near so good as that in the Kingsland family.)

"Frances Jennings, widow of Count Hamilton, was secondly married to Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel. She died at his house in Paradise-row, Dublin, I think in the year 1736. Her death was occasioned by her falling out of her bed upon the floor, in a winter's night; and being too feeble to rise or to call, was found in the morning so perished with cold that she died in a few hours. She was of very low stature, and extremely thin; and had not the least trace in her features of having ever been a beauty."

CXXXIV. GRAY.

The quarrel between Gray and me arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke

loose from the restraints of the university, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c. while I was for perpetual balls and plays. The fault was mine.

Gray was a little man, of very ungainly appearance.

CXXXV. CRITICISM ON GRAY.

Gray should not have admitted

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,"

into his beautiful ode. "Towers of Cæsar" would have been unexceptionable. He goes merely on tradition, it is true; but we know that the Romans were not possessed of London, nor any part of this country, in the time of Julius Cæsar. Under Claudius they were. Tradition can never be alleged for an absolute impossibility.

CXXXVI. GRAY'S POLITICS.

I never rightly understood Mr. Gray's political opinions. Sometimes he seemed to incline to the side of authority; sometimes to that of the people.

This is indeed natural to an ingenuous and candid mind. When a portion of the people shows gross vices, or idle sedition, arising from mere ignorance or prejudice, one wishes it checked by authority. When the governors pursue wicked plans, or weak measures, one wishes a spirited opposition by the people at large.

CXXXVII. HARDOUIN.

HARDOUIN was a diverting madman. He thought most of the classics were forged by monks. So wrong-headed he was, that you may be sure that what he asserts is false, and what he attacks is true. When he was inculcating his new doctrines of literary forgery to a youth, his disciple, the latter asked him what was to be thought of the scriptures, the canons, the fathers? After a long silence, Hardouin answered, "Only I and God know the force of your objection."

CXXXVIII. HENRY VIII.

YOUR argument that Henry VIII. might have retained the church lands, and thus have secured a great revenue, is well enough in theory. But, in fact, he could not have kept them; it was necessary to distribute them in order to interest others in the support of his innovations. I believe he forgot the northern peers; and this led to rebellions in the north.

CXXXIX. HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

THE following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Vienna, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or

porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a count of Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he. "Now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense."—"I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, which has lost all."

CXL. HIEROGLYPHIC.

A FARMER of the *gabelle* on salt had built a villa like a palace. Displaying it to his friends, it was observed, that a statue was wanting for a large niche in the vestibule. "I mean to put there," said the farmer, "some allegorical statue relating to my business."— "You may then put Lot's wife, who was changed to a statue of salt," answered one of his friends.

CXLI. HISTORY.

SMOLLET'S History of England was written in two years, and is very defective.

Thinking to amuse my father once, after his retirement from the ministry, I offered to read a book of history. "Any thing but history," said he, "for history must be false."

There are three kinds of history all good: the original writers; full and ample memoirs, compiled from them, and from manuscripts, with great exactness; and histories elegantly written and arranged. The second step is indispensably necessary for the third; and I am more pleased with it than with the third. It has more of truth, which is the essence of history.

CXLII. HISTORICAL CHAPTERS.

I BELIEVE it was Hume who introduced, or revived those long heterogeneous things called *chapters*, in modern history. Do you remember any ancient history in chapters?

A. Yes, sir; Florus for one.

True: but they were real chapters, heads, *capita*, very short. Livy and Dio, you know, have about fifty books each*. Guicciardini is in books: all classical histories are in books. Gibbon says, that if he came to give a complete revision and new edition of his work, he would call his chapters books. How would you like Milton's Paradise Lost in chapters? The very idea is a solecism, whether in verse or prose.

CXLIII. BISHOP HOADLEY.

Bishop Hoadley was a true Whig. He once preached a sermon on the anniversary of the Restoration, and printed it with this witty title: "The Restoration no Blessing without the Revolution." He used to express great contempt for the universities; and observed, as an instance of their great progress in learning, that the one had published Shakspeare, and the other Hudibras†.

CXLIV. HOB AND NOB.

Some words are locally perverted to bad senses. *Hob* and *nob* must be of the number.

Lord *** being in the country, and wishing to show great regard to a rustic gentleman of some influence, he was invited to dine along with a numerous and elegant company, and placed at my lady's right hand. The lady, in the midst of dinner, called for a

* Dio has eighty. † Hanmer's and Dr. Grey's.

glass of wine to drink with her new guest, and holding it towards him, as then the fashion, said, "Hob and nob, Mr. ***." The gentleman stared, and blushed up to the eyes. She thinking it was mere timidity repeated the words, and the gentleman looking if possible more confused, she coloured herself; when he, after much hesitation, whispered, "Madam, excuse me, but I never hob and nob except with my wife."

CXLV. MR. HOLLIS.

Mr. Hollis is always publishing republican books, and yet professes great veneration for our constitution. I cannot reconcile this; our constitution being, in its leading parts, an oligarchy, the form, perhaps, of all others, the most opposite to a republic.

CXLVI. HUME AND BURNET.

I am no admirer of Hume. In conversation he was very *thick;* and I do believe hardly understood a subject till he had written upon it.

Burnet I like much. It is observable, that none of his facts has been controverted, except his relation of the birth of the pretender, in which he was certainly mistaken—but his very credulity is a proof of his honesty. Burnet's style and manner are very interesting. It seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain honest terms, what he had seen and heard.

CXLVII. HURD.

I LOOK upon Bishop Hurd as one of those superficial authors whose works are wonderfully adapted to the public taste.

CXLVIII. HYPERCRITICISM.

EVERY thing has its place. Lord Hailes, who is very accurate himself, observed to me, that the chronology of the Memoires de Grammont is not exact. What has that book to do with chronology?

CXLIX. AN IGNORANT COMMUNICANT.

AN ignorant soldier at Quebec, observing some of his comrades stay behind him at church, asked them, on their coming out, what was the reason? They told him, jeeringly, that the parson had treated them with some wine. "No other liquor?" says the fellow. Seeing he swallowed the bait, they answered, that he might have what liquor he chose. Next Sunday he stayed to have his share; and when the clergyman offered him the wine, he put up his hand to his head, in token of salutation, and said, modestly, "Please your reverence, I should prefer punch."

CL. ILLUMINATIONS.

HERETICS were first burned in England in the reign of Henry IV. the usurper, in order to please the bishops, who assisted him in deposing Richard II.

CLI. IMPIOUS PIETY.

THE name of God has often been oddly misa
I have got a warmingpan that belonged to Cha
and was probably used for the beds of his mist
It is inscribed, *Serve God and live for ever.*

CLII. IMPOSITIONS.

ACUTE and sensible people are often the most
deceived. A deceit, of which it may be said,
impossible for any one to dare it," always succ

CLIII. INCREDIBLE FACT.

THE Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French ac
was collecting in his hat from each member a
bution for a certain purpose. The president
one of the forty, was a great miser, but had p
quota; which the abbé not perceiving, he pre
the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be ex
said he had already paid. "I believe it," an
Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I,"
Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it, b
not believe it."

CLIV. INDOLENCE.

WHEN the Duke of Newcastle left the mini
whole closet of American dispatches was fou
opened.

CLV. INNOCENT XI.

THE pope, to whom James II. sent his embassy, was possessed of much shrewdness and prudence; and justly regarded the restoration of the Catholic system in England as an impossibility. Castlemain, the ambassador, was inflated with his master's infatuation, and had long requested a special audience in order to propose decisive steps. Disgusted with the Pontiff's coolness, he at last demanded an audience of leave: and, being speedily admitted, he pronounced a long harangue, rather reproaching the pope for his indifference in so important a business. The pope having heard him with great sang froid, at last answered, "Sir, the air of Italy is rather dangerous to foreign constitutions; I beg you will have a reverend care of your health, and I wish you a good journey."

It was said on this occasion that only two things were necessary to secure the tranquillity of Europe; that the King of England should turn Protestant, and the pope Roman Catholic.

CLVI. AN INNOCENT MINISTRY.

HE used to apply a story to the then ministry. A master of a ship calls out, "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, sir." "What are you doing?" "Nothing, sir." "Is Tom there!" "Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?" "Helping Will, sir."

CLVII. JENKINS.

JENKINS, who was used as a tool by the opposition, to inflame the nation into the Spanish war, by telling that the Spaniards had cut off his ears, was found possessed of both when he died.

CLVIII. JOKEYSHIP.

LOUIS XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present, a turnip from his garden of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus: "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts one horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the king's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the king exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip"—and added, in presenting it to the seigneur, "Hold; this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it you for your horse."

CLIX. DR. JOHNSON.

I CANNOT imagine that Dr. Johnson's reputation will be very lasting. His dictionary is a surprising work for one man; but sufficient examples in foreign countries show that the task is too much for one man, and that a society should alone pretend to publish a standard dictionary. In Johnson's dictionary I can hardly find any thing I look for. It is full of words no where else to be found, and wants numerous words occurring in good authors. In writing it is useful; as if one be doubtful in the choice of a word, it displays the authorities for its usage.

His essays I detest. They are full of what I call *triptology*, or repeating the same thing thrice over, so that three papers to the same effect might be made out of any one paper in the Rambler. He must have had a bad heart—his story of the sacrilege in his voyage to the western islands of Scotland is a lamentable instance.

CLX. JUNIUS.

I WAS informed by Sir John Urwine, that one day, when he was at Mr. Grenville's, Mr. G. told Sir John, that he had that morning received a letter from Junius, saying, that he esteemed Mr. G. and might soon make himself known to him. This affords me proof positive that the celebrated author of those letters could not be Mr. Grenville's secretary, as was reported.

I really suspect single-speech Hamilton to have

been the author from the following circumstance. One day, at a house where he happened to be, he repeated the contents of that day's Junius; while, in fact, the printer had delayed the publication till next day. Hamilton was also brought forward by Lord Holland and it is remarkable, that Lord Holland, though very open to censure, is not once mentioned.

Garrick, dining with me, told me that, having been at Woodfall's, he learned that the Junius of that day would be the last. Upon which, hurrying to St. James's, he reported this intelligence to several people. Next day he received a letter from Junius, informing him that if he used such freedoms a letter to him should appear. From this Garrick concluded that the author was about the court.

CLXI. KING AND REPUBLIC.

I HAVE sometimes thought that a squire and a vestry were a king and republic in miniature. The vestry is as tyrannic, in its way, as the squire in his. Any power necessarily leads to abuses of that power. It is difficult to stop any *impetus* of nature.

CLXII. THE KING OF BULLS.

I WILL give you what I call the king of bulls. An Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement,

asked him what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a fine boy, and you changed me."

In this bull even personal identity is confounded!

CLXIII. KNOLLES.

KNOLLES's History of the Turks is full of long orations, translated from the Latin of Leunclavius. Considered as a history, it is a mass of fables; in point of language, it is the dullest book in the world, with feeble periods of a page long.

CLXIV. KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

WE never think nor say, that knowledge of the world makes a man more virtuous; it renders him more prudent, but generally at the expense of his virtue. Knowledge of the world implies skill in discerning characters, with the arts of intrigue, low-cunning, self-interest, and other mean motives that influence what are called men of the world. Men of genius are commonly of a simple character: their thoughts are occupied in objects very remote from the little arts of men of the world.

CLXV. COUNT KONINGSMARK.

I CAN tell you, from unquestionable authority, a remarkable fact generally suspected, but not accurately known. The Count Koningsmark, who assassinated Mr. Thynne in Pall-mall, afterwards became an admirer of the wife of the electoral Prince of Hanover,

who was to succeed to the English throne by the style of George I. The prince was often absent in the army, and Koningsmark was suspected to have occupied his place. The elector being enraged at the real or supposed insult, ordered Koningsmark to be strangled. When George II. made his first journey to Hanover, he ordered some repairs in the palace, and the body was found under the floor of the princess's dressingroom*.

It is supposed the first cause of suspicion arose from Koningsmark's hat being found in the apartment of the princess. Dr. Hoadley, in his "Suspicious Husband," introduces a similar incident, while the lady remains immaculate. This pleased George II. who was convinced of his mother's innocence. It is whimsical that this prince often expressed his anger by throwing down his hat and kicking it about the room.

George I. was, however, separated from his wife; and there was no queen in his reign. He had two mistresses. One was Miss Schulenberg, afterwards created Duchess of Kendal, a tall thin gawky. The other was the Countess of Platen, who was created Countess of Darlington; and who, for size, might have been compared to an elephant and castle. This couple of rabbits occasioned much jocularity on their first importation†.

CLXVI. LACHRYMATORIES.

THE idea that lachrymatories, so called, were used for collecting tears at Roman funerals seems to pass

* Reminiscences, page 17. † Ibid, page 23.

away. Some have been found with stoppers, and retaining a faint smell of the perfumes lodged in them —their real destination.

CLXVII. LANGUET'S LETTERS.

I HAVE read Lord Hailes's edition of Languet's epistles. There are some curious things, particularly his remarks on the English pronunciation of the Latin language.

CLXVIII. LATTIN.

IN our old writers *Lattin* is tin: it is a mere Italian word *latta*.

CLXIX. LEARNING ENCOURAGED.

I WAS told a droll story concerning Mr. Gibbon, t'other day. One of those booksellers in Paternoster-row, who publish things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's Street, sent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a history of England, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack at them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement."

As soon as Gibbon recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to show this encourager of learning down stairs.

CLXX. LEGACY FORESTALLED.

A FRENCH peer, a man of wit, was making his testament: he had remembered all his domestics except his steward; "I shall leave him nothing," said he, "because he has served me these twenty years."

CLXXI. LEGAL PUZZLE.

A PRESIDENT of the parliament of Paris asked Langlois, the advocate, why he so often burdened himself with bad causes? "My lord," answered the advocate, "I have lost so many good ones that I am puzzled which to take."

CLXXII. LE VAYER.

LA MOTHE le Vayer was called the French Plutarch. His essays are very unlike those of Montaigne. They are regular, and abound with an uncommon mixture of learning and good sense.

CLXXIII. A LONGING WOMAN.

MADAME DU CHATELET (Voltaire's Emilie), proving with child again, after a long interval, and King Stanislaus joking with her husband on it, he replied, "Ah! sire, elle en avoit si forte envie?"—"Mon ami," said the old king, "c'étoit une envie d'une femme grosse*."

* "Ah! sire, she longed so much for it."—"My friend, it was the longing of a woman with child."

CLXXIV. LOUNGING BOOKS.

I SOMETIMES wish for a catalogue of lounging books—books that one takes up in the gout, low spirits, ennui, or when one is waiting for company. Some novels, gay poetry, old whimsical authors, as Rabelais, &c. &c. A catalogue raisonnée of such might be itself a good lounging book. I cannot read mere catalogues of books: they give me no ideas.

CLXXV. LOW CUNNING.

IT is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science; and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.

CLXXVI. DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

I AM told that the secret letters between Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough, in the first glow of their passion, are still extant in a certain house in the Green Park. They used to correspond under feigned and romantic names. When this intense friendship abated, the duchess was certainly more in fault than the queen. Such was the equality produced by their intimacy, that almost the sole remaining idea of superiority remained with her who had the advantage in personal charms—and in this there was unfortunately no comparison. The duchess became so presumptuous that she would give the queen

her gloves to hold, and on taking them again would affect suddenly to turn her head away, as if her royal mistress had perspired some disagreeable effluvia* !

CLXXVII. MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.

It is singular that the descendants of Charles I. and Cromwell intermarried, in the fourth degree.

CLXXVIII. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

I CANNOT think that the letter from Mary, Queen of Scotland, to Elizabeth, about the amours of the latter, is genuine. I suppose it a forgery of Burleigh, to show Elizabeth, if she had refused to condemn Mary.

It was the interest of Queen Elizabeth's ministers to put Mary to death, 1. as they had gone too far against her to hope for mercy; and, 2. to secure a protestant succession. The above letter was published by Haynes, among the Cecil papers preserved at Hatfield house. His compilation is executed without judgment.

I have read the apologies for Mary; but still must believe her guilty of her husband's death. So much of the advocate, so many suppositions, appear in those long apologies, that they show of themselves that plain truth can hardly be on that side. Suppose her guilty, and all is easy: there is no longer a labyrinth, and a clew:—all is in the highway of human affairs.

CLXXIX. PORTRAITS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE false portraits of Mary Queen of Scots are infinite —but there are many genuine, as may be expected of

* Reminiscences, page 68.

a woman who was Queen of France, dowager of France, and Queen of Scotland. I have a drawing by Vertue, from a genuine portrait unengraved. That artist was a papist and a Jacobite, and idolized Mary. At Lord Carleton's desire, and being paid by him, Vertue engraved a pretended Mary, in that nobleman's possession, but loudly declared his disbelief. Yet has this portrait been copied in Freron's curious Historie de Marie Stuart, Londres (Paris), 1742, 2 vols. 12mo. and in many other works; while the genuine Mary by Vertue, with the skeleton and her age, has not been reengraved.

> The world is generally averse
> To all the truth it sees or hears,
> But swallows nonsense and a lie
> With greediness and gluttony.

So says Hudibras, I believe; for I quote from memory.

CLXXX. MASON.

I SHALL tell you a great secret, the cause of my late difference with Mr. Mason (1785). Lord H., Mason, and I, used often to meet together, as we cordially agreed in our sentiments of the public measures pursued during this reign. But when the India bill of Fox came to be agitated, Mason took a decided part against it; nay, wrote to me that, upon this occasion, every one ought to assist the king; and warmly recommended it to me to use my influence in that cause.

You may imagine I was a little surprised at this new style of my old friend, and the impertinence of

giving his advice unasked. I returned a light ironical answer. As Mason had, in a sermon preached before the Archbishop of York, publicly declared that he would not accept of a bishopric if offered to him, I jeeringly told him that I supposed his antipathy to a bishopric had subsided. He being also the first promoter of the York associations (which I never approved), I added, that I supposed he intended to use that fool W*** as a tool of popularity. For W*** is so stupid that he cannot even write English; and the first York association paper, which was written by W***, is neither sense nor grammar.

To return to Lord H. He was so obnoxious to the court, that when his mother lately died, the queen did not send a message to his countess, to say that she would call on her; though this be always done in etiquette to a countess, and as constantly refused. In consequence Lord and Lady H. never went near the court. But when Fox's India bill came to the house of lords, Lord H. probably by Mason's suggestions, remained to the very last of the question, and much distinguished himself against it. The consequence was, that a few days after, Lord H. called on me, to say that the king had sent him a message, requesting his acceptance of the embassy to Spain: and he concluded with begging my advice on the occasion. I told him at once, that since the king had sent such a message, I thought it was in fact begging pardon: "and, my lord, I think you must go to court, and return thanks for the offer, *as you do not accept it.*" But lo and behold! in a day or two Lady H. was made lady of the bedchamber to the queen; and Lord H. was constantly dangling in the drawing room.

Soon after Mason, in another letter, asked me what I thought of Lord H.'s becoming such a courtier, &c. I was really shocked to see a man, who had professed so much, treat such a matter so lightly; and returned a pretty severe answer. Among other matters, I said ironically, that, since Lord H. had given his cap-and-dagger ring to little master, he (Mason) need no longer wonder at my love for my bust of Caligula. For Lord H. used formerly always to wear a seal-ring, with the cap of liberty between two daggers, when he went to court: but he gave it to a little boy upon his change. And I, though a warm friend of republicanism*, have a small bust of Caligula in bronze, much admired for its fine workmanship.

The consequence of these differences has been, that we call on each other, but are on the coldest terms.

I ought to have mentioned that Mr. Mason, in his latter epistle to me, condoled with me on the death of my brother, by which I lost 1400*l.* a year. In my answer I told him there was no room for condolence in the affair, my brother having attained the age of seventy-seven, and I myself being an old man of sixty-eight; so that it was time for the old child to give over buying of baubles. I added, that Mr. Mason well knew that the place had been twice offered to me for my own life, but I had refused, and left it on the old footing of my brother's.

Mason too has turned a kind of a courtier, though he was formerly so noted, that, being one of the king's chaplains, and it being his turn to preach before the royal family, the queen ordered another to perform

* Such were Mr. Walpole's precise words in 1785!—Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

the office. But when this substitute began to read prayers, Mason also began the same service. He did not say whether he proceeded: but this I had from his own mouth; and as it happened in the chapel at St. James's, it is surprising the town did not know it. Mason in consequence resigned the chaplainship.

Mason has six or eight hundred a year, arising from a living to which he was presented by the Earl of Holderness, and from his York prebend. In my last letter to him, I asked if supernumerary church offices were not among the articles of Mr. Pitt's reform? I do think that Mason changed his sentiments from a silly hope of seeing his favourite scheme of parliamentary reform prosper in Mr. Pitt's hands, but which that giddy boy afterwards so notoriously juggled. I nevertheless must regard the change as flat apostacy, for Pitt was then acting in formal opposition to the constitution of his country, being the only minister who ever withstood the house of commons.

CLXXXI. MASSILLON.

I AM more struck with the eloquence of Massillon than of Bossuet or Bourdaloue. Read this specimen from a sermon which Massillon preached before Louis XV. in his youth. What a satire on the ambition of Louis XIV.!

"Sire, if the poison of ambition reach and infect the heart of the prince; if the sovereign, forgetting that he is the protector of the public tranquillity, prefer his own glory to the love and to the safety of his people; if he would rather subdue provinces, than reign in their hearts; if it appear to him more glorious

to be the destroyer of his neighbours, than the father of his people; if the voice of grief and desolation be the only sound that attends his victories; if he use that power which is only given him for the happiness of those he governs, to promote his own passions and interest; in a word, if he be a king solely to spread misery, and, like the monarch of Babylon, erect the idol of his greatness on the wreck of nations; great God! what a scourge for the earth! what a present dost thou send to men, in thy wrath, by giving them such a master! His glory, sire, will ever be steeped in blood. Some insane panegyrists may chant his victories, but the provinces, the towns, the villages will weep. Superb monuments may be erected to eternize his conquests: but the ashes yet smoking of so many cities formerly flourishing; but the desolation of countries despoiled of their beauty; but the ruins of so many edifices, under which peaceable citizens have perished; but the lasting calamities that will survive him, will be mournful monuments that will immortalize his folly and his vanity: he will have passed like a torrent that destroys, not like a majestic river, spreading joy and abundance: his name will be inscribed in the annals of posterity among conquerors, but never among good kings: the history of his reign will be recollected, only to revive the memory of the evil he has done to mankind."

CLXXXII. MATHEMATICS.

The profound study of mathematics seems to injure the more general and useful mode of reasoning, that by induction. Mathematical truths being, so to speak,

palpable, the moral feelings become less sensitive to impalpable truths. As when one sense is carried to great perfection, the others are usually less acute, so mathematical reasoning seems, in some degree, to injure the other modes of ratiocination. Napier (who was not a lord, as I am admonished, since I published my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors) wrote nonsense on the Revelations. So did Newton on the same book, and the Prophecies of Daniel. Now Dr. South, you know, used to say that the Revelations either found a man mad, or left him so. I say nothing of Newton's Chronology. He builds, I believe, upon one Chiron, without proving that Chiron or the Argonauts ever existed. Mythology is too profound for me. I know not if Chiron were man or horse, or both. I only know he is no acquaintance of mine.

CLXXXIII. MAXIM OF GOVERNMENT.

Sir Robert's grand maxim of government was *Quieta non movete:* a maxim quite opposite to those of our days.

CLXXXIV. MAXIM OF WRITING.

We must speak to the eyes, if we wish to affect the mind.

CLXXXV. METONYMY.

Scarlet and *purple* are terms sometimes applied, by old French and English poets, to *fine cloth* of any

colour, because those superb colours had been originally confined to that sort of cloth. Thus we read of white scarlet, and of green purple.

CLXXXVI. MILLS.

Windmills were introduced here after the crusades. Before that time handmills were used.

CLXXXVII. MILTON.

If Milton had written in Italian, he would have been, in my opinion, the most perfect poet in modern languages; for his own strength of thought would have condensed and hardened that speech to a proper degree.

CLXXXVIII. MINIATURES.

The chief boast of my collection is the portraits of eminent and remarkable persons, particularly the miniatures and enamels; which, so far as I can discover, are superior to any other collection whatever. The works I possess of Isaac and Peter Oliver are the best extant; and those I bought in Wales for three hundred guineas are as well preserved as when they came from the pencil.

CLXXXIX. MINISTERS OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

The ministries of George the Second were all Whig. The opposition consisted of old Whigs, such as Rushout and others; of Jacobites, such as Sir William Wyndham and Shippen.

Sir Robert Walpole said, "Some are corrupt; but I will tell you of one who is not. Shippen is not." When Shippen came to take the oath of allegiance Sir Robert Walpole was at the board. Shippen had a trick of holding his glove to his mouth, and did so when repeating the oath. Sir Robert pulled down his hand. Shippen said, "Robin, that is not fair."

New Whigs in the minority, because out of the ministry, were Pulteney, formerly joined in the administration with Sir Robert Walpole; Lyttelton, whose father was a true Whig; and Pitt.

CXC. TWO MINISTERS.

Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bedclothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The duke was sent for once, and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room; while Pitt's long nose, and black beard unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque of the scene.

CXCI. MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES.

Here is a list of curious articles which I intended for other numbers of my Miscellaneous Antiquities, if that publication had been encouraged.

1. Original Remonstrance from general Monk to king Charles II. concerning the plan of government he was to follow, 1660.

2. Co. Letter from Mr. William Neve to Sir Thomas Holland, touching the death and funeral of James I.

3. Co. Singular Letter from Sir John Stanhope, 17 April, 1597; a specimen of the court bribery of the times.

4. Co. Letter from the Duchess of Cleveland to King Charles II. from the original in Lord Berkshire's hands, Paris, 1678.

5. Co. Nine Letters from the celebrated Earl of Rochester to his countess.

6. Description of a curious MS. temp. H. VI.; with a French poem addressed by the Earl of Shrewsbury to that king's queen.

7. (Printed Tract.) A Relation of Lord Nottingham's embassy to Spain 1604, by Robert Treswell, Somerset herald, 1605, 4to.

8. Co. The Bee, a Poem, by the Earl of Essex, 1598.

9. A Letter of News from T. Cromwell, 1634.

10. Co. A singular Letter from a rich heiress upon her marriage.

11. (Printed Tract.) A Masque; in which Prince Charles acted, 1636.

12. Extracts concerning the wardrobe of Edward II.

13. Co. of a long and curious Letter of father Peter,

confessor of James II. to father La Chaise, confes
of Louis XIV. on the state of affairs in England, dat
1st March, 1687.

14. Original Letter of Oliver Cromwell to his wif
after the battle of Dunbar, 1650.

15. Co. Letter from Sir Edward Herbert, father
Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

16. Co. Singular Letter from Sir Symonds d'Ewe
1625.

17. Relation of the Duke of Buckingham's ente
tainment in France, 1671, and some notes, &c. b
Lord Clarendon.—A most remarkable account of th
murder of Lady Leicester by her lord.

18. Co. Letters from Queen Mary to Lady Russe
widow of Lord Russel, from the originals in the po
session of the Duke of Bedford.

19. Original Letter from Queen Katharine Par, th
year she died, 1548, to the Lord High Admiral Se
mour, her husband.

20. Letter from Lady Hastings to Cardinal Pole.

21. Original Letter from Lady Huntingdon to Ca
dinal Pole.

22. Another original Letter to Cardinal Pole.

23. The original Expense Book of the Marquis
Buckingham, the most magnificent peer of his tim
1622 and seq. as kept by his treasurer. (From th
large volume only extracts should be made.)

CXCII. MISTAKEN PIETY.

Some passengers were chatting idle nonsense to
parrot, hung out at a window, when a devout old la
came up: "O wickedness!" exclaimed she: "wh
do you not teach him his creed?"

CXCIII. MODERN MANNERS.

Mr. Creech has sent me his account of the changes that have taken place in Edinburgh within these twenty years. It is an amusing and instructive picture of the progress of society.

CXCIV. MODEST DEATH.

I am fond of Fontenelle, and of every anecdote relating to him. He was told that an actress had died of the smallpox. "Very modest!" exclaimed he.

CXCV. MONKS AND FRIARS.

What you say is perfectly just. Some degree of learning is necessary even to compose a novel. How many modern writers confound monks and friars! Yet they were almost as different as laymen and priests. Monachism was an old institution for *laymen*. The friars, *freres*, or brothers, were first instituted in the thirteenth century, in order, by their preaching, to oppose the Lollards. They united priesthood with monachism; but while the monks were chiefly confined to their respective houses, the friars were wandering about as preachers and confessors. This gave great offence to the secular clergy, who were thus deprived of profits and inheritances. Hence the satiric and impure figures of friars and nuns, in our old churches. Do you remember any example of retalia-

tion? I suppose there were similar libels on the secular clergy in the chapels of friaries now abolished*.

CXCVI. MONTESQUIEU.

MADAME DE DEFFAND said of Montesquieu's celebrated work, that it was *d'esprit sur les loix*†.

CXCVII. MOTHER OF VICES.

THE Duke of Orleans, the regent, had four daughters, distinguished by the names of the Four Cardinal Sins. A wag wrote on their mother's tomb, *Cy gist l'Oisiveté*, "Here lies Idleness," which, you know, is termed the mother of all the vices.

CXCVIII. MURDER OF MOUNTFORT.

MR. SHORTER, my mother's father, was walking down Norfolk Street, in the Strand, to his house there, just before poor Mountfort the player was killed in that street, by assassins hired by Lord Mohun. This nobleman, lying in wait for his prey, came up and embraced Mr. Shorter by mistake, saying, "Dear Mountfort!" It was fortunate that he was instantly undeceived, for Mr. Shorter had hardly reached his house before the murder took place.

* Gross errors of this kind appear in the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe and Mr. Lewis. "*The Monk*" of the latter, both in his book and play, being in fact a friar, a being of a very different description. *Edit.*

† Wit upon laws.

CXCIX. NAIVETE.

The Roman de la Rose has some naïf passages. Look at this:

> Et encore ne fais je péché,
> Si je nomme les nobles choses,
> Par plein texte sans mettre gloses,
> Que mon Pere de Paradis
> Fit de ses propres mains jadis.

Children sometimes light on odd turns of expression. One hearing that his mother had lost a long law-suit, ran home, and said, "Dear mamma, I am so glad you have *lost* that nasty process that used to plague you so."

CC. IGNORANT NAIVETE.

An old officer had lost an eye in the wars, and supplied it with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn, he took out this eye, and gave it to the simple wench who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterwards still waiting and staring, "What dost wait for?" said the officer. "Only for the other eye, sir."

I heard, while in France, a risible instance of naïveté and ignorance. Three young ladies, much of an age, were boarded in a convent, where they contracted a most fond friendship for each other, and made up their little resolutions never to part as long as they lived. But how contrive this, when, in a few years, their parents would take them out of the nun-

nery, to marry them to different husbands? After repeated deliberations, it was discovered, that the only way of remaining in constant union was, that all the three should wed one and the same husband. Upon further inquiry and discussion, this was observed to be contrary to law; and at length the wisest head of the three observed, that they might all marry the great Turk. A letter was composed in great form, the result of the choicest eloquence of all the three, explaining the tender friendship which united them, and the choice they had made of him for their husband. They added, that as soon as they had received their first communion, they would set out for Constantinople; and begged that all might be prepared for their reception.

Delighted with this expedient, the three friends sent off their letter to the post-office, with this direction: *To Mr. Great Turk, at his Seraglio, Constantinople. By Lyons.* The oddity of the direction was the occasion of the letter being opened, and of the discovery of this great plot.

CCI. NEW IDEA OF A NOVEL.

I AM firmly convinced that a story might be written, of which *all* the incidents should appear supernatural, yet turn out natural.

[This remark was made in 1784.]

CCII. THE NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SIR T. ROBINSON was a tall uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by

his hunting dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims; and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting suit, to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris.

He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *M. Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with "Excuse me, sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?"

CCIII. NEWS.

Renaudot, a physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a *Gazette*, so called from Gazetto, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of manuscript news. In more early times our chief nobility had correspondents abroad on purpose to write what were called "Letters of News."

CCIV. ODD MEDAL.

Vertue, in his manuscripts, mentions a small silver medal of Lucy, Duchess of Portsmouth, reverse Cupid on a woolpack. I have not seen it.

CCV. ODD OBLIGATION.

The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigné says, "abuse the privilege that the

men have to be ugly. Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations? "Ah! sir, if it were not for him I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.

CCVI. OLD FARCE.

THE most ancient of the French farces, Peter Patelin, written about 1450, is full of naïveté and laughter.

CCVII. OMISSIONS NOT ALWAYS LAPSES.

LORD **** did a shocking job, for which my father was blamed. There is a silly and false account of it, in the last edition of the Biographia, in a life of him by Bishop ****, his son. I had forgotten Lord **** in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. When this was observed to me I waited on Lord ****, his son, and begged a list of his father's works, apologizing at the same time for the omission. His lordship said, "Sir, I beg you will not mention my father." He was conscious that it was a delicate matter to mention him.

CCVIII. OPIUM.

I AM surprised at the aversion our medical men entertain against opium. I have had a severe attack of the gout, and could not sleep. I consulted my physician: he advised me not to use opium. As soon as he was gone I sent for some. I took it*, have slept well, and am almost recovered.

CCIX. OPPOSITIONS.

OUR opposition parties seldom form a regular battalion. Even the leaders have often detached views. To form a firm array, even the common soldier should be valued by the chiefs, and have their encouragements and rewards. The scaffolding is neglected after the house is built; but the necks of the builders may be hazarded by neglecting it before.

CCX. DUKE OF ORLEANS.

ORLEANS, the regent, was a man of profligate character, and most unprincipled ambition. He had, before the death of Louis XIV. entered so far into a plot, I believe to place the Spanish crown on his own head, that his life was endangered, and was only saved by his duchess, daughter of the king, who exerted all her influence with her father, and with Madame de Maintenon, to procure his pardon.

* Five grains, if memory may be trusted.

CCXI. DAUGHTERS OF ORLEANS.

THE Duke of Orleans, regent of France, was too familiar with both his daughters, afterwards duchesses of Modena and Berry. In consenting to the marriage of the latter, he is said to have bargained for a day or two of her company every week. When I was in Italy, in my youth, I went to a ball at Reggio, and was placed next the Duchess of Modena. This circumstance, and my being known as the son of the English minister, engaged me to say something polite, as I thought, to the duchess. I asked her the reason why she did not dance. She answered, that her mother always said she danced ill, and would not allow her to join in that diversion. "I suppose," replied I, in complete innocence, "that your mother was jealous of you." Her face was all scarlet in an instant, and she seemed ready to sink into the ground. I very hastily withdrew, and took my politeness along with me.

CCXII. CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

LADY Craven has just brought me from Italy a most acceptable present, a drawing of the castle of Otranto. Here it is. It is odd that the back window corresponds with the description in my romance. When I wrote it, I did not even know that there was a castle at Otranto. I wanted a name of some place in the south of Italy, and Otranto struck me in the map.

I wrote the "Castle of Otranto" in eight days, or rather eight nights; for my general hours of composition are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitants. While I am writing I take several cups of coffee.

CCXIII. PAINTING.

Mr. Gibbon has given us some curious anecdotes of painting in the middle ages. He mentions that Constantine VIII. Emperor of Constantinople (A. D. 919) was an artist; and, what is still more extraordinary, that a castle in Germany was adorned with historical paintings of a victory.

[See vol. x. p. 216, 8vo. The castle of Merseburg, about the year 950; and the note, whence it appears that painting was never lost in Italy.]

CCXIV. PALATINATE.

Louis XIV. after the death of Colbert could not endure that his ministers should be men of talents. He wished to have all the fame of his government.

The affair of the destruction of the Palatinate originated with Louvois. When the king received the first intelligence that his orders had been executed, he was with Madame Maintenon. He sent for Louvois, and was so enraged at his presumption in sending orders so ruinous to his royal character, that he seized the poker, and was only prevented by Madame Maintenon from proceeding to the utmost violence.

CCXV. PASSENGERS IN LANDSCAPE.

Once walking in his grounds, the good effect of the passengers, on a footpath beyond, was observed, as figures in the landscape. Mr. Walpole answered, "True. I have no objection to passengers provided they pass."

CCXVI. PASSIONATE TEMPER.

General Sutton, brother of Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate: Sir Robert Walpole the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert, while his valet de chambre was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me;"—and then went on with the conversation. Presently, he said again, "John, you cut me"—and a third time—when Sutton, starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the servant, swore a great oath, and said, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more I'll knock you down."

CCXVII. PATRONAGE.

Patronage of authors is an antiquated fashion, and at present means nothing. It is still repeated by rote among a few young or ignorant writers, as an echo dies away by degrees into an unmeaning sound. The public favour is deemed a sufficient recompense: but after the cases you have mentioned I think differently. Nothing, for instance, can be more unjust than that an author, who has professedly written for the general taste, and has in consequence derived great emo-

luments from his works, should have a pension; while another, who has confined his toil to mathematics, or other abstruse pursuits, confessedly useful and highly meritorious, but not adapted to much sale, goes wholly unrewarded. This case evinces that a pension is a mere piece of vainglory in the government, which desires to have it recorded that such and such an eminent writer was pensioned. In France things are very different. Voltaire has no pension; but many a plodding useful man has. In our national literary societies the members pay an annual sum: in France they receive an annual sum.

In all things we have the mercantile spirit of monopoly. A few fashionable writers monopolize the public favour; and merit is nothing if not introduced to notice by the fashionable cabal. Merit is useless: it is interest alone that can push a man forward. By dint of interest one of my coach horses might become poet-laureat, and the other physician to the household. They might easily appoint deputies, as was done in the regency business.

CCXVIII. PAUW.

PAUW is an ingenious author, but *trop tranchant*. There are good things in his Recherches sur les Grecs; and his idea that Sparta was a mere den of thieves is certainly just. Their conduct to the Helots shows that they were not only thieves but assassins; as their descendants are to this day. I cannot make out what he means when he speaks of Varro's collection of

portraits, as having been engraved by that great man, and coloured by a lady called Lala. He quotes Pliny as his authority.

CCXIX. PEARLS.

We read more of pearls than of diamonds in ancient authors. The ancients had not skill enough to make the most of diamonds; and the art of engraving on them is not older than the sixteenth century. The most remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spanish treasury, called The Pilgrim. It was in the possession of a merchant, who had paid for it 100,000 crowns. When he went to offer it for sale to Philip IV. the king said, "How could you venture to give so much for a pearl?" The merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleased with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

CCXX. PENNANT.

Mr. Pennant is a most ingenious and pleasing writer. His tours display a great variety of knowledge, expressed in an engaging way. In private life I am told he has some peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig—which, however, he can suppress, till reason yield a little to wine. But when this is the case, off goes the wig next to him, and into the fire.

Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half seas over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed him-

self between Pennant and wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester. But Pennant escaped, from superior local knowledge. A wag called this "Pennant's Tour in Chester."

CCXXI. ABDICATION OF PHILIP OF SPAIN.

The abdication of Philip V. of Spain is one of the oddest events of this century. Yet he, or rather his queen, still directed public affairs after their retreat to St. Ildefonso.

She was an artful woman; and it is supposed that the abdication was but a step to the succession to the French throne, expected on the death of Louis XV. who, when a boy, was very weakly, and not expected to live.

[This was in 1724. But the king, his son, dying of the small pox, in six or seven months after his coronation, Philip V. resumed the sceptre, which he held till 1746.]

CCXXII. PHYSIOGNOMY.

Lavater, in his Physiognomy, says that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a very wise man. He was one of the most stupid men I ever knew.

CCXXIII. POISSARDES.

The harangeres, or fishwomen at Paris, form a sort of body corporate. In the time of Louis XIV. the Dauphin having recovered from a long illness, the fish-women deputed four of their troop to offer [redacted] congratulations. After some difficulties, the [redacted] were admitted by the king's special command conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of [redacted] began a sort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died! We should have lost our all." The king, meanwhile, had entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and *glory*, frowned at this ill judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his good graces, by adding, "True; we should have lost our all—for our good king could never have survived his son, and would doubtless have died of grief." The naïf policy of this unexpected turn was much admired.

CCXXIV. POLITICS.

In England political faction taints every thing; it even extends to literature and the arts. We do not inquire if the production have merit, but whether the author be Whig or Tory. Height of absurdity! If a work interest me I care not for the author's politics any more than I care about the colour of his clothes.

We have also a kind of court fashion, even in literature: and this was never carried to such a height as

now. The most poisonous slanders are propagated, the most crooked arts employed to injure the credit of those who follow the obnoxious tenets of our Miltons, Lockes, and Addisons!

CCXXV. POOR HUMAN NATURE!

In the year 1212, as we learn from an Italian antiquary, a general belief prevailed in Germany that the Mediterranean sea was to be dried up, that believers might pass to Jerusalem on foot. Italy was crowded with thousands of German pilgrims.

CCXXVI. POPE.

Pope received a thousand pounds from the duchess of Marlborough, on condition that he would suppress the character of Atossa—yet it is printed *.

CCXXVII. PORTRAITS.

I prefer portraits, really interesting, not only to landscape painting, but to history. A landscape is, we will say, an exquisite distribution of wood and water, and buildings. It is excellent—we pass on, and it leaves not one trace in the memory. In historical painting there may be *sublime deception*—but it not only always falls short of the idea, but is always *false;* that is, has the greatest blemish incidental to history. It is commonly false in the *costume;* generally in the portraits; always in the grouping and attitudes, which

* Reminiscences, page 75.

the painter, if not present, cannot possibly delineate as they really were. Call it fabulous painting, and I have no objection.—But a real portrait we know is truth itself: and it calls up so many collateral ideas, as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species.

CCXXVIII. DISSENTING PORTRAITS.

What special vanity can overwhelm us with so many portraits of dissenting teachers? I must close my collection. I am sick of such trumpery. They remind me of a visionary who flourished in the last century. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, crowned poet of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the university of Wittenburg, yes, I love you."

CCXXIX. LIKENESS IN ANTIQUE PORTRAITS.

On looking at the bust of Marcus Antoninus, in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, Mr. Walpole observed that even the worst artists among the ancients always hit the character and likeness, which the best of ours seldom or never do.

This is a problem worthy of ample discussion in a country fond of portraits. Had the ancients any particular mode or machine, or was it the pure effect of superior genius?

CCXXX. LORD WILLIAM POULET.

Lord William Poulet, though often chairman of committees of the house of commons, was a great dunce, and could scarce read. Being to read a bill for naturalizing Jemima, Duchess of Kent, he called her Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent.

Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he showed all the four sides of his garden for south walls.

A gentleman writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him an *equivalent*. Lord William replied, that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an *elephant*.

A pamphlet, called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Poulet, a gentleman, abused in it, sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began, "This is to scratify that the buk called the Snak"—"Oh, my Lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your Lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

CCXXXI. PREJUDICES.

Our passions and prejudices ever mislead us. There is a French *ben trovato* on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a

telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. "I see," said she, "I see two shades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers."—"Poh!" said the curate, looking in his turn; "These two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral."

CCXXXII. PREMATURE.

A MAN married a girl who brought him a child in six weeks. His friends rallying him, and saying the child had come too soon, "You are mistaken," answered he; "it was the ceremony which was too late."

CCXXXIII. A PRETTY METAPHOR.

A YOUNG lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D. said prettily, "She has turned one, and twenty shillings into a guinea."

CCXXXIV. PRICE OF MAKING A PARK A GARDEN.

QUEEN Caroline spoke of shutting up St. James's park, and converting it into a noble garden for the palace of that name. She asked my father* what it might probably cost; who replied, "*only three* CROWNS."

* Erroneously given to Chesterfield.

CCXXXV. PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

THE king had quarrelled with Bute before he came to the throne; it was his mother, the princess dowager, who forced her son to employ that nobleman. I am as much convinced of an amorous connexion between B. and the P. D. as if I had seen them together.

The P. D. was a woman of strong mind. When she was very ill, she would order her carriage, and drive about the streets, to show that she was alive. The K. and Q. used to go and see her every evening at eight o'clock; but when she got worse they went at seven, pretending they mistook the hour. The night before her death they were with her from seven to nine. She kept up the conversation as usual, went to bed, and was found dead in the morning. She died of the evil, which quite consumed her.

CCXXXVI. PROOFS OF GENEALOGY.

A LORD of the court being presented for the first time, Louis XIV. said afterwards, that he did not know the late lord of that name had had a son, having been reckoned impotent. "Oh, sire?" said Roquelaure, "ils ont été tous impuissans de pere en fils."

CCXXXVII. PROVINCIAL PROVERB.

HENRY, the second prince of Condé of that name, and father of the great Condé, wishing privately to mortgage his estate of Muret, went incognito to an adjacent

village, where lived one Arnoul, a notary. The notary was at dinner, and his wife waited without in the hall till he had dined. The prince inquired for Arnoul. The woman answered in her patois, "Arnoul is at dinner; sit you down on the bench there: when Arnoul is at dinner not a soul can speak with him i'faith." The prince patiently sat down, waiting the event of Arnoul's dinner. When it was ended, he was introduced; the notary drew out the writing, leaving the names blank; and having read it aloud, asked the prince, whom he did not know either in person or as proprietor of the estate, his name and designation. "They are short," answered the client. "Put Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, first prince of the blood, Lord of Muret." Guess the poor notary's amazement. Throwing himself on his knees, he begged pardon for his ignorance. The prince raised him, saying, "Fear nothing, my worthy friend. Arnoul was at dinner, you know." The story spread, and became a provincial proverb, when one did not choose to be disturbed by an intrusion, "Arnoul is at dinner."

CCXXXVIII. PUBLIC VIRTUE.

THE history of public virtue in this country is to be found in *protests*.

When I first thrust my nose into the world I was apt loudly to blame any defection from what I esteemed public virtue, or patriotism. As I grew older I found the times were more to blame than the men. We may censure places and pensions; while the placemen and the pensioners are often entitled to our esteem. One man has a numerous family to provide

for, another is ruled by a vain wife, &c. &c. I think some temptations would have overcome even Brutus. But why talk of Brutus, while men not measures are the object?

CCXXXIX. PUFF DRESS.

An old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of puff. It is true people would say, "Who is that old fool?" but it is as true that the answer was, "That is the famous general ***, who took such a place."

CCXL. QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Lord Hailes is very rich in anecdotes. He is now in town, but I was shocked to see him; he is so ill with a paralytic complaint that he can hardly speak. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when ambassador in France, showed marks of respect to the exiled Queen of James II. She sent to thank him, and to say, that she had received less attention, where she had reason to expect more.

Stair said that the queen bitterly lamented the misconduct of her husband, and imputed the whole blame to father Petre.

CCXLI. QUIN.

Quin sometimes said things at once witty and wise. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I. "But by what laws," said his opponent, "was he put to death?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."

CCXLII. CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

The travels of Cyrus had their vogue, though a feeble imitation of Telemaque; and nothing can be more insipid or foreign to such a book, than the distilled nonsense concerning the Trinity. The author, chevalier Ramsay, was the son of a man who had fought against the royal forces at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, as I think it is called, and who was a violent enthusiast. When a tutor was wanted for the young Pretender, Ramsay was recommended by Fenelon. He had afterwards a place given him by the French court worth 400*l.* a year, and was made a knight of St. Louis.

Before the latter honour could be conferred it was necessary that he should produce proofs that his ancestors had been gentlemen. The best way he thought was to claim a descent from some noble family in Scotland; and he applied to one of his own name, but met with a stern repulse. Lord Mar called on him, while he was sitting much mortified, with the answer to his letter in his hand; and learning the cause of his vexation, increased it by reproaching him for his meanness, in applying to a house of such opposite political sentiments. The earl then took a pen, and wrote, "I do hereby acknowledge Mr. Ramsay to be descended of my family. Mar." His vanity was the more gratified by this sudden transition from extreme mortification; and he was immediately admitted upon this unexpected certificate.

CCXLIII. REAL APPARITION.

The castle of Ardivillers, near Breteuil, was reported to be haunted by evil spirits. Dreadful noises were heard, and flames were seen by night to issue from various apertures. The farmer who was entrusted with the care of the house, in the absence of its owner, the president d'Ardivillers, could alone live there. The spirit seemed to respect him; but any person who ventured to take up a night's lodging in the castle was sure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superstition, you know, is catching. By and by the peasants in the neighbourhood began to see strange sights. Sometimes a dozen of ghosts would appear in the air above the castle, dancing a brawl. At other times a number of presidents and counsellors in red robes appeared in the adjacent meadow. There they sat in judgment on a gentleman of the country who had been beheaded for some crime a hundred years before. Another peasant met in the night a gentleman related to the president walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were seen to caress each other, and then vanished. As they were both alive, perhaps they were obliged to the devil for preventing scandal. In short, many had seen, and all had heard the wonders of the castle of Ardivillers.

This affair had continued four or five years, to the great loss of the president, who had been obliged to let the estate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length, suspecting some artifice, he resolved to visit and inspect the castle.

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to pass the night in the same apartment; and if any noise or apparition disturbed them, to discharge their pistols at either ghost or sound. As spirits know all things, they were probably aware of these preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber just above a dreadful rattling of chains was heard; and the wife and children of the farmer ran to assist their lord. They threw themselves on their knees, begging that he would not visit that terrible room. "My lord," said they, "what can human force effect against people of t'other world? M. de Fecancour attempted the same enterprise years ago, and he returned with a dislocated arm. M. D'Urselles tried too; he was overwhelmed with bundles of hay, and was ill for a long time after." In short, so many attempts were mentioned, that the president's friends advised him to abandon the design.

But they determined to encounter the danger themselves. Proceeding up stairs to an extensive room, each having a candle in one hand, and a pistol in the other, they found it full of thick smoke, which increased more and more from some flames that were visible. Soon after the ghost, or spirit, faintly appeared in the middle: he seemed quite black, and was amusing himself with cutting capers: but another eruption of flame and smoke hid him from their view. He had horns and a long tail; and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. "This is certainly supernatural," said he; "let us retire." The other, endued with more boldness, asserted that the smoke was that of gunpowder, which

is no supernatural composition; "and if this same spirit," added he, "knew his own nature and trade, he should have extinguished our candles."

With these words he jumps amidst the smoke and flames, and pursues the spectre. He soon discharged his pistol at his back, and hit him exactly in the middle, but was himself seized with fear, when the spirit, far from falling, turned round and rushed upon him. Soon recovering himself, he resolved to grasp the ghost, to discover if it were indeed aerial and impassible. Mr. Spectre, disordered by this new manœuvre, rushed to a tower, and descended a small staircase.

The gentleman ran after; and, never losing sight of him, passed several courts and gardens, still turning as the spirit winded, till at length they entered an open barn. Here the pursuer, certain, as he thought, of his prey, shut the door; but when he turned round, what was his amazement to see the spectre totally disappear!

In great confusion he called to the servants for more lights. On examining the spot of the spirit's disappearance he found a trapdoor, upon raising which several mattresses appeared, to break the fall of any headlong adventurer. Descending he found the spirit himself—the farmer himself.

His dress, of a complete bull's hide, had secured him from pistol shot; and the horns and tail were not diabolic, but mere natural appendages of the original. The rogue confessed all his tricks; and was pardoned on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

CCXLIV. REAL VALUE OF MEN.

A BISHOP of Soissons, in the twelfth century, gave for a fine horse, destined for his public entrance into the city, five villani, or slaves attached to his lands, three men and two women. Thus a horse is a more valuable animal than a man. And so now, How many black slaves would be the price of a capital racehorse, if races were fashionable in the West Indies?

CCXLV. REPROOF.

CARDINAL Dubois offered an abbey to a bishop, who refused it, because he said he could not reconcile to his conscience the possession of two benefices. The cardinal, in great surprise, said, "You should be canonized."—"I wish, my lord," answered the bishop, "that I deserved it; and that you had the power." A delicate reproach of his ambition.

CCXLVI. REPUBLICS.

THOUGH I admire republican principles in theory, yet I am afraid the practice may be too perfect for human nature. We tried a republic last century, and it failed. Let our enemies try next. I hate political experiments.

CCXLVII. RETORT.

THE French like us better abroad than here. A French ambassador said to Lord ****, "The English are ed

cellent when out of their island." The peer answered, with great readiness and spirit, "They have then at least the merit of being excellent somewhere."

CCXLVIII. REVENGE.

B. THE painter has attempted to ridicule my taste in his book. I will tell you why. He some years ago exhibited at the Academy a Venus, with hair about as long as from here to Windsor. I went to see the pictures before the exhibition was opened; and, by some previous information, B. was in the room, following my steps, and eager, as I afterwards learned, to hear my expressions of admiration at his wonderful performance. Unluckily, when I came up to this miracle of genius, I cried out, "Good God! what have we got here?" then burst out into a loud laugh, and passed on to the next. This you know was unpardonable. But Mr. B. should have told me that he was the man, and then I should have said nothing, and have endeavoured to look as sad as he could wish.

CCXLIX. REVOLUTIONS.

GOOD men are never concerned in revolutions, because they will not go the lengths. Sunderland caused the revolution of 1688, while Devonshire stood aloof—the latter was the angel, the former the storm. Bad men and poisonous plants are sometimes of superlative use in skilful hands.

CCL. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds gets avaricious in his old age. My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtless very fine and graceful; but it cost me 800 guineas.

CCLI. RHYME.

I believe rhyme was not known in Europe till about the year 800. We seem to have had it from the Saracens, who were then possessed of Spain; and of Sicily then or soon after.

CCLII. RICHELIEU.

The History of the Mother and the Son is certainly written by Cardinal Richelieu, though erroneously assigned to Mezeray. In spite of all Voltaire has written to the contrary, good judges in France still think the Testament Politique of Richelieu genuine.

CCLIII. DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

That curious whole length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, came from Easton Neston, the seat of the Earl of Pomfret. We shall sit down here before her, and read the equally curious portrait of her by Wilson, in his reign of James I. One fea-

ture he does not mention—that her eyes, as you see, bear some resemblance to those of a cat.

"That morning the parliament was to begin [12 Feb. 1623] the king missed the Duke of Richmond's attendance, who being a constant observer of him at all times, the king, as it were, wanted one of his limbs to support the grandeur of majesty at the first solemn meeting of a parliament; and calling for him with earnestness, a messenger was dispatched to his lodgings in haste, when the king's commands and the messenger's importunity made the duchess his wife, somewhat unwillingly, go to the duke's bedside to awake him; who, drawing the curtains, found him dead in his bed. The suddenness of the affright struck her with so much consternation that she was scarce sensible of the horror of it: and it was carried with that violence to the king, that he would not adorn himself that day to ride in his glories to the parliament, but put it off to the nineteenth of February following; dedicating some part of that time to the memory of his dead servant, who might serve as a forerunner to the king, and an emblem to all his people, that in the dark caverns of man's body death often lurks, which no human prudence or providence is able to discover: for the duchess, to some of her intimates, confessed afterwards, that she found the effects of his full veins that night, that he was found dead the next morning.

"This lady was one of the greatest, both for birth and beauty, in her time: but at first she went a step backwards, as it were, to fetch a career, to make her mount the higher. She was daughter to Thomas, Viscount Bindon, second son to Thomas, Duke of

Norfolk; and her mother was eldest daughter to Edward, Duke of Buckingham; both which dukes, striving to become kings, lost their heads. Her extraction was high, fit for her great mind; yet she descended so low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner's son in London, having a good estate; who, dying, left her childless, a young and beautiful widow. Upon whom Sir George Rodney, a gentleman in the west (suitable to her for person and fortune), fixing his love, had good hopes from her to reap the fruits of it. But Edward, Earl of Hertford, being entangled with her fair eyes, and she having a *tang* of her grandfather's ambition, left Rodney, and married the earl.

"Rodney having drunk in too much affection, and not being able with his reason to digest it, summoned up his scattered spirits to a most desperate attempt: and coming to Amesbury in Wiltshire (where the earl and his lady were then resident), to act it, he retired to an inn in the town, shut himself up in a chamber, and wrote a large paper of well composed verses to the countess, in his own blood (strange kind of composedness), wherein he bewails and laments his own unhappiness. And when he had sent them to her, as a sad catastrophe to all his miseries, he ran himself upon his sword, and so ended that life which he thought death to enjoy, leaving the countess to a strict remembrance of her inconstancy, and himself a desperate and sad spectacle of frailty. But she easily past this over; and so wrought upon the good nature of the earl her husband, that he settled above five thousand pounds a year jointure upon her for life.

"In his time she was often courted by the Duke of Lennox, who presented many a fair offering to her,

as an humble suppliant, sometimes in a blue coat, with a basket hilt sword, making his addresses in such odd disguises: yet she carried a fair fame during the earl's time. After his decease, Lennox and Richmond, with the great title of duchess, gave period to her honour, which could not arrive at her mind, she having the most glorious and transcendent heights in speculation: for, finding the king a widower, she vowed, after so great a prince as Richmond, "never to be blown with the kisses, nor eat at the table of a subject;" and this vow must be spread abroad, that the king may take notice of the bravery of her spirit. But this bait would not catch the old king, so that she missed her aim; and, to make good her resolution, she speciously observed her vow to the last.

"When she was Countess of Hertford, and found admirers about her, she would often discourse of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; recounting the time since one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that. But if the earl her husband came in presence, she would quickly desist; for when he found her in those exaltations, to take her down, he would say, "Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel?" which would damp the wings of her spirit, and make her look after her feet as well as gaudy plumes.

"One little vanity of this great duchess (with your patience) may yet crowd in this little story. She was a woman greedy of fame, and loved to keep great state with little cost. For being much visited by all the great ones, she had her formality of officers and gentlemen, that gave attendance, and the advantage

that none ever ate with her. Yet all the tables in the hall were spread, as if there had been meat and men to furnish them; but before eating time (the house being voided), the linen returned into their folds again, and all her people grazed on some few dishes. Yet, whether her actions came into fame's fingering, her gifts were suitable to the greatness of her mind. For the Queen of Bohemia (to the christening of whose child she was a witness) had some taste of them. And being blown up by admiration for this bounty, either by her own design to magnify her merit, or by others in mockery to magnify her vanity, huge inventories of massy plate went up and down, from hand to hand, that she had given that queen; and most believed it. Yet they were but paper presents; those inventories had a *non est inventus* at the Hague: they saw the shell, the inventory; but never found the kernel, the plate. Such difference there is between solid worth and airy paper greatness. And it is hoped these slight intermixtures will be no great transgression, because long serious things do dull the fancy."

CCLIV. RIDICULE.

We have justly abandoned the maxim that ridicule is a test of truth. It is rather the most powerful weapon of vice, which has scarcely any other mean of attacking virtue, except ridicule and slander, well knowing the consequence. *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.*

CCLV. DR. ROBERTSON.

Dr. Robertson called on me t'other day. We talked of some political affairs; and he concluded his opinion with, "For you must know, sir, that I look upon myself as a moderate Whig." My answer was, "Yes, doctor, I look on you as a *very* moderate Whig."

Dr. Robertson's reading is not extensive: he only reads what may conduce to the purpose in hand; but he uses admirably what he does read. His Introduction to the History of Charles V. abounds with gross mistakes. In mentioning the little intercourse among nations, in the middle ages, he says a prior of Cluny expresses his apprehensions of a journey to St. Maur. He supposes the prior's simplicity a standard of the mode of thinking at that time! In many other instances he has mistaken exceptions for rules. Exceptions are recorded because they are singular; what is generally done escapes record. A receipt may be given for an extravagantly dear book, even now; but that does not imply that books are now very uncommon.

CCLVI. ROMANCE TONGUE.

I find that it was about the ninth century that barbarous Latin began to give place to the modern languages of France, Spain, and Italy. The council of Tours, in the year 813, ordered the priests to preach in *romance*, that they might be understood by the people. We have an odd idea that the clergy did not

preach before the reformation. The Roman Catholic clergy always preached, and do preach, in the vulgar tongue.

CCLVII. LORD ROSS.

THE reprobate Lord Ross, being on his deathbed, was desired by his chaplain to call on God. He replied, "I will if I go that way, but I don't believe I shall."

CCLVIII. ROTROU.

ROTROU's Venceslas is the best of the French tragedies, anterior to Corneille. It ought to be reprinted, as it is only to be found in the scarce ancient edition, or in large collections.

CCLIX. ROUSSEAU'S ABSURDITIES.

ROUSSEAU's ideas of savage life are puerile. He is equally absurd in supposing that no people can be free, if they entrust their freedom to representatives. What is every body's business is nobody's business. The people would soon be sick of such freedom; they must attend to their own private business, else they could not live. The people of France are easily electrified. We are too solid for such dreams. Amber may draw straws: we do not gravitate so easily.

CCLX. ROYAL FAVOUR.

A LOW Frenchman bragged that the king had spoken to him. Being asked what his majesty had said, he replied, "He bade me stand out of his way."

CCLXI. SACERDOS.

Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury, was, I am told, the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line,

Bifrons, atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos.

It runs thus:

Bifrons ever when he preaches;
Custos of what in his reach is.
Bos among his neighbours' wives;
Fur in gathering of his tithes.
Sus at every parish feast;
On Sunday, *Sacerdos*, a priest.

CCLXII. SCEPTICISM AND CURIOSITY.

Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente. "He who knows nothing, doubts of nothing," says an Italian proverb. Scepticism and curiosity are the chief springs of knowledge. Without the first we might rest contented with prejudices and false information; without the second the mind would become indifferent and torpid.

CCLXIII. SECRET SERVICES.

I observe that Sir John Sinclair, in his book on the revenue, builds much on Bolingbroke's assertions, which, as proofs, amount to nothing.

Some have confidently asserted that Sir Robert Walpole's large secret service money went to newspapers; while, in fact, it was necessary in order to fix this family on the throne. Lord Orrery, secretary to the Pretender, had a pension from Sir Robert Walpole of two thousand pounds a year. The lord, his successor, who wrote the life of Swift, took Lord Orford aside in the house of peers, and told him he had made strange discoveries in his father's papers. "Ay," said Lord Orford, "but the less you speak of that the better. You are an honest man, and that is enough."

CCLXIV. SELFISHNESS.

The reason why I admit no children with the companies that come to see my house is, that I have had some trinkets damaged, nay, lost. I thought of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who opened his fine gardens to the citizens, but stuck up notice that no flowers were to be pulled, as they were for the delight of all, and not of any individual. One day, however, being at his window, he perceived a lady, who was destroying a whole parterre to make her dear self a nosegay. Calling a servant, he ordered him to give the lady a crown, to enable her to buy flowers. The damsel threw down her theft, and marched off in a rage, which was not alleviated by another message from the archbishop, "That his garden was only open for those *qui savoient vivre*."

CCLXV. SENTIMENT.

WHAT is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart; yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

CCLXVI. SINGULAR TITLE.

ONE of the most singular titles I know is the French house *D'O*. This family has produced several great characters, and I believe still exists. In the time of Henry IV. a M. D'O distinguished himself.

CCLXVII. SIZE OF BOOKS.

I PREFER the quarto size to the octavo: a quarto lies free and open before one. It is surprising how long the world was pestered with unwieldy folios. A Frenchman was asked if he liked books *in folio**. "No," says he, "I like books *in fructu*†."

* In the leaf. † In the fruit.

CCLXVIII. SMART EPISTLE.

The French civil wars often display wit; ours are dull. The answer of the captain of Hume castle to Colonel Fenwicke, who summoned it in the name of Cromwell, is, however, whimsical. I think I can turn to it. Here it is.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"I have received a trumpeter of yours, as he tells me, without your pass (*he had forgot it, it seems, and left it behind him upon the table*), to render Hume Castle to the Lord General Cromwell. Please you, I never saw your general nor know your general. As for Hume Castle, it stands upon a rock.

"Given at Hume Castle, this day before seven o'clock. So resteth, without prejudice of his native country,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN COCKBURN."

CCLXIX. SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbade his interference; and the Duke of Usseda, master of

the household, was sent for. He was gone out, and the flame increased; while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

CCLXX. SPLENDID MISER.

Rossi's Pinacotheca is a curious collection of biographic portraits in miniature. One of them, a Greek, and a splendid miser, would form a dramatic character.

Alluding to Dichæus Dichæanus. As the book is little known, some extracts from that singular piece of biography may be acceptable.

Dichæus Dichæanus was brought to Rome from Greece, when a boy, by his father, a silversmith. As he grew to manhood, he became remarkable for the solemnity of his demeanour, and the sordidness of his disposition; which, however, did not prevent his being chosen or appointed one of the municipal judges of that city.

In this public character his singularities became the more noted; and his violence of temper was no valuable characteristic of the magistrate.

One day an advocate came to him to explain the suit of a client, and to request a speedy decision. In the course of the conversation the advocate showed such superior skill in the law, and such preeminence in argument, that Dichæus became very angry, and

evinced that he at least excelled in bodily strength, by knocking down the advocate. Scarcely had Dichæus retired into another room, when one of his fellow judges, arrayed in similar garments, entered: and the advocate, by an unfortunate mistake, avenged upon his carcass the drubbing he had received from our judge.

But his most singular oddity was an attempt to unite the opposite characters of great parsimony and magnificent appearance, which last he thought himself obliged to maintain, as he claimed a descent from the Byzantine emperors.

From his father he inherited many elegant articles of furniture, and particularly an expensive sideboard of plate. The table was spread twice a day, as if for grand entertainments; and the servants were sent out with silver dishes and covers, which, after passing a few streets, they brought back empty as they went out; while their master, amidst all this show, was dining on cheap vegetables, or sometimes a morsel of pork or mutton. His supper, thus splendidly arrayed, was an egg, or a few olives, with a gill of sour wine.

After his miserable meals, every particle of bread that fell was carefully gathered, and preserved to enrich the soup of a future day.

To his cook wood was given out by measure, and he was charged to lend nothing to any neighbour, upon pain of forfeiting a day's wages.

In the evening six grand silver candlesticks were brought into his apartment. If any visitor came in, Dichæus lighted one of the candles; then walking

about the room, he lighted another, and extinguished the first; and so on, till the sixth candle had its turn. Beyond this he permitted no visit to last, but dismissed his company and withdrew to his bedroom, where a little lamp alone enlightened the darkness.

When he went out his servants attended him in rich liveries; but on their return they were ordered to resume their own clothes, that they might not wear out the splendour of their master. His coachman once doubling his cloak under him, Dichæus stopped his chariot in the midst of Rome, and alarmed the city by his threats and imprecations.

Sometimes, for the greater state, two fellows were hired to attend him, whom he dressed out in silken robes, and on his return stripped and dismissed.

In the winter no fire was permitted, except in the kitchen. His servants were ordered to walk in the sun, or if the sky were cloudy, to run races, or draw water from a deep well, that they might be warmed without the expense of fire. He himself was shut up in his bedroom, over a miserable spark, sustained by all the dirty and waste paper which he had carefully collected during the other seasons of the year.

During his last sickness, when he was puzzled to whom he should bequeath his property, a letter came from a relation, written on an inch of paper. Instead of being enraged at such disrespect, his avarice got the better of his pride, and he declared the writer his heir, esteeming him worthy to be his successor in parsimony.

CCLXXI. SQUIRRELS AND MICE—LORD PEMBROKE.

Regularly after breakfast, in the summer season, at least, Mr. Walpole used to mix bread and milk in a large basin, and throw it out at the window of the sittingroom for the squirrels; who, soon after, came down from the high trees, to enjoy their allowance. This instance of tameness and confidence led to one yet more remarkable related by Mr. Walpole.

When I visited the old Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, he would always, before dinner, cut a slice of bread into small dice, and spread them on the chimneypiece of the diningroom. I was at first surprised at this ceremony, till I saw a number of mice creep from invisible crevices, to partake the earl's unusual hospitality.

That nobleman had several eccentricities. He one morning took it into his head to daub with colours the cheeks and eyes of his fine statues. Transported with the novelty of his creation, he ran in quest of the ladies, to show them this surprising improvement. Meanwhile, a waggish youth, his relation, had extended the colouring to some other parts. "Walk in, ladies, it is life itself," said the old earl. His surprise, and the confusion of the women may be easily imagined.

CCLXXII. STRANGE ERROR.

A tract of Father Paul has been recently published (his *Opinione toccante il governa della Rep. Vene-*

ziana, Londra, 1788, 8vo.), with a pompous preface, saying that this invaluable work is now printed from an undoubted MS. This thing was printed a century and a half ago!

CCLXXIII. STRANGE TALE.

Lord *** being out of town, his house was left in charge of a female servant. The plate was lodged at his banker's. A letter came to say that his lordship would be in town on such a day, and desiring that the plate might be got ready the evening before. The servant took the letter to my lord's brother, who said there was no doubt of the hand writing. The banker expressed the same certainty, and delivered the plate.

The servant being apprehensive of thieves, spoke to their butcher, who lent her a stout dog, which was shut up in the room with the plate. Next morning a man was found dead in the room, his throat being torn out by the dog; and upon examination it proved to be my lord's brother. The matter was carefully hushed, and a report spread that he was gone abroad.

CCLXXIV. STRAWBERRY HILL.

The name of Strawberry Hill was not, as some suppose, a modern appellation. In the old leases it is named Strawberry Hill Shot. The house was built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodginghouse; and some people of rank lived in it before it came to me.

CCLXXV. STUPID STORIES.

A STUPID story, or idea, will sometimes make one laugh more than wit. I was once removing from Berkeley Square to Strawberry Hill, and had sent off all my books, when a message unexpectedly arrived, which fixed me in town for that afternoon. What to do? I desired my man to rummage for a book, and he brought me an old Grub Street thing from the garret. The author, in sheer ignorance, not humour, discoursing of the difficulty of some pursuit, said, that even if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many lives as one Plutarch is said to have had, he could not accomplish it. This odd *quid pro quo* surprised me into vehement laughter.

Lady *** is fond of stupid stories. She repeats one of a Welch scullion wench, who, on hearing the servants speak of new moons, asked gravely what became of all the old moons.

Miss ***, with a sweet face, and innocent mouth, sings *flash songs*. The contrast is irresistible.

CCLXXVI. STYLE.

WITH regard to style, I think Addison far inferior to Dryden; and Swift is much more correct.

Every newspaper is now written in a good style. When I am consulted about style, I often say, "Go to the chandler's shop for a style."

Our common conversation is now in a good style.

When this is the case, by the natural progress of knowledge, writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style—hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance. Had the authors of the silver age of Rome written just as they conversed, their works would have vied with those of the golden age. What a prodigious labour an author often takes to destroy his own reputation! As in old prints with curious flowered borders, uncommon industry is exerted—only to ruin the effect.

CCLXXVII. MEAGER STYLE.

The imitation of Tacitus or even of Montesquieu, the attempt, in short, to express every thing in as few words as possible, may lead a young writer to a great fault, namely, the meager and bald style, which is not, indeed, so bad as the feeble and prolix, but is nevertheless an unpleasing mode of composition. To borrow a metaphor from painting, such a style may have a correct outline, but it wants that variety and just harmony of colouring which delight in a composition truly valuable. Some words may be superfluous, may be introduced merely to please the ear; as in painting some tints are of no use except to set off others.

CCLXXVIII. COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

This Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard; and they were so poor, that they took a resolution of

going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty, that having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion; and her hair, being fine, long, and fair, produced twenty pounds*.

Sir Robert Walpole never paid any court to Lady Suffolk; a circumstance which greatly recommended him to Queen Caroline. Upon Mr. Howard's becoming Earl of Suffolk, by his brother's death, he wished to rescue his wife, but dared not attempt it in the verge of the court. Once he formed the plan to carry her off as she went to Hampton Court palace, but the Duke of Argyle, and his brother, Lord Ilay, carried her out in a post-chaise, at eight o'clock in the morning†.

The Tory party wishing to try if Lady Suffolk had any interest, prevailed on her to request that Lord Bathurst should be made an earl. It was refused, and the party lost all hopes‡.

CCLXXIX. SULLY'S MEMOIRS.

The example of Sully shows that the study of history is practically useful to a statesman, for he tells us, in his Memoirs, that he was much given to it; and he proved the first of all ministers.

"It is history, madam: you know how *the tale*

* Reminiscences, p. 47. † Ibid. p. 50. ‡ Ibid. p. 41.

goes," said Cardinal Mazarine to the queen dowager of France. But in no respect is history more uncertain than in the description of battles. Sully observes, that when, after the battle of Aumale, the officers were standing around the bed of Henry IV. not two of all the number could agree in their account of the engagement.

Though the original folio edition of Sully's Memoirs be very confused in the arrangement, it is worth while to turn it over for many curious particulars. The account of his embassy to James I. is particularly interesting, and lays open the politics of that day with a masterly hand.

It appears, from Sully's original work, that Henry IV. intended that all Europe should be composed into fifteen dominations, so as to form one vast republic, peaceful in itself, and capable at all times of pacifying all its constituent states. This scheme was to be adjusted in such a manner that each state would find it most for its own interest to support it on all occasions.

I have marked a passage in the first volume, p. 31, full of terrific truth. Look at it. "Les plus grandes, magnifiques, et serieuses affaires d'estat tirerent leur origine, et leurs plus violens mouvements, des niaiseries, jalousies, envies, et autres bizareries de la cour; et se reglent plutost sur icelles, que sur les meditations et consultations bien digerées, ny sur les considerations d' honneur, de gloire, ny du foi." *The most grand, magnificent, and serious affairs of state derive their origin, and their most violent movements, from the silliness, jealousies, envies, and other whims*

of the court; and are rather regulated by these than by meditations and well digested consultations, or by considerations of honour, glory, or good faith.

CCLXXX. A DAY OF HENRY IV. FROM SULLY.

EQUALLY with painted portraits of memorable persons, I admire written portraits, in which the character is traced with those minute touches which constitute life itself. Of this sort is the domestic portrait of Henry IV. of France, delineated in a page or two of the original memoirs of Sully.

[The most striking passages follow: but it is impossible for a translation to represent the old emphatic simplicity of the original.]

"You must know, that one day his majesty being healthy, light-hearted, active, and in good humour, on account of diverse fortunate incidents in his domestic affairs, and of agreeable news received from foreign nations, and from the provinces of his kingdom; and perceiving the morning fine, and every appearance of a serene day, he arose early to kill partridges with his hawks and falcons, with the design of returning so soon as to have them dressed for his dinner; for he said he never found them so nice and tender as when they were thus taken, especially when he himself snatched them from the birds of prey. In which all things having succeeded to his wish, he returned when the heat of the day became troublesome; so that being come to the Louvre, with the partridges in his hand, and having ascended to the great hall, he perceived at the further end Va-

renne and Coquet, who were chatting together in expectation of his return, to whom he called aloud, 'Coquet, Coquet, you shall have no occasion to pity our dinner, for Roquelaure, Termes, Frontenac, Harambure, and I, bring wherewith to treat ourselves: quick, quick, order the cook to spit them; and, after giving them their shares, see that there be eight for my wife and me. Bonneüil here shall carry her her share; and tell her I am going to drink to her health. See that you take for me those that have been a little nipped by the hawks; for there are three large ones, which I myself took from them, and which are not touched at all.'"

As the king was talking thus, and seeing the game shared, he saw Clielle come, with his great staff, and by his side Parfait, who bore a large gilt basin, covered with a fair napkin, and who from a distance began to call, "Sire, embrace my thigh; sire, embrace my thigh; for I have got plenty, and nice ones they are." Which the king hearing, he said to those around him, "Here comes Parfait in high glee: this, I warrant you, will add another inch of fat to his ribs. I see he brings me excellent melons, and am glad of it, for I shall eat a bellyful; as they do not hurt me when they are very good, when I eat them while I am very hungry, and before meat, as my physicians prescribe. But you four shall have your shares. So don't run after your partridges till you have had your melons, which I shall give you, after I have chosen my wife's share and mine, and two which I have promised."

When the king had divided the partridges and melons, he went to his chamber, where he gave two

melons to two lads at the door, and whispered some words in their ear. Then passing on, as he was in the midst of his great chamber, he saw come out of the falcon-closet, Fourcy, Beringuen, and La Fonts; the last carrying a large parcel wrapped up, to whom he called, "La Fonts, do you too bring me something for my dinner?" "Yes, sire," answered Beringuen; but it is cold food, and only fit for the eye." "I want none such," replied the king, "for I am dying with hunger, and must dine before I do any thing. Meanwhile I shall sit down to table, and eat my melons, and take a glass of Muscat. But, La Fonts, what the deuce have you there, so well wrapped up?" "Sire," said Fourcy, "they are designs for patterns, of diverse sorts of stuffs, carpets, and tapestry, in which your best manufacturers mean to rival each other." "Very good," said the king; "that will do to show my wife after dinner. And, faith, now I think of a man (Sully) with whom I don't always agree, especially when what he calls baubles and trifles are in question; and who says often that nothing is elegant that costs double its real value. Go you, Fourcy, send for him now: let one of my coaches go, or yours."

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"Sire," said Sully to the king, "your majesty speaks to me so kindly, that I see you are in good humour, and better pleased with me than you were a fortnight ago." "What," answered Henry, "do you still remember that? That is not my way. Don't you know that our tiffs should never last more than twenty-four hours? And I know that the last did not prevent you from setting about a good affair for

my finances, the very next morning; which, joined with other things, great and small, which I shall tell you, have put me in this joyous humour. The chief is that, for these three months, I have not found myself so light and active as to-day; having mounted my horse without steps or assistance. I have had a fine hunt: my falcons have flown well, and my greyhounds have run so that they have taken three large hares. I thought I had lost my best gosshawk; it was brought back. I have a good appetite; I have eaten excellent melons; and half a dozen quails have been served up at my table, the fattest and most tender that I ever saw. I have intelligence from Provence that the troubles of Marseilles are quite appeased; and like news from other provinces; and, besides, that never was year so fertile; and that my people will be greatly enriched if I open the exportation. St. Anthoine writes to me that the Prince of Wales (Henry, son of James I.) is always talking to him of me, and promises you his friendship on my account. From Italy I learn that I shall have the satisfaction, the honour, and glory of reconciling the Venetians with the pope. Bongars writes to me from Germany, that the new King of Sweden is more and more esteemed by his new subjects; and that the Landgrave of Hesse gains me every day new friends, allies, and assured servants. Buzenval writes to Villeroy, that the event of the sieges of Ostend and Sluys having proved good and evil to both parties, the excessive expenditure of money, the great loss of men, and vast consumption of ammunition on both sides, have reduced them to such weakness and want, that they will be equally constrained to listen

to a peace or truce, of which I must necessarily be the mediator and guardian; a fair opening to my wishes of composing all differences between Christian princes."

"Besides," continued the king, "to increase my content in all these good news, behold me at table, surrounded by worthy men, of whose affection I am secure; and whom you judge capable, I know, of entertaining me with useful and pleasing conversation, which will save me from thoughts of business, till I have finished my dinner; for then will I hear every body, and content them, if reason and justice can."

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After this, the king, rising from table, went to meet the queen, who was leaving her chamber to go to her cabinet. As soon as he saw her at a distance, he called out, "Well, *m'amie*, did not I send you excellent mellons, excellent partridges, excellent quails? If you had as good an appetite as I, you must have done them justice, for I never ate so much, nor for a long time have I been in such good humour as to-day. Ask Sully; he will tell you the reason, and will repeat to you all the news I have received, and the conversation that passed between him and me, and three or four others."

"Indeed, sire," answered the queen, "then we are well met to-day, for I never was more gay, nor in better health, nor dined with better appetite. And to prolong your joy and gladness, and mine too, I have prepared for you a ballet and comedy of my invention; but I will not deny that I have been assisted, for Duret and La Clarelle have not stirred from my side all this morning, while you were at the chase.

The ballet will represent, as they have told me, the happiness of the golden age; and the comedy the most amusing pastimes of the four seasons of the year."

"*M'amie*," replied the king, "I am delighted to see you in such good humour; pray let us always live thus. But that your ballet and comedy may be well danced, and well seen, they must be performed at Sully's, in the great hall, which I desired him to build expressly for such purposes; and, he shall see that none are admitted except those who bring orders to that effect. At present I wish to show you the patterns of tapestry that Fourcy has brought, that you may tell me your opinion."

CCLXXXI. ADDITIONS TO SULLY.

I RETURN you your book with thanks. I did not before know of its existence. The Princess of Conti, by whom it was written, must, I suppose, be Louisa of Lorrain, daughter of Henri le Balafré, Duke of Guise, married to the Prince of Conti in 1605. She died in 1631. Some few interesting passages I have marked.

[The passages that interested Mr. Walpole may also please the reader, and translations of them follow. The title of the scarce little book alluded to is, Histoire des Amours de Henry IV, avec diverses Lettres escrites a ses Maistresses, et autres Pieces curieuses. Leyde, 1663, 12mo. Du Fresnoy, De l'Usage des Romans, ascribes it to Louisa of Lorraine, Princess of Conti. If so, she praises herself, p. 30, as "beau-

tiful, and one of the most amiable young ladies of that time." She was left a widow in 1614; and may have written thus of her youthful years.

Speaking of Henry's amour with Mademoiselle d'Estree, the fair Gabrielle, the princess mentions that the lady preferred the Duke of Bellegarde, who would have married her; and could not at first endure the king. To avoid him she withdrew from Mantes, and retired to the house of her father.

"The king, whom his foes had never daunted, was so astonished at the anger of his mistress, that he did not know what course to follow. He thought that, in waiting on her next day, he might at least mitigate her resentment; but company would not have been proper on such a journey; and if performed alone it was highly dangerous, as the war raged through the province, and two garrisons of enemies lay on each side of the road, which was through a forest. His passion surmounted all these difficulties: the distance being seven leagues, he performed the first four on horseback, accompanied by five of his most confidential servants. He then disguised himself as a peasant, carrying a sack of straw, and walked three leagues to her residence.

"He had found means to send her previous notice of his coming, and he found her in a gallery with her sister, who was married to the Marquis de Villars. But she was so much surprised at seeing this great monarch in such an equipage, and so dissatisfied with his disguise, which seemed to her ridiculous, that she received him very ill, and rather according to his present dress than his real character. She would not stay but a moment, and even this was only to tell

him that his dress was so nauseous that she could not bear to look at him. Her sister, more civil, made excuses for her coldness; and wanted to persuade him that fear of her father had alone forced Gabrielle to this abruptness."

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"Gabrielle continued to love Bellegarde, and the king had some suspicions of it; but the smallest caress made him condemn his thoughts as criminal. A little accident had nearly taught him more. Being at one of his houses, on account of some warlike enterprise in that quarter, which engaged him to travel three or four leagues one morning, Gabrielle remained in bed, saying she was ill, while Bellegarde had pretended to go to Mantes, which was not far distant. As soon as the king was gone, Arphure, the most confidential of Gabrielle's women, introduced Bellegarde to a small cabinet, of which she alone had a key; and after her mistress had dismissed every creature from her chamber, the lover was received. Presently the king, disappointed in some research, returned much sooner than he was expected, and was very near finding what he did not seek. All that could be done was to hurry Bellegarde into Arphure's cabinet, which opened at the side of Gabrielle's bed, and which had a window looking into the garden.

"As soon as the king came in, he called for Arphure to bring him some comfits, which were kept in that very cabinet. Gabrielle said she was not at home, having asked leave to go and see some relations. "That may be," said Henry, "but I am not

to want my comfits on that account. If Arphure be gone, the lock may be picked, or the door burst open." With this he began to kick at the door, to the infinite alarm of the lovers. Gabrielle complained of a violent headach, and said the noise killed her; but the king was deaf to her complaints, and continued his attempts to burst open the door.

"Bellegarde, seeing there was no other remedy, threw himself from the window, and was fortunate enough to escape with little hurt, though it was at a great distance from the ground. Instantly after, Arphure, who had only hid herself to avoid opening the door, entered, all in a heat, excusing herself that she did not know she would be wanted."

The death of the fair Gabrielle, created by her royal lover Duchess of Beaufort, and destined for his wife, is thus related by the Princess of Conti.

"She came to Paris to perform the devout exercises of Easter in public, in order to evince herself a sound Catholic to the people, who did not believe her earnest in that faith. For this purpose she lodged in the cloister of St. Germain l'Auterrois, and went to a church to hear vespers, which were there performed with grand music. She was carried in a litter, while all the princesses were in coaches; and a captain of the guards rode by the side of the litter. A chapel had been reserved for her, that she might not be too much exposed to the pressure or eyes of the crowd. Mademoiselle de Guise* was with her; and during the whole service the Duchess of Beaufort did nothing but show her letters from Rome, which assured her

* Afterwards Princess of Conti, the authoress. The book abounds with passages concerning herself.

that what she desired would be soon accomplished*. She also showed two letters, which she had that very day received from the king, so affectionate, and so full of impatience to see her his queen, that he told her he would dispatch Du Fresne, one of his secretaries of state, and wholly devoted to her, as having married one of her relations, to press his holiness to permit him to perform what he was, in all events, determined to do.

"In such prayers passed all the time of devotion. When service was finished, she told Mademoiselle de Guise that she was going to bed, and begged her to come and chat with her. Thereupon she mounted her litter, and Mademoiselle de Guise her coach, which stopped at the Duchess's lodgings. She was undressing, and complaining of a violent headach; and was soon seized with convulsions, from which she was delivered by the force of medicine. She wanted to write to the king, but the convulsions returned; and a letter arriving from him she tried to read it, but was prevented by her disorder, which continued augmenting till her death."

The love-letters of Henry IV. are doubtless genuine: they were found in the casket of Mademoiselle Desloges after her death. They are numerous, but only two short ones shall be translated as a specimen.

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT TO HENRY IV.

"I am dying with fear: console me by letting me know how the bravest of men is: I fear he is very ill, for nothing else could deprive me of his presence.

* Henry's divorce from Margaret de Valois, and marriage with her.

Write to me, my knight, for you know that the smallest of your mischances is death to me. Though I have twice heard tidings of you to-day, I cannot sleep without sending you a thousand good nights; for I am not endued with an unfeeling constancy: I am a feeling and constant princess for all that concerns you, and insensible to every thing else in the world, good or ill."

ANSWER OF THE KING TO THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

"My heart, I this morning, on my waking, had tidings of you, which will render this a happy day. I have heard nothing from another quarter since I left you. I will not fail twice a day to remember the good graces of my dear love, for the love of whom I take more care of myself than I was accustomed to do. To-morrow you will see Cæsar (their son), a pleasure which I envy you. Love always your dear subject, who will be yours till death. With this truth I end, kissing you, as tenderly as yesterday morning, a million of times. Perone, May 26."

At the end are some anecdotes of Henry IV.

"He was of so generous a nature, that he ordered Vitry, captain of his body guards, to receive into his company the man who wounded him at the battle of Aumale. The Marischal d'Estrées being one day in the king's coach, while the soldier was riding by the side of it, he pointed to him, and said, 'There is the soldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale.'"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"The Duke of Savoy visiting his court, he was advised to detain him till he had restored the Mar-

quisate of Saluces, which the duke had perfidiously seized. But he answered 'The duke, indeed, violated his word, but his example shall never induce me to an act of perfidity. On the contrary, his perfidy shall render my good faith the more conspicuous.'"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Some troops, which he sent to Germany having committed disorders in Champagne, and pillaged some houses of the peasants, he said to some of their officers still in Paris, 'Depart with all diligence, and set things to rights, else you shall answer to me. What! if my people be ruined, who is to nourish me, who is to pay the expenses of the state; who, pray, gentlemen, is to pay you your arrears? To injure my people is to injure myself.'"

"A nobleman, who had long hesitated in the time of the league which party to adopt, coming in as Henry was playing at primero, he called out, 'Come along, my lord. If we win, you will be on our side.'"]

CCLXXXII. LADY SUNDON.

Lady Sundon was bribed with a pair of diamond earrings, and procured the donor a good place at court. Though the matter was notoriously known, she was so imprudent as to wear them constantly in public. This being blamed in a company, Lady Wortley Montagu, like Mrs. Candour, undertook Lady Sundon's *defence*. "And pray," says she, "where is the harm? I, for my part, think Lady Sundon acts wisely—for does not the bush show where the wine is sold*?"

* Reminiscences, page 71.

CCLXXXIII. SWIFT.

SWIFT was a good writer, but had a bad heart. Even to the last he was devoured by ambition, which he pretended to despise. Would you believe that, after finding his opposition to the ministry fruitless, and, what galled him still more, contemned, he summoned up resolution to wait on Sir Robert Walpole? Sir Robert, seeing Swift look pale and ill, inquired the state of his health, with his usual old English good humour and urbanity. They were standing by a window that looked into the court-yard, where was an ancient ivy dropping towards the ground. "Sir," said Swift, with an emphatic look, "I am like that ivy; I want support." Sir Robert answered, "Why then, doctor, did you attach yourself to a falling wall?" Swift took the hint, made his bow, and retired.

CCLXXXIV. SYLPHS.

FROM Sonnerat's Voyages it appears that the grandouers of the East Indian mythology are aerial beings of great beauty, corresponding with Pope's sylphs. There is nothing new under the sun.

CCLXXXV. SYMBOLIC FESTIVAL.

AN old Dutch merchant retiring from business with an opulent fortune, invited his city friends to dinner.

They were shown into a splendid room, and expected a corresponding banquet, when a couple of old seamen brought in the first course, consisting of herrings, fresh, pickled, and dried, served up on wooden plates, put on a blue canvass cloth. The guests stared, and did little honour to the repast; when a second course came in of salt beef and greens. This being taken away, a splendid festival appeared, brought in by powdered lacqueys, served on damask tablecloths, and a sideboard of generous wines. The old merchant then said, "Such, gentlemen, has been the progress of our republic. We began with strict frugality, which begot wealth; and we end with luxury and profusion, which will beget poverty. It is better to be contented with the beef, that we may not be forced to return to our herrings." The guests swallowed the maxim with the banquet; but it is not said that they profited by it.

CCLXXXVI. SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY.

My poor nephew, Lord ***, was deranged. The first symptom that appeared was his sending a chaldron of coals as a present to the Prince of Wales, on learning that he was loaded with debts. He delighted in what he called *book-hunting*. This notable diversion consisted in taking a volume of a book, and hiding it in some secret part of the library, among volumes of similar binding and size. When he had forgot where the game lay, he hunted till he found it.

CCLXXXVII. JEST-BOOK BY TACITUS.

Tacitus is said to have made a collection of jests. I doubt not but they were acute ones.

CCLXXXVIII. THAMES AND ISIS.

We talk of the Thames and the Isis. There is no such river as the Isis, either in our old geography or in modern tradition, I mean, uneducated tradition. This Isis is a mere invention of pedantry, from the name of the *Ouse*, a stream that runs into the Thames.

CCLXXXIX. MR. THYNNE.

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.

Two anecdotes are attached to these lines.

Miss Trevor, one of the maids of honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withal.

The woman he married was a great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Kóningsmark in Pall Mall.

CCXC. MR. TOWNLEY'S HUDIBRAS.

SPEAKING of Hudibras, it was long esteemed an impossibility to give an adequate translation of that singular work in any language; still more in French, the idiom of which is very remote from the conciseness of the original. To our astonishment, Mr. Townley, an English gentleman, has translated Hudibras into French, with the spirit and conciseness of the original.

CCXCI. TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

THE critics generally consider a tragedy as the next effort of the mind to an epic poem. For my part, I estimate the difficulty of writing a good comedy to be greater than that of composing a good tragedy. Not only equal genius is required, but a comedy demands a more uncommon assemblage of qualities—knowledge of the world, wit, good sense, &c.; and these qualities superadded to those requisite for tragical composition.

Congreve is said to have written a comedy at eighteen. It may be—for I cannot say that he has any characteristic of a comic writer, except wit, which may sparkle bright at that age. His characters are seldom *genuine*—and his plots are sometimes fitter for tragedy. Mr. Sheridan is one of the most perfect comic writers I know, and unites the most uncommon qualities—his plots are sufficiently deep, without the clumsy entanglement and muddy profundity of Congreve—characters strictly in nature—wit without af-

fectation. What talents!—The complete orator in the senate, or in Westminster Hall—and the excellent dramatist in the most difficult province of the drama!

CCXCII. FRENCH TRAGEDY.

I HAVE printed, at Strawberry Hill, the Cornelie Vestale, a tragedy by the president Henault. It is rather a dramatic poem than a drama—like the other French tragedies. The word *drama* is derived, I believe, from a Greek word signifying *to act*. Now, in the French tragedies, there is little or no *action*; and they are, in truth, mere dramatic poems, composed wholly of conflicts of interests, passions, and sentiments; expressed, not in the language of nature, but in that of declamation. Hence these interests, passions, and sentiments, seem all overstrained, and hors de la nature.

I do not mean to deny just praise to Corneille and Racine—but their merit, like that of Metastasio's operas, is of a peculiar kind. It is not *dramatic*, not pity and terror moved by incident and *action*—but an interest created by perplexity, mental conflict, and situation. An Italian, an Englishman, a German, expects something very different in a *drama*, real action and frequent incident.

CCXCIII. TRICK AGAINST LAW.

A JEW and a Christian, both Italians, united their endeavours in a snuff-shop. On Saturday, the sabbath, the Jew did not appear; but on Sunday he supplied

the place of the Christian. Some scruples were started to the Jew, but he only answered, Trovata la legge, trovato l'inganno, "When laws were invented, tricks were invented."

CCXCIV. TRIFLES.

LITERATURE has many revolutions. If an author could arise from the dead, after a hundred years, what would be his surprise at the adventures of his own works! I often say, "Perhaps my books may be published in Paternoster Row."

The name of *Horatio* I dislike. It is theatrical, and not English. I have, ever since I was a youth, written and subscribed *Horace*, an English name for an Englishman. In all my books (and perhaps you will think of the *numerosus Horatius*) I so spell my name.

I always retain the *To* on my letters, and I think the omission an impropriety. The mere name is too naked, while the old addresses were too prolix. We do not now address an earl as "Right Honourable:" the bare title is thought more than "right" honourable.

CCXCV. TRUTH.

IN all sciences the errors precede the truths; and it is better they should go first than last.

CCXCVI. TWO PERSONS IN ONE.

I know not how three persons may be one, but I know that one person may be two. Some there are

who are quite different persons with their superiors, and with their equals and inferiors—with the former just and generous; with the latter insolent, and full of extortion and imposition.

CCXCVII. TIGRE NATIONAL.

After the French revolution Lord Orford was particularly delighted with the story of the Tigre National. A man who showed wild beasts at Paris had a tiger from Bengal, of the largest species, commonly called The Royal Tiger. But when royalty, and every thing royal, was abolished, he was afraid of a charge of incivism; and, instead of *Tigre Royal*, put on his sign-board *Tigre National*.

The symbol was excellent as depicting those atrocities which have disgraced the cause of freedom, as much as the massacre of St. Bartholomew did that of religion. Mob of Paris, what a debt thou owest to humanity!

CCXCVIII. UNEXCEPTIONABLE TESTAMENT.

Sainfrai, a notary of Paris, was sent for to write the testament of a rich man, who desired him so to word it that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs. "No room for contestation! impossible!" answered Sainfrai. "Jesus Christ, the wisest of men, the son of God, drew up a testament, which has been contested for these seventeen hundred years, and will ever be contested. Can I hope to go beyond him?" So saying, he took his hat, and withdrew.

CCXCIX. UNIVERSITIES.

KING William asked Mr. Locke how long he thought the revolution principles might last in England. The philosopher answered, "Till this generation shall have passed away, and our universities shall have had time to breed a new one." Many things I disapprove in our universities, where the country gentlemen are educated in Toryism by Tory clergy.

CCC. USELESS READING.

DR. BENTLEY'S son reading a novel, the doctor said, "Why read a book which you cannot quote?"

CCCI. USE OF MONASTERIES.

AN envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medici asked that wise prince how it came to pass that there were so few madmen at Florence, while the capital of Egypt presented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery, said, "We shut them up in those houses."

CCCII. VALUE OF AN OATH.

A NORMAN was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian."—"Will you wager?"—"No, I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

CCCIII. VALUE OF JUSTICE.

An attorney in France having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What, father!" said the son in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father: "Is so scarce an article to be given for nothing?"

CCCIV. VEGETABLE ORIGINS.

Turnips and carrots are thought indigenal roots of France. Our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce from Cos, a name corrupted into *gause*. Shallots, or eschallots, from Ascalon.

I have been reading on the subject, and was struck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civilization, which may arise from a dinner. Will you have a dessert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the chestnut from Castana in Asia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece, as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia.

CCCV. VERBAL CRITICS.

The corrections, or rather depravations, of the classics by the rash Lipsii, Scaligeri, &c. &c. cannot be too

severely reprobated. We now highly value the first editions, because they are less polluted by wanton conjectures. I hope there are but few of them in the Strawberry Hill Lucan.

I was told an odd instance of such corrections the other day. Cæsar, as published by Scaliger, says the druids of Gaul used Greek characters: the same great writer in another place says he wrote to one of his officers in Greek characters, that, if his letter fell into the enemy's hands, they might not be able to avail themselves of the intelligence. All this arises from one correction of Scaliger, who for *literis crassis*, used by the druids in the first editions, put *literis Græcis*.

CCCVI. VERTOT.

In writing the history of the Knights of Malta, Vertot had sent to Italy for original materials concerning the siege of Rhodes: but, impatient of the long delay, he completed his narrative from his own imagination. At length the packet arrived, when Vertot was sitting with a friend: he opened it, and threw it contemptuously on the sopha behind him, saying coolly, *Mon siége est fait**.

CCCVII. VIRTUOSI.

Virtuosi have been long remarked to have little conscience in their favourite pursuits. A man will steal a rarity, who would cut off his hand rather than take the money it is worth. Yet in fact the crime is the same.

* My siege is made.

Mr. **** is a truly worthy clergyman, who collects coins and books. A friend of mine mentioning to him that he had several of the Strawberry Hill editions, this clergyman said, "Ay, but I can show you what it is not in Mr. Walpole's power to give you." He then produced a list of the pictures in the Devonshire and other two collections in London, printed at my press. I was much surprised. It was, I think, about the year 1764 that, on reading the six volumes of "London and its environs," I ordered my printer to throw off *one* copy for my own use. This printer was the very man who, after he had left my service, produced the noted copy of Wilkes's Essay on Woman. He had stolen one copy of this list; and I must blame the reverend amateur for purchasing it of him, as it was like receiving stolen goods.

CCCVIII. VOLTAIRE.

Soon after I had published my "Historic Doubts on the Reign of Richard III," Voltaire happening to see and like the book, sent me a letter, mentioning how much the work answered his ideas concerning the uncertainty of history, as expressed in his Histoire Générale. He added many praises of my book; and concluded with entreating my amitié.

As I had, in the preface to the Castle of Otranto, ridiculed Voltaire's conduct towards Shakspeare, I thought it proper first to send Voltaire that book; and let him understand, that if, after perusing it, he persisted in offering me his amitié, I had no objections, but should esteem myself honoured by the friendship of so great a man.

Some time after I received, from my acquaintance the Duchess of Choiseul, at Paris, a letter, enclosing one from Voltaire to her, wherein he said that I had sent him a book, in the preface of which he was loaded with reproaches, and all on account de son bouffon de Shakspeare. He stated nothing of the real transaction, but only mentioned the sending of the Castle of Otranto, as if this had been the very first step.

CCCIX. SEMIRAMIS OF VOLTAIRE.

The Semiramis of Voltaire is a grand tragedy, and the ghost is a bold effort for the French stage. At first it was coldly received; and Voltaire, seeing Piron in the tiring room, asked him what he thought of it. "I think," said Piron, "that you wish it were mine." "I love you just enough to wish so," replied Voltaire.

CCCX. VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS.

The letters between the Empress of Russia and Voltaire are the best in the large collection of his correspondence. I prefer those of the empress to those of Voltaire.

Ecrazez l'infame was a kind of party watchword among the encyclopædists. It means écrazez l'infame superstition; that is, what the Roman Catholics call Christianity, and we senseless mummery. It might have been used by Luther. I see no harm in it. Corruptio optimi pessima*.

* The corruption of the best things is always the worst.

CCCXI. VOLTAIRE AND ADDISON.

A story is told of Voltaire and Addison at a tavern. I do not believe Voltaire was in England while Addison was alive.

CCCXII. VOLTAIRE AND ROLT.

Voltaire sometimes fell into strange mistakes. One Rolt, an obscure author, having published a history of the war of 1741, a subject also treated by the French philosopher, Voltaire wrote to him the most fawning letters, styling him the first historian of the age!

CCCXIII. WALPOLE NO AUTHOR.

I do not look upon myself as an author. I may say, without the vain affectation of modesty, that I have done nothing. My Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors almost any bookseller could have drawn up. My chief compilation, the Anecdotes of Painting in England, is Mr. Vertue's work, not mine.

Vertue's manuscripts were in great confusion. I drew up an index, and lost it. Another suffered the same fate. I thought I was bewitched; and even trembled for the third.

CCCXIV. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

George I. did not understand English. George II. spoke the language pretty well, but with a broad

German accent. My father "brushed up his old Latin*," to use a phrase of Queen Elizabeth, in order to converse with the first Hanoverian sovereign; and ruled both kings in spite of even their mistresses.

On the death of George I. my father killed two horses in carrying the tidings to his successor; and, kneeling down, asked who should compose his majesty's speech? The king told him to go to Sir Spencer Compton. That gentleman, unused to public business, was forced to send to Sir Robert, to request his assistance in the composition. The queen, upon this, asked the king if it were not better to employ his father's minister, who could manage his business without the help of another? My father was instantly reappointed†.

Somebody had told the princess, afterwards Queen Caroline, that Sir Robert Walpole had called her a fat bitch. It was not true. But upon settling her jointure by parliament, when she was Princess of Wales, and 50,000*l.* being proposed, Sir Robert moved, and obtained 100,000*l.* The princess, in great good humour, sent him word that the fat bitch had forgiven him.

CCCXV. WEAK NERVES.

A CLERGYMAN at Oxford, who was very nervous and absent, going to read prayers at St. Mary's, heard a showman in the High Street, who had an exhibition of wild beasts, repeat often, "Walk in without loss of time. All alive! alive, ho!" The sounds struck the absent man, and ran in his head so much, that when

* Reminiscences, page 10. † Ibid, page 39.

he began to read the service, and came to the words in the first verse, "and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," he cried out, with a louder voice, "shall save his soul alive! All alive! alive, ho!" to the astonishment of the congregation.

CCCXVI. WEATHER.

To talk of the weather was once a matter of ridicule. But that soon went out; for the weather is, in fact, so important in this changeable climate, that our health and bread depend on it. There are also numerous classes in this island, farmers, seamen, &c. &c. whose very existence depends on the weather. It is idle to deny that the state of our spirits depends on the weather: the stoutest man cannot take exercise on a rainy day, and must feel *ennui*, because he cannot divide his time as usual. For my part, I care as little for the weather as any; and I sometimes say, that all I want is cold winters, and hot summers.

CCCXVII. A WELL DOER.

A FATHER wished to dissuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. "She who marries does well," said he; "but she who does not marry does better." "My father," she answered meekly, "I am content with doing well; let her do better who can."

CCCXVIII. WHEELER INSECT.

THE wheeler insect is a curious microscopical object. Take a little dust of rotten timber, and a drop of

water; by and by the insect appears, two horns arise on its head, and then a wheel, the velocity of which is surprising. It sails among the dust as if amidst islands. The wheel seems intended by suction to draw in numbers of smaller insects, its food.

CCCXIX. A MODERN WHIG.

Lord B. a Whig! His celebrated brother is indeed a warm one. But, hark in your ear, Lord B. under the mask of Whiggery, is the king's correspondent for Scotch affairs! *Divide et impera* is the favourite maxim: all family and party distinctions are confounded.

Lord B. is, however, a mere changeling. I am plagued with his correspondence, which is full of stuff. I say nothing of his fawning letter to Pitt, alleging his friendship with his father, and soliciting a place. Heaven defend us from such Whigs! Yet he writes to me as if I did not know him.

CCCXX. WHIGS AND TORIES.

We must thank the Whigs for all the prosperity of our country. The Tories have only thrown us into disagreeable *crises*. It is risible to hear the latter boast of the public happiness, which is wholly the work of their antagonists. They are so absurd as to regret the national freedom, the sole source of the wealth on which they fatten. *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!* Had the Tories succeeded at the revolution, or accession, this fair country would have been another Spain; the desolate abode of nobles and priests.

What has rendered it the wonder and envy of Europe? Freedom. One would wonder that any man should conspire against the general felicity—but this infatuation arises from the *esprit du corps*, which can even produce mental blindness—can instigate its unhappy devotee to destroy the hen that lays the golden eggs.

CCCXXI. PATRIOTISM OF WILKES.

DEPEND upon it, my dear sir, that Wilkes was in the pay of France, during the Wilkes and liberty days. Calling one day on the French minister, I observed a book on his table, with Wilkes's name in the first leaf. This led to a conversation, which convinced me. Other circumstances, too long and minute to be repeated, strengthened, if necessary, that conviction. I am as sure of it, as of any fact I know.

Wilkes at first cringed to Lord Bute. The embassy to Constantinople was the object of his ambition. It was refused—and you know what followed.

CCCXXII. WILLIAM III.

WILLIAM III. is now termed a scoundrel, but was not James II. a fool? The character of William is generally considered on too small a scale. To estimate it properly we must remember that Louis XIV. had formed a vast scheme of conquest, which would have overthrown the liberties of all Europe, have subjected even us to the caprice of French priests and French harlots. The extirpation of the Protestant religion, the abolition of all civil privileges, would have been the infallible consequence. I speak of this scheme

not as a partisan, but from the most extensive reading and information on the topic. I say that William III. was the first, if not sole cause, of the complete ruin of this plan of tyranny. The English revolution was but a secondary object, the throne a mere step towards the altar of European liberty. William had recourse to all parties merely to serve this great end, for which he often exposed his own life in the field, and was devoured by constant cares in the cabinet.

CCCXXIII. WINES.

Our mountain wine comes from the mountains around Malaga. Tent is *Tinto*, tinged or red wine. Sherry from Xeres (the Spanish X is pronounced *Sh* or *Ch*), in the South of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Christians and Saracens, that ended in the conquest of Spain by the latter.

Malmsey was from Malvasia in Peloponnesus. This rich wine was afterwards propagated at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira.

CCCXXIV. LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The letters of Lady Wortley Montagu are genuine. I have seen the originals, among which are some far superior to those in print. But some of them were very immodest. When the publication was about to take place, Lord Bute, who had married her daughter, sent for the editor, and offered one hundred pounds to suppress them. The man took the money, promised—and published.

Lady Wortley Montagu was a playfellow of mine

when both were children. She was always a dirty little thing. This habit continued with her. When at Florence, the grand duke gave her apartments in his palace. One room sufficed for every thing. When she went away, the stench was so strong, that they were obliged to fumigate the chamber with vinegar for a week.

Pope gave her the Homer he had used in translating. I have got it: it is a small edition by Westhein. Here it is. She wrote that little poem in the blank leaves.

THE preceding editions of these ANA were published without any arrangement; in the present instance they have been simply thrown into alphabetical order, affording the means of ready reference without an Index, and yet not "injuring their native graces by the heavy labour of formality."

May, 1819.

THE END.

C. and C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

HORACE WALPOLE'S

REMINISCENCES.

Sir T. Lawrence del. C. Mosses Sc.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.

1819.

REMINISCENCES:

Written in 1788,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF

MISS MARY AND MISS AGNES B***Y;

BY

HORACE WALPOLE,

LATE EARL OF ORFORD.

Il ne faut point d'esprit pour s'occuper des vieux evenemens. VOLTAIRE.

MDCCCXIX.

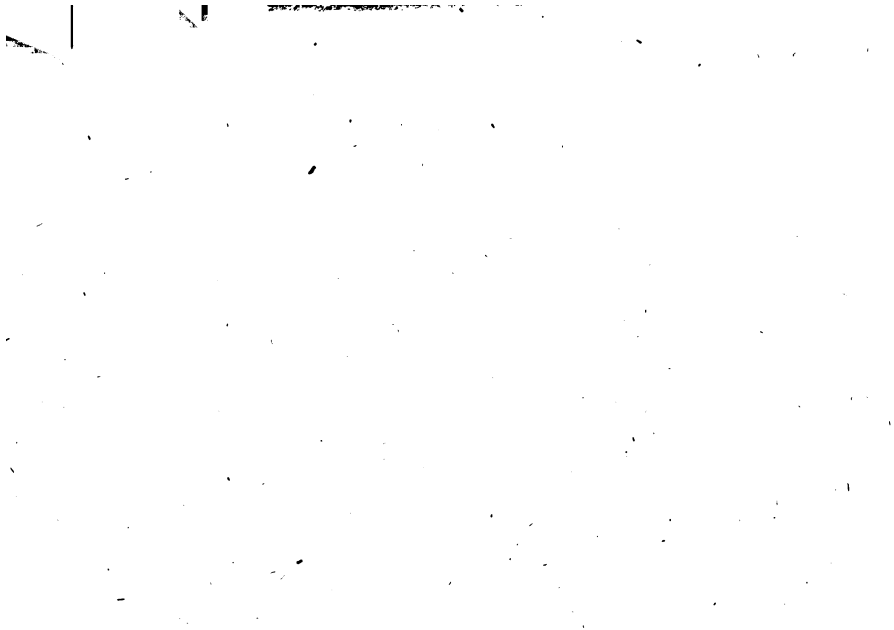
LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

THIS agreeable Historical Tale has hitherto been secluded from the eye of the general reader, in the retirement of five quarto volumes. The present editor has frequently contemplated an impression detached from the other works of the Noble Author; and as the public attention has recently been directed to his name by an additional volume of his Letters, it was thought that it could not pass the press at a better opportunity than the present.

LONDON, APRIL, 1818.

His (Horace Walpole's) Reminiscences of the reigns of George I. and II. make us better acquainted with the manners of these princes and their courts than we should be after perusing an hundred heavy historians; and futurity will long be indebted to the chance which threw into his vicinity, when age rendered him communicative, the accomplished ladies to whom these anecdotes were communicated.—His certainty of success with posterity indeed will rest upon his Letters and his Reminiscences.

Quarterly Review, Sept. 1818.



HORACE WALPOLE'S
REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

You were both so entertained with the old stories I told you one evening lately, of what I recollected to have seen and heard from my childhood of the courts of king George the first, and of his son the prince of Wales, afterwards George the second; and of the latter's princess, since queen Caroline; and you expressed such wishes that I would commit those passages (for they are scarce worthy of the title even of anecdotes) to writing; that, having no greater pleasure than to please you both, nor any more important or laudable occupation, I will begin to satisfy the repetition of your curiosity.—But observe, I promise no more than to *begin;* for I not only cannot answer that I shall have patience to continue, but my memory is still so fresh, or rather so retentive of trifles which first made impression on it, that it is very possible my life, (turned of seventy-one) may be exhausted before my stock of remembrances; especially as I am sensible of the

garrulity of old age, and of its eagerness of relating whatever it recollects, whether of moment or not. Thus, while I fancy I am complying with you, I may only be indulging myself, and consequently may wander into many digressions for which you will not care a straw, and which may intercept the completion of my design. Patience, therefore, young ladies; and if you coin an old gentleman into narratives, you must expect a good deal of alloy. I engage for no method, no regularity, no polish. My narrative will probably resemble siege-pieces, which are struck of any promiscuous metals; and, though they bear the impress of some sovereign's name, only serve to quiet the garrison for the moment, and afterwards are merely hoarded by collectors and virtuosos, who think their series not complete, unless they have even the coins of base metal of every reign.

As I date from my nonage, I must have laid up no state-secrets. Most of the facts I am going to tell you, though new to you and to most of the present age, were known perhaps at the time to my nurse and my tutors. Thus my stories will have nothing to do with history.

Luckily there have appeared within these three months two publications, that will serve as precedents for whatever I am going to say: I mean, *Les fragmens* of the correspondence of the duchess of Orleans, and those of the *Mémoires* of the duc de St. Simon. Nothing more *décousu* than both. They tell you what they please—or rather what their editors have pleased to let them tell.

In one respect I shall be less satisfactory. They

knew and were well acquainted, or thought they were, with the characters of their personages. I did not at ten years old penetrate characters; and as George I. died at the period where my Reminiscence begins, and was rather a good sort of man than a shining king; and as the duchess of Kendal was no genius, I heard very little of either when he and her power were no more. In fact, the reign of George 1. was little more than the proem to the history of England under the house of Brunswic. That family was established here by surmounting a rebellion; to which settlement perhaps the phrensy of the South Sea scheme contributed, by diverting the national attention from the game of faction to the delirium of stock-jobbing; and even faction was split into fractions by the quarrel between the king and the heir apparent—another interlude which authorises me to call the reign of George I. a proem to the history of the reigning house of Brunswic, so successively agitated by parallel feuds.

Commençons.

As my first hero was going off the stage before I ought to have come upon it, it will be necessary to tell you, why the said two personages happened to meet just two nights before they were to part for ever; a rencounter that barely enables me to give you a general idea of the former's person and of his mistress's—or, as has been supposed, his wife's.

As I was the youngest by eleven years of sir Robert Walpole's children by his first wife, and was extremely weak and delicate, as you see me

still, though with no constitutional complaint till I had the gout after forty; and as my two sisters* were consumptive and died of consumptions; the supposed necessary care of me (and I have overheard persons saying, "That child cannot possibly live") so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness: and as the infinite good nature of my father never thwarted any of his children, he suffered me to be too much indulged, and permitted her to gratify the first vehement inclination that ever I expressed, and which, as I have never since felt any enthusiasm for royal persons, I must suppose that the female attendants in the family must have put into my head, *to long to see the king*. This childish caprice was so strong, that my mother solicited the duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kissing his majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover.—A favour so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old, was still too slight to be refused to the wife of the first minister for her darling child: yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private and at night.

Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the countess of Walsingham†, on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the duchess of Kendal: apartments occu-

* Katherine Walpole, and Mary viscountess Malpas.

† Melusina Schulemberg, niece of the duchess of Kendal, created countess of Walsingham, and afterwards married to the famous Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield.

pied by George II. after his queen's death, and by his successive mistresses, the countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

Notice being given that the king was come down to supper, lady Walsingham took me alone into the duchess's ante-room, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down, and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

The person of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue riband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady; but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was.

My childish loyalty, and the condescension in gratifying it, were, I suppose, causes that contributed very soon afterwards to make me shed a flood of tears for that sovereign's death, when with the other scholars at Eton college I walked in procession to the proclamation of the successor; and which (though I think they partly fell because I imagined it became the son of a prime-minister to be more concerned than other boys), were no doubt imputed by many of the spectators who were poli-

ticians, to my fears of my father's most probable fall, but of which I had not the smallest conception; nor should have met with any more concern than I did when it really arrived in the year 1742, by which time I had lost all taste for courts and princes and power, as was natural to one who never felt an ambitious thought for himself.

It must not be inferred from her obtaining this grace for me, that the duchess of Kendal was a friend to my father. On the contrary, at that moment she had been labouring to displace him, and introduce lord Bolinbroke* into the administration; on which I shall say more hereafter.

It was an instance of sir Robert's singular fortune, or evidence of his talents, that he not only preserved his power under two successive monarchs, but in spite of the efforts of both their mistresses† to remove him. It was perhaps still more remarkable, and an instance unparalleled, that sir Robert governed George the first in Latin, the king not speaking English‡, and his minister no German, nor even French. It was much talked of, that sir

* The well-known Henry St. John, viscount Bolinbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, on whose death he fled and was attainted.

† The duchess of Kendal and lady Suffolk.

‡ Prince William (afterwards duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birth-day, the king asked him at what hour he rose. The prince replied, "when the chimney-sweepers went about." "Vat is de chimney-sweeper?" said the king. "Have you been so long in England," said the boy, "and do not know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there" —pointing to lord Finch, afterwards earl of Winchelsea

Robert, detecting one of the Hanoverian ministers in some trick or falsehood before the king's face, had the firmness to say to the German, "Mentiris, impudentissime!"—The good-humoured monarch only laughed, as he often did when sir Robert complained to him of his Hanoverians selling places, nor would be persuaded that it was not the practice of the English court; and which an incident must have planted in his mind with no favourable impression of English disinterestedness. "This is a strange country!" said his majesty: "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!"

I have said that the duchess of Kendal was no friend of sir Robert, and wished to make lord Bolinbroke minister in his room. I was too young to know any thing of that reign, nor was acquainted with the political cabals of the court, which however I might have learnt from my father in the three years after his retirement; but being too thoughtless at that time, nor having your laudable curiosity, I neglected to inform myself of many passages

and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly swarthy and dark,

——"the black funereal Finches—"

Sir Ch. Williams's Ode to a Number of Great Men, 1742.

and circumstances, of which I have often since regretted my faulty ignorance.

By what I can at present recollect, the duchess seems to have been jealous of sir Robert's credit with the king, which he had acquired, not by paying court, but by his superior abilities in the house of commons, and by his knowledge in finance, of which lord Sunderland and Craggs had betrayed their ignorance in countenancing the South Sea scheme; and who, though more agreeable to the king, had been forced to give way to Walpole, as the only man capable of repairing that mischief. The duchess too might be alarmed at his attachment to the princess of Wales, from whom, in case of the king's death, her grace could expect no favour. Of her jealousy I do know the following instance: Queen Anne had bestowed the rangership of Richmond New Park on her relations the Hydes for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of shooting, bought out the term of the last earl of Clarendon and of his son lord Cornbury, and frequently shot there, having appointed my eldest brother lord Walpole ranger nominally, but my father in reality, who wished to hunt there once or twice a week. The park had run to great decay under the Hydes, nor was there any mansion* better than the common lodges of the keepers.

* The earl of Rochester, who succeeded to the title of Clarendon on the extinction of the elder branch, had a villa close without the park; but it had been burnt down, and only one wing was left. W. Stanhope, earl of Harrington, purchased the ruins, and built the house, since bought by lord Camelford.

The king ordered a stone lodge, designed by Henry earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himself, but merely as a banquetting-house*, with a large eating-room, kitchen, and necessary offices, where he might dine after his sport. Sir Robert began another of brick for himself and the under-ranger, which by degrees he much enlarged, usually retiring thither from business, or rather, as he said himself, to do more business than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays. On that edifice, on the thatched house, and other improvements, he laid out fourteen thousand pounds of his own money. In the mean time, he hired a small house for himself on the hill without the park; and in that small tenement the king did him the honour of dining with him more than once after shooting. His majesty, fond of private† joviality, was pleased with punch after dinner, and indulged in it freely. The duchess, alarmed at the advantage the minister might make of the openness of the king's heart in those convivial unguarded hours, and at a crisis when she was conscious sir Robert was apprised of her inimical machinations in favour of Bolinbroke, enjoined the few Germans who accompanied the king at those dinners, to prevent his majesty from

* It was afterwards enlarged by princess Amelia, to whom her father George II. had granted the reversion of the rangership after lord Walpole. Her royal highness sold it to George III. for a pension on Ireland of 1200*l.* a-year, and his majesty appointed lord Bute ranger for life.

† The king hated the parade of royalty. When he went to the opera, it was in no state, nor did he sit in the stage box, nor forwards, but behind the duchess of Kendal and lady Walsingham, in the second box, now allotted to the maids of honour.

drinking too freely. Her spies obeyed too punctually, and without any address. The king was offended, and silenced the tools by the coarsest epithets in the German language. He even before his departure ordered sir Robert to have the stone-lodge finished against his return—no symptom of a falling minister, as has since been supposed sir Robert then was, and that lord Bolinbroke was to have replaced him, had the king lived to come back. But my presumption to the contrary is more strongly corroborated by what had recently passed. The duchess had actually prevailed on the king to see Bolinbroke secretly in his closet. That intriguing Proteus, aware that he might not obtain an audience long enough to efface former prejudices, and make sufficient impression on the king against sir Robert, and in his own favour, went provided with a long memorial, which he left in the closet, and begged his majesty to peruse coolly at his leisure. The king kept the paper—but no longer than till he saw sir Robert, to whom he delivered the poisoned remonstrance.—If that communication prognosticated the minister's fall, I am at a loss to know what a mark of confidence is.

Nor was that discovery the first intimation that Walpole had received of the measure of Bolinbroke's gratitude. The minister, against the earnest representations of his family and most intimate friends, had consented to the recall of that incendiary from banishment *, excepting only his

* Bolinbroke at his return could not avoid waiting on sir Robert to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelsea; but whether tortured at witnessing Walpole's serene frankness and felicity, or suffocated with indignation

re-admission into the house of lords, that every field of annoyance might not be open to his mischievous turbulence. Bolinbroke, it seems, deemed an embargo laid on his tongue would warrant his hand to launch every envenomed shaft against his benefactor, who by restricting had paid him the compliment of avowing that his eloquence was not totally inoffensive. Craftsmen, pamphlets, libels, combinations, were showered on or employed for years against the prime-minister, without shaking his power or ruffling his temper: and Bolinbroke had the mortification of finding his rival had abilities to maintain his influence against the* mistresses of two kings, with whom his antagonist had plotted in vain to overturn him.

and confusion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more.

* George II. parted with lady Suffolk, on princess Amelia informing queen Caroline from Bath that the mistress had interviews there with lord Bolinbroke. Lady Suffolk, above twenty years after, protested to me that she had not once seen his lordship there; and I should believe she did not, for she was a woman of truth: but her great intimacy and connexion with Pope and Swift, the intimate friends of Bolinbroke, even before the death of George I. and her being the channel through whom that faction had flattered themselves they should gain the ear of the new king, can leave no doubt of lady Suffolk's support of that party. Her dearest friend to her death was William afterwards lord Chetwynd, the known and most trusted confident of lord Bolinbroke. Of those political intrigues I shall say more in these Reminiscences.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE the first, while electoral prince, had married his cousin the princess Dorothea*, only child of the duke of Zell; a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful count Konismark†, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatized a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently ene-

* Her names were Sophia Dorothea; but I call her by the latter, to distinguish her from the princess Sophia, her mother-in-law, on whom the crown of Great Britain was settled.

† Konismark behaved with great intrepidity, and was wounded at a bull-feast in Spain. See Letters from Spain of the comtesse Danois, vol. ii. He was brother of the beautiful comtesse de Konismark, mistress of Augustus the second, king of Poland.

mies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., on his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Konismark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room—the count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up; George II. intrusted the secret to his wife queen Caroline, who told it to my father: but the king was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his mistress; nor did lady Suffolk ever hear of it, till I informed her of it several years afterwards. The disappearance of the count made his murder suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances.

The second George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purposed, as was said, had the former survived, to have brought her over and declared her queen-dowager*. Lady Suffolk has

* Lady Suffolk thought he rather would have made her regent of Hanover; and she also told me, that George I. had offered to live again with his wife, but she refused, unless her pardon were asked publicly. She said, what most affected her was the disgrace that would be brought on her children; and if she were only pardoned, that would not remove it. Lady Suffolk thought she was then divorced, though the divorce was never published; and that the old elector consented to his son's marrying the duchess

told me her surprise, on going to the new queen the morning after the news arrived of the death of George I. at seeing hung up in the queen's dressing-room a whole length of a lady in royal robes; and in the bed-chamber a half length of the same person, neither of which lady Suffolk had ever seen before. The prince had kept them concealed, not daring to produce them during the life of his father. The whole length he probably sent to Hanover*; the half length I have frequently and frequently seen in the library of princess Amelia, who told me it was the portrait of her grandmother. She bequeathed it, with other pictures of her family, to her nephew, the landgrave of Hesse.

Of the circumstances that ensued on Konismark's disappearance I am ignorant; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or

of Kendal with the left hand—but it seems strange that George I. should offer to live again with his wife, and yet be divorced from her. Perhaps George II., to vindicate his mother, supposed that offer and her spirited refusal.

* George II. was scrupulously exact in separating and keeping in each country whatever belonged to England or Hanover. Lady Suffolk told me, that on his accession he could not find a knife, fork, and spoon of gold which had belonged to queen Anne, and which he remembered to have seen here at his first arrival. He found them at Hanover on his first journey thither after he came to the crown, and brought them back to England. He could not recollect much of greater value; for on queen Anne's death, and in the interval before the arrival of the new family, such a clearance had been made of her majesty's jewels, or the new king so instantly distributed what he found amongst his German favourites, that, as lady S. told me, queen Caroline never obtained of the late queen's jewels but one pearl-necklace.

separation: nor do I know or suppose that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality when a sovereign has reason or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the Gordian knot of matrimony thrown in the way of an absolute prince would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering husband our Henry VIII. Sovereigns, who narrow or let out the law of God according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws no doubt to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany; and the code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand —as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinance to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted, if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety—but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit.—Shocking consequence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal.

Separated the princess Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled duchess

of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the duchess of Kendal with his left hand. As the princess Dorothea died only some months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was scarcely deferred till then; and the extreme outward devotion of the duchess, who every Sunday went seven times to Lutheran chapels, seemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during queen Anne's reign, the duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did retain her for a whole year, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son too, George II., had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German casuistry might allow her husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed in bed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary adieu constituted adultery; and therefore of a formal divorce I must doubt—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided, till future search into the Hanoverian chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance.

I have said that the disgraced princess died but a short time before the king. It is known that in

queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from Scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George the first to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the duke and duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive lest the duchess of Kendal should be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the denunciation, that on the eve of his last departure he took leave of his son and the princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons he hated. He did sometimes so much justice to his son as to say, " Il est fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur."— For queen Caroline, to his confidents he termed her *cette diablèsse madame la princesse.*

I do not know whether it was about the same period, that in a tender mood he promised the duchess of Kendal, that if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess on his death so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Isleworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and

tenderness of duty, till the royal bird or she took their last flight.

George II., no more addicted than his father to too much religious credulity, had yet implicit faith in the German notion of vampires, and has more than once been angry with my father for speaking irreverently of those imaginary bloodsuckers.

The duchess of Kendal, of whom I have said so much, was, when mademoiselle Schulemberg, maid of honour to the electress Sophia, mother of king George I., and destined by king William and the act of settlement to succeed queen Anne. George fell in love with mademoiselle Schulemberg, though by no means an inviting object—so little, that one evening when she was in waiting behind the electress's chair at a ball, the princess Sophia, who had made herself mistress of the language of her future subjects, said in English to Mrs. Howard (afterwards countess of Suffolk), then at her court, "Look at that mawkin, and think of her being my son's passion!" Mrs. Howard, who told me the story, protested she was terrified, forgetting that mademoiselle Schulemberg did not understand English.

The younger mademoiselle Schulemberg, who came over with her and was created countess of Walsingham, passed for her niece; but was so like to the king, that it is not very credible that the duchess, who had affected to pass for cruel, had waited for the left-handed marriage.

The duchess, under whatever denomination, had attained and preserved to the last her ascendant over the king: but notwithstanding that influence,

he was not more constant to her than he had been to his avowed wife; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over, was madam Kilmansegge, countess of Platen, who was created countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte, married to lord viscount Howe, and mother of the present earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but princess Amelia treated her daughter Mrs. Howe * upon that foot, and one evening when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eye-brows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio! They were food for all the venom of the Jacobites; and indeed nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted even in their hearing about the public streets †.

* Caroline, the eldest of lady Howe's children, had married a gentleman of her own name, John Howe, esq. of Hanslop, in the county of Bucks.

† One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried

On the other hand, it was not till the l[illegible] or two of his reign that their foreign soverei[illegible] the nation the compliment of taking ope[illegible] English mistress. That personage was Anne [illegible] eldest daughter by her second husband of th[illegible] diated wife of the earl of Macclesfield, the [illegible] tural mother of Savage the poet. Miss Bre[illegible] very handsome, but dark enough by her eyes, com[illegible] plexion, and hair, for a Spanish beauty. Abish[illegible] was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bath[illegible] sheba, who seemed to maintain her power, as othe[illegible] favourite sultanas have done, by suffering partner[illegible] in the sovereign's affections. When his majesty should return to England, a countess's coronet was to have rewarded the young lady's compliance, and marked her secondary rank. She might, however, have proved a troublesome rival, as she seemed so confident of the power of her charms, that, whatever predominant ascendant the duchess might retain, her own authority in the palace she thought was to yield to no one else. George the first, when his son the prince of Wales and the princess had quitted St. James's on their quarrel with him, had kept back their three eldest daughters, who lived with him to his death, even after there had outwardly been a reconciliation between the king and prince. Miss Brett, when the king set out, ordered

in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." I mention this, because, on the death of princess Amelia, the newspapers revived the story and told it of her, though I had heard it three-score years before of one of her grandfather's mistresses.

a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. Anne, the eldest of the princesses, offended at that freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett as imperiously reversed that command. The king died suddenly, and the empire of the new mistress and her promised coronet vanished. She afterwards married sir William Leman, and was forgotten before her reign had transpired beyond the confines of Westminster!

CHAPTER III.

One of the most remarkable occurrences in the reign of George the first was the open quarrel between him and his son the prince of Wales. Whence the dissension originated; whether the prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind against his father, or whether hatred of his father occasioned his devotion to her, I do not pretend to know. I do suspect from circumstances, that the hereditary enmity in the house of Brunswic between the parents and their eldest sons dated earlier than the divisions between the first two Georges. The princess Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity: in the earlier part of her life she had professed much zeal for the deposed house of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of her's in print, addressed, I think, to the chevalier de St. George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no prospect of being benefited by the deposition of a crowned head, to choose to think roy-

alty an indelible character. The queen of Pruss daughter of George the first, lived and died avowed Jacobite. The princess Sophia, young child of the queen of Bohemia, was consequen the most remote from any pretensions to the B tish crown*—but no sooner had king William pi cured a settlement of it after queen Anne on l electoral highness, than nobody became a stanch Whig than the princess Sophia, nor could be mo impatient to mount the throne of the expel Stuarts. It is certain that during the reign Anne, the elector George was inclined to the T ries; though after his mother's death and his o accession he gave himself to the opposite par But if he and his mother espoused different fa tions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her gran son the electoral prince†; and it is true, that t demand made by the prince of his writ of summo to the house of lords as duke of Cambridge, whi no wonder was so offensive to queen Anne, v made in concert with his grandmother, with the privity of the elector his father. Were it c tain, as was believed, that Bolinbroke and the

* It is remarkable, that either the weak propensity the Stuarts to popery, or the visible connexion betw regal and ecclesiastic power, had such operation on m of the branches of that family, who were at a distance fr the crown of England, to wear which it is necessary to a protestant, that two or three of the daughters of the k and queen of Bohemia, though their parents had lost ev thing in the struggle between the two religions, turned man catholics; and so did one or more of the sons of princess Sophia, brothers of the protestant candidate, Geo the first.

† Afterwards George the second.

cobites prevailed on the queen * to consent to her brother coming secretly to England, and to seeing him in her closet; she might have been induced to that step, when provoked by an attempt to force a distant and foreign heir upon her while still alive.

The queen and her heiress being dead, the new king and his son came over in apparent harmony; and on his majesty's first visit to his electoral dominions, the prince of Wales was even left regent; but never being trusted afterwards with that dignity on like occasions, it is probable that the son discovered too much fondness for acting the king, or that the father conceived a jealousy of his having done so. Sure it is, that on the king's return great divisions arose in the court; and the Whigs were divided—some devoting themselves to the wearer of the crown, and others to the expectant. I shall not enter into the detail of those squabbles, of which I am but superficially informed. The predominant ministers were the earls of Sunderland and Stanhope. The brothers-in-law, the viscount Townshend and Mr. Robert Walpole, adhered to the prince. Lord Sunderland is said to have too much resembled as a politician the earl his father, who was so principal an actor in the reign of James the second, and in bringing about the revolution. Be-

* I believe it was a fact, that the poor weak queen, being disposed even to cede the crown to her brother, consulted bishop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the consequence of such a step. He replied, "Madam, you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three." This sentence, dictated by common sense, her majesty took for inspiration, and dropped all thoughts of resigning the crown.

tween the earl in question and the prince of Wales grew mortal antipathy; of which an anecdote told to me by my father himself will leave no doubt. When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two courts, and my father became first lord of the treasury a second time, lord Sunderland in a *tête-à-tête* with him said, "Well, Mr. Walpole, we have settled matters for the present; but we must think whom we will have next" (meaning in case of the king's demise). Walpole replied, "Your lordship may think as you please, but my part is taken;" meaning to support the established settlement.

Earl Stanhope was a man of strong and violent passions, and had dedicated himself to the army; and was so far from thinking of any other line, that when Walpole, who first suggested the idea of appointing him secretary of state, proposed it to him, he flew into a furious rage, and was on the point of a downright quarrel, looking on himself as totally unqualified for the post, and suspecting it for a plan of mocking him. He died in one of those tempestuous sallies, being pushed in the house of lords on the explosion of the South Sea scheme. That iniquitous affair, which Walpole had early exposed, and to remedy the mischiefs of which he alone was deemed adequate, had replaced him at the head of affairs, and obliged Sunderland to submit to be only a coadjutor of the administration. The younger Craggs *, a showy vapouring man, had been brought forward by the ministers to oppose Walpole; but

* James Craggs, jun. buried in Westminster-abbey, with an epitaph by Pope.

was soon reduced to beg his assistance on one * of their ways and means. Craggs caught his death by calling at the gate of lady March †, who was ill of the small-pox; and being told so by the porter, went home directly, fell ill of the same distemper, and died. His father, the elder Craggs, whose very good sense sir R. Walpole much admired, soon followed his son, and his sudden death was imputed to grief; but having been deeply dipped in the iniquities of the South Sea, and wishing to prevent confiscation and save his ill-acquired wealth for his daughters, there was no doubt of his having despatched himself. When his death was divulged, sir Robert owned that the unhappy man had in an oblique manner hinted his resolution to him.

The reconciliation of the royal family was so little cordial, that I question whether the prince did not resent sir Robert Walpole's return to the king's service. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland that would in futurity have exceedingly hampered the successor, as it was calculated to do; nor do I affect to ascribe sir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the prince: personal and just views prompted his opposition, and the commoners of England were not less indebted to him than the prince. Sunderland had devised a bill to restrain the crown from ever adding above six peers to a number limited ‡. The actual peers were far from

* I think it was the sixpenny tax on offices.

† Sarah Cadogan, afterwards duchess of Richmond.

‡ Queen Anne's creation of twelve peers at once, to obtain a majority in the house of lords, offered an ostensible plea for the restriction.

disliking the measure; but Walpole, taking fire, instantly communicated his dissatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He spoke, he wrote, he persuaded, and the bill was rejected by the commons with disdain, after it had passed the house of lords.

But the hatred of some of the junto at court had gone farther, horridly farther. On the death of George the first, queen Caroline found in his cabinet a proposal of the earl of Berkeley *, then, I think, first lord of the admiralty, to seize the prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he should never be heard of more. This detestable project, copied probably from the earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles the second with regard to his queen, was in the hand-writing of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the earl of Harrington†: and so deep was the impression deservedly made on the mind of George the second by that abominable paper, that all the favour of lord Harrington, when secretary of state, could never obtain the smallest boon to his brother, though but the subordinate transcriber. George the first was too humane to listen to such an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conspirators to leave such an instrument behind him;—and if virtue and conscience will not check bold bad men from paying court by detestable offers, the king's carelessness

* James Berkeley, earl of Berkeley, knight of the garter, &c.

† William Stanhope, first earl of Harrington of that family.

or indifference in such an instance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect.

Among those who had preferred the service of the king to that of the heir apparent, was the duke of Newcastle *; who, having married his sister to lord Townshend, both his royal highness and the viscount had expected would have adhered to that connexion—and neither forgave his desertion.—— I am aware of the desultory manner in which I have told my story, having mentioned the reconciliation of the king and prince before I have given any account of their public rupture. The chain of my thoughts led me into the preceding details, and, if I do not flatter myself, will have let you into the motives of my dramatis personæ better than if I had more exactly observed chronology; and as I am not writing a regular tragedy, and profess but to relate facts as I recollect them; or (if you will allow me to imitate French writers of tragedy), may I not plead that I have unfolded my piece as they do, by introducing two courtiers to acquaint one another, and by bricole the audience, with what had passed in the penetralia before the tragedy commences?

The exordium thus duly prepared, you must suppose, ladies, that the second act opens with a royal christening. The princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son. The prince had intended

* Thomas Holles Pelham, duke of Newcastle, lord chamberlain, then secretary of state, and lastly first lord of the treasury under George the second; the same king to whom he had been so obnoxious in the preceding reign. He was obliged by George the third to resign his post.

his uncle the duke of York, bishop of Osnabu
should with his majesty be godfathers. Nothi
could equal the indignation of his royal highn
when the king named the duke of Newcastle
second sponsor, and would hear of no other. T
christening took place as usual in the princes
bed-chamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting
woman of the bed-chamber and of most accur
memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On o
side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmothe
on the other the prince, and the princess's ladi
No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremor
than the prince, crossing the feet of the bed in
rage, stepped up to the duke of Newcastle, an
holding up his hand and fore-finger in a menaci
attitude, said, " You are a rascal, but I shall fi
you ;" meaning, in broken English, " I shall fi
a time to be revenged."—" What was my astonis
ment," continued lady Suffolk, " when going to t
princess's apartment the next morning, the yeom
in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at r
breast, and told me I must not pass! I urged th
it was my duty to attend the princess. They sai
' No matter; I must not pass that way.' "

In one word, the king had been so provoked
the prince's outrage in his presence, that it h
been determined to inflict a still greater insult
his royal highness. His threat to the duke w
pretended to be understood as a challenge; and
prevent a duel he had actually been put under a
rest—as if a prince of Wales could stoop to fig
with a subject. The arrest was soon taken of
but at night the prince and princess were order
to leave the palace, and retired to the house of h

chamberlain, the earl of Grantham, in Albemarle-street.

CHAPTER IV.

As this trifling work is a miscellany of detached recollections, I will, ere I quit the article of George the first, mention two subjects of very unequal import, which belong peculiarly to *his* reign. The first was the deprivation of Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. Nothing more offensive to men of priestly principles could easily have happened: yet, as in a country of which the constitution was founded on rational and liberal grounds, and where thinking men had so recently exerted themselves to explode the prejudices attached to the persons of kings and churchmen, it was impossible to defend the bishop's treason, but by denying it; or to condemn his condemnation, but by supposing illegalities in the process: both were vehemently urged by his faction, as his innocence was pleaded by himself. That punishment and expulsion from his country may stagger the virtue even of a good man, and exasperate him against his country, is perhaps natural, and humanity ought to pity it. But whatever were the prepossessions of his friends in his favour, charity must now believe that Atterbury was always an ambitious turbulent priest, attached to the house of Stuart, and consequently no friend to the civil and religious liberties of his country: or it must be acknowledged, that the disappointment of his ambition by the queen's death, and the proscription of his ministerial associates, had driven

on attempts to restore the expelled family *in he*
of realizing his aspiring views. His letters pub-
lished by Nichols breathe the impetuous spirit of
his youth. His exclamation on the queen's death,
when he offered to proclaim the pretender at Cha-
ring-cross in pontificalibus, and swore, on not being
supported, that there was the best cause in England
lost for want of spirit, is now believed also. His
papers, deposited with king James's in the Scottish
college at Paris, proclaimed in what sentiments he
died; and the fac-similes of his letters published
by sir David Dalrymple leave no doubt of his hav-
ing in his exile entered into the service of the pre-
tender. Culpable as he was, who but must lament
that so classic a mind had only assumed so elegant
and amiable a semblance as he adopted after the
disappointment of his prospects and hopes? His
letter in defence of the authenticity of lord Cla-
rendon's history, is one of the most beautiful and
touching specimens of eloquence in our language.

It was not to load the character of the bishop,
nor to affect candour by applauding his talents, that
I introduced mention of him; much less to im-
pute to him any consciousness of the intended
crime that I am going to relate. The person against
whom the blow was supposed to be meditated never
in the most distant manner suspected the bishop of
being privy to the plot—No: animosity of parties,
and malevolence to the champions of the house of
Brunswic, no doubt suggested to some blind zealots
the perpetration of a crime, which would neces-
sarily have injured the bishop's cause, and could by
no means have prevented his disgrace.

Mr. Johnstone, an ancient gentleman, who had

been secretary of state for Scotland, his country, in the reign of king William, was a zealous friend of my father, sir Robert, and who, in that period of assassination plots, had imbibed such a tincture of suspicion, that he was continually notifying similar machinations to my father, and warning him to be on his guard against them. Sir Robert, intrepid and unsuspicious *, used to rally his good monitor; and, when serious, told him, that his life was too constantly exposed to his enemies to make it of any use to be watchful on any particular

* At the time of the Preston rebellion, a Jacobite, who sometimes furnished sir Robert with intelligence, sitting alone with him one night, suddenly putting his hand into his bosom and rising, said, "Why do not I kill you now?" Walpole starting up, replied, "Because I am a younger man and a stronger." They sat down again and discussed the person's information. But sir Robert afterwards had reasons for thinking that the spy had no intention of assassination, but had hoped, by intimidating, to extort money from him. Yet if no real attempt was made on his life, it was not from want of suggestions to it. One of the weekly journals pointed out sir Robert's frequent passing Putney-bridge late at night, attended but by one or two servants, on his way to New Park, as a proper place: and after sir Robert's death, the second earl of Egmont told me, that he was once at a consultation of the opposition, in which it was proposed to have sir Robert murdered by a mob, of which the earl had declared his abhorrence. Such an attempt was actually made in 1733, at the time of the famous excise-bill. As the minister descended the stairs of the house of commons on the night he carried the bill, he was guarded on one side by his second son Edward, and on the other by general Charles Churchill; but the crowd behind endeavoured to throw him down, as he was a bulky man, and trample him to death; and that not succeeding, they tried to strangle him by pulling his red cloak tight—but fortunately the strings broke by the violence of the tug.

occasion; nor, though Johnstone often [illegible] him with intelligence of such designs, *did* see reason, but once, to believe in the *sour* the information. That *once* arrived *that* or two before the bill of pains and penalties pass the house of commons against the b[illegible] Rochester, Mr. Johnstone advertised sir R[illegible] be circumspect; for three or four persons m[illegible] to assassinate him as he should leave the [illegible] night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the noc[illegible] The morning after the debate, Johnstone came sir Robert with a kind of good-natured insult, te[illegible] ing him, that though he had scoffed his advice, he had for once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert understood not what he meant, and protested he had not given more credit than usual to his warning. "Yes," said Johnstone, "but you did; for you did not come from the house last night in your own chariot. Walpole affirmed that he did. But his friend persisting in his asseveration, sir Robert called one of his footmen, who replied, "I did call up your honour s carriage; but colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up first, your honour stepped into that, and your own came home empty." Johnstone, triumphing on his own veracity, and pushing the examination farther, sir Robert's coachman recollected, that as he left Palace-yard three men much muffled had looked into the empty chariot. The mystery was never farther cleared up; and my father frequently said, it was the only instance of the kind in which he had ever seen any appearance of a real design.

The second subject that I promised to mention,

and it shall be very briefly, was the revival of the order of the Bath. It was the measure of sir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-six ribands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant too to stave off the demands for garters, and intended that the red should be a step to the blue; and accordingly took one of the former himself. He offered the new order to old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson the duke, and for the duke of Bedford, who had married one of her grand-daughters *. She haughtily replied, they should take nothing but the garter. "Madam," said sir Robert coolly, "they who take the bath will the sooner have the garter." The next year he took the latter himself with the duke of Richmond, both having been previously installed knights of the revived institution.

Before I quit king George the first, I will relate a story very expressive of his good-humoured presence of mind.

On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke. At a distance in view was a chateau of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and begged the honour of his majesty's accepting a dinner, while his carriage was repairing; and, while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the king see in one of the

* Wriothesly, duke of Bedford, had married lady Anne Egerton, only daughter of Scroop, duke of Bridgewater, by lady Elizabeth Churchill, daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of the sovereign of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied, with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the king instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good-breeding.

CHAPTER V.

THE unexpected death of George the first on his road to Hanover was instantly notified by lord Townshend, secretary of state, who attended his majesty, to his brother sir Robert Walpole, who as expeditiously was the first to carry the news to the successor and hail him king. The next step was, to ask who his majesty would please should draw his speech to the council—"Sir Spencer Compton," replied the new monarch.—The answer was decisive—and implied sir Robert's dismission. Sir Spencer Compton was speaker of the house of commons, and treasurer, I think, at that time, to his royal highness, who by that first command implied his intention of making sir Spencer his prime minister. He was a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts—as his conduct immediately proved. The poor gentleman was so little qualified to accommodate himself to the grandeur

of the moment, and to conceive how a new sovereign should address himself to his ministers, and he had also been so far from meditating to supplant the premier*, that in his distress it was to sir Robert himself he had recourse, and whom he besought to make the draught of the king's speech for him. The new queen, a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two candidates, and who had silently watched for a moment proper for overturning the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the king how prejudicial it would be to his affairs, to prefer to the minister in possession a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute his office. From that moment there was no more question of sir Spencer Compton as prime minister. He was created an earl, soon received the garter, and became president of that council, at the head of which he was much fitter to sit than to direct. Fourteen years afterwards he again was nominated by the same prince to replace sir Robert as first lord of the treasury, on the latter's forced resignation; but not as prime minister, the conduct of affairs being soon ravished from him by that dashing genius the earl of Granville, who reduced him to a cipher for the little year in which he survived, and in which his incapacity had been obvious.

* Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington, was so far from resenting sir Robert's superior talents, that he remained stedfastly attached to him; and when the famous motion for removing sir Robert was made in both houses, lord Wilmington, though confined to his bed, and with his head blistered, rose and went to the house of lords, to vote against a measure that avowed its own injustice, by being grounded only on popular clamour.

The queen, impatient to destroy all hopes of change, took the earliest opportunity of declaring her own sentiments. The instance I shall cite will be a true picture of courtiers. Their majesties had removed from Richmond to their temporary palace in Leicester-fields* on the very evening of their receiving notice of their accession to the crown; and the next day all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss their hands: my mother amongst the rest, who, sir Spencer Compton's designation, and not its evaporation, being known, could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row:—but no sooner was she descried by her majesty, than the queen said aloud, "There I am sure I see a friend!"—The torrent divided and shrunk to either side; "and as I came away," said my mother, "I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased."

The pre-occupation of the queen in favour of Walpole must be explained. He had early discovered, that in whatever gallantries George prince of Wales indulged or affected, even the *person* of his princess was dearer to him than any charms in his mistresses: and though Mrs. Howard (afterwards lady Suffolk) was openly his declared favourite, as avowedly as the duchess of Kendal was his father's, sir Robert's sagacity discerned that the

* It was the town residence of the Sidneys, earls of Leicester, of whom it was hired, as it was afterwards by Frederic, prince of Wales, on a similar quarrel with his father: he added to it Saville-house, belonging to sir George Saville, for his children.

power would be lodged with the wife, not with the mistress; and he not only devoted himself to the princess, but totally abstained from even visiting Mrs. Howard; while the injudicious multitude concluded, that the common consequences of an inconstant husband's passion for his concubine would follow; and accordingly warmer, if not public, vows were made to the supposed favourite than to the prince's consort. They especially, who in the late reign had been out of favour at court, had, to pave their future path to favour, and to secure the fall of sir Robert Walpole, sedulously, and no doubt zealously, dedicated themselves to the mistress: Bolinbroke secretly, his friend Swift openly, and as ambitiously, cultivated Mrs. Howard: and the neighbourhood of Pope's villa to Richmond facilitated their intercourse; though his religion forbade his entertaining views beyond those of serving his friends. Lord Bathurst, another of that connexion, and lord Chesterfield, too early for his interest, founded their hopes on Mrs. Howard's influence; but astonished and disappointed at finding Walpole not shaken from his seat, they determined on an experiment that should be the touch-stone of Mrs. Howard's credit. They persuaded her to demand of the new king an earl's coronet for lord Bathurst —She did—the queen put in her veto—and Swift in despair returned to Ireland, to lament queen Anne and curse queen Caroline, under the mask of patriotism, in a country he abhorred and despised.

To Mrs. Howard Swift's ingratitude was base. *She* indubitably had not only exerted all her interest to second his and his faction's interests, but loved

queen Caroline and the minister as little as they did. Yet, when Swift died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by no means flattering, which was published in his posthumous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard (become lady Suffolk) said to me in her calm, dispassionate manner, 'All I can say is, that it is very different from one that he drew of me and sent to me many years ago, and which I have, written by his own hand.

Lord Chesterfield, rather more ingenuous, as his character of her, but under a feigned name, was printed in his life, though in a paper of which he was not known to be the author, was not more consistent. Eudosia, described in the weekly journal called Common Sense, for September 10, 1737, was meant for lady Suffolk—yet was it no fault of hers that he was proscribed at court; nor did she perhaps ever know, as he never did till the year before his death, when I acquainted him with it by his friend sir John Irwin, why he had been put into the queen's Index expurgatorius. The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one twelfth-night, at court, had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforwards lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from court; and, finding himself desperate, went into opposition. My father himself long afterwards told me the story, and had become the principal object of the peer's satiric wit, though he had not been the

mover of his disgrace. The weight of that anger fell more disgracefully on the king, as I shall mention in the next chapter.

I will here interrupt the detail of what I have heard of the commencement of that reign, and farther anecdotes of the queen and the mistress, till I have related the second very memorable transaction of that æra; and which would come in awkwardly, if postponed till I have despatched many subsequent particulars.

CHAPTER VI.

At the first council held by the new sovereign, Dr. Wake, archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his majesty put it into his pocket, and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind or the courage to demand the testament's being opened, or, at least, to have it registered. No man present chose to be more hardy than the person to whom the deposit had been trusted—perhaps none of them immediately conceived the possible violation of so solemn an act so notoriously existent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers only by degrees informed the public, that the will was burnt; at least, that its injunctions were never fulfilled.

What the contents were was never ascertained.

Report said, that forty thousand pounds had been bequeathed to the duchess of Kendal; and more vague rumours spoke of a large legacy to the queen of Prussia, daughter of the late king. Of that bequest demands were afterwards said to have been frequently and roughly made by her son, the great king of Prussia, between whom and his uncle subsisted much inveteracy.

The legacy to the duchess was some time after on the brink of coming to open and legal discussion. Lord Chesterfield marrying her niece and heiress, the countess of Walsingham, and resenting his own proscription at court, was believed to have instituted, or at least to have threatened, a suit for recovery of the legacy to the duchess, to which he was then become entitled: and it was as confidently believed that he was quieted by the payment of twenty thousand pounds.

But if the archbishop had too timidly betrayed the trust reposed in him from weakness and want of spirit, there were two other men who had no such plea of imbecility, and who, being independent and above being awed, basely sacrificed their honour and integrity for positive sordid gain. George the First had deposited duplicates of his will with two sovereign German princes—I will not specify them, because at this distance of time I do not perfectly recollect their titles; but I was actually some years ago shown a copy of a letter from one of our ambassadors abroad to a secretary of state at that period, in which the ambassador said, one of the princes in question would accept the proffered subsidy, and had delivered, or would deliver, the duplicate of the king's will. The other trustee was

no doubt as little conscientious and as corrupt.—It is pity the late king of Prussia did not learn their infamous treachery!

Discoursing once with lady Suffolk on that suppressed testament, she made the only plausible shadow of an excuse that could be made for George the Second—She told me, that George the First had burnt two wills made in favour of his son. They were probably the wills of the duke and duchess of Zell; or one of them might be that of his mother, the princess Sophia.

The crime of the first George could only palliate, not justify, the criminality of the second; for the second did not punish the guilty, but the innocent. But bad precedents are always dangerous, and too likely to be copied.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL now resume the story of lady Suffolk, whose history, though she had none of that influence on the transactions of the cabinet that was expected, will still probably be more entertaining to two young ladies, than a magisterial detail of political events, the traces of which at least may be found in journals and brief chronicles of the times. The interior of courts, and the lesser features of history, are precisely those with which we are least acquainted—I mean of the age preceding our own. Such anecdotes are forgotten in the multiplicity of those that ensue, or reside only in the memory of idle old persons, or have not yet emerged into

publicity from the porte-feuilles of such garrulous Brantômes as myself. Trifling I will not call myself; for, while I have such charming disciples as you two to inform; and though acute or plodding politicians, for whom they are not meant, may condemn these pages; which is preferable, the labour of an historian who toils for fame and for applause from he knows not whom; or my careless commission to paper of perhaps insignificant passages that I remember, but penned for the amusement of a pair of such sensible and cultivated minds as I never met at so early an age, and whose fine eyes I do know will read me with candour, and allow me that mite of fame to which I aspire, their approbation of my endeavours to divert their evenings in the country? O Guicciardin! is posthumous renown so valuable as the satisfaction of reading these court-tales to the lovely B—ys?

Henrietta Hobart was daughter of sir Henry, and sister of sir John Hobart, knight of the bath on the revival of the order, and afterwards by her interest made a baron; and since created earl of Buckinghamshire.

She was first married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of more than one earl of Suffolk; to which title he at last succeeded himself, and left a son by her, who was the last earl of that branch. She had but the slender fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter; and Mr. Howard's circumstances were the reverse of opulent. It was the close of queen Anne's reign: the young couple saw no step more prudent than to resort to Hanover, and endeavour to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereign of England. Still so narrow was their fortune, that

Mr. Howard finding it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian ministers, Mrs. Howard is said to have sacrificed her beautiful head of hair to pay for the expense. It must be recollected, that at that period were in fashion those enormous full-bottomed wigs which often cost twenty and thirty guineas. Mrs. Howard was extremely acceptable to the intelligent princess Sophia—but did not at that time make farther impression on the electoral prince, than, on his father's succession to the crown, to be appointed one of the bedchamber-women to the new princess of Wales.

The elder Whig politicians became ministers to the king. The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen of that party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court of the prince and princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-woman in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties. Lord Chesterfield, then lord Stanhope, lord Scarborough, Carr lord Hervey, elder brother of the more known John lord Hervey, and reckoned to have superior parts, general (at that time only colonel) Charles Churchill, and others not necessary to rehearse, were constant attendants: miss Lepelle, afterwards lady Hervey, my mother, lady Walpole, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity and pretty, Mrs. Howard, and above all for universal admiration, miss Bellenden, one of the maids of honour. Her face and person were charming; lively she was almost to etourderie; and so agreeable she was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did

not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew. The prince frequented the waiting-room, and soon felt a stronger inclination for her than he ever entertained but for his princess. Miss Bellenden by no means felt a reciprocal passion. The prince's gallantry was by no means delicate; and his avarice disgusted her. One evening sitting by her, he took out his purse and counted his money. He repeated the numeration: the giddy Bellenden lost her patience, and cried out, 'Sir, I cannot bear it! if you count your money any more I will go out of the room.' The chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the person of his royal highness. In fact, her heart was engaged; and so the prince, finding his love fruitless, suspected. He was even so generous as to promise her, that if she would discover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privity, he would consent to the match, and would be kind to her husband. She gave him the promise he exacted, but without acknowledging the person; and then, lest his highness should throw any obstacle in the way, married, without his knowledge, colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, and who long afterwards succeeded to the title of Argyle at the death of duke Archibald. The prince never forgave the breach of her word; and whenever she went to the drawing-room, as from her husband's situation she was sometimes obliged to do, though trembling at what she knew she was to undergo, the prince always stepped up to her, and whispered some very harsh reproach in her ear. Mrs. Howard was the intimate friend of miss Bellenden, had been the confidante of the

prince's passion, and, on Mrs. Campbell's eclipse, succeeded to her friend's post of favourite—but not to her resistance.

From the steady decorum of Mrs. Howard, I should conclude that she would have preferred the advantages of her situation to the ostentatious eclat of it: but many obstacles stood in the way of total concealment; nor do I suppose that love had any share in the sacrifice she made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from disliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthless. The king, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a silly idea he had entertained of gallantry being becoming, than by a love of variety; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconstancy proved he was not governed: but so awkwardly did he manage that artifice, that it but demonstrated more clearly the influence of the queen. With such a disposition, secrecy would by no means have answered his majesty's views: yet the publicity of the intrigue was especially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's, and vociferously demanded her to be restored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thrust out, he sent a letter to her by the archbishop of Canterbury, reclaiming her, and the archbishop by *his* instructions consigned the summons to the queen, who had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival.

Such intemperate proceedings by no means invited the new mistress to leave the asylum of St. James's. She was safe while under the royal roof:

even after the rupture between the king and prince (for the affair commenced in the reign of the first George), and though the prince, on quitting St. James's, resided in a private house, it was too serious an enterprise to attempt to take his wife by force out of the palace of the prince of Wales. The case was altered, when, on the arrival of summer, their royal highnesses were to remove to Richmond. Being only woman of the bedchamber, etiquette did not allow Mrs. Howard the entrée of the coach with the princess. She apprehended that Mr. Howard might seize her on the road. To baffle such an attempt, her friends, John duke of Argyle, and his brother, the earl of Ilay, called her in the coach of one of them by eight o'clock in the morning of the day, at noon of which the prince and princess were to remove, and lodged her safely in their house at Richmond. During the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of twelve hundred a-year.

These now little-known anecdotes of Mr. Howard's behaviour I received between twenty and thirty years afterwards from the mouth of lady Suffolk herself. She had left the court about the year 1735, and passed her summers at her villa of Marble-hill at Twickenham, living very retired both there and in London. I purchased Strawberry-hill in 1747; and being much acquainted with the houses of Dorset, Vere, and others of lady Suffolk's intimates, was become known to her; though she and my father had been at the head of two such hostile factions at court. Becoming neighbours, and both, after her second husband's death, living single and

alone, our acquaintance turned to intimacy. She was extremely deaf, and consequently had more satisfaction in narrating than in listening; her memory both of remote and of the most recent facts was correct beyond belief. I, like you, was indulgent to, and fond of old anecdotes. Each of us knew different parts of many court-stories, and each was eager to learn what either could relate more; and thus, by comparing notes, we sometimes could make out discoveries of a third circumstance*, before unknown to both. Those evenings, and I had many of them in autumnal nights, were extremely agreeable; and if this chain of minutiæ proves so to you, you owe perhaps to those conversations the fidelity of my memory, which those repetitions recalled and stamped so lastingly.

In this narrative will it be unwelcome to you, if I subjoin a faithful portrait of the heroine of this part? Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair; was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and those charms she retained with little diminution to her death at the age of 79. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth and her accurate memory were

* The same thing has happened to me by books. A passage lately read has recalled some other formerly perused; and both together have opened to me, or cleared up some third fact, which neither separately would have expounded.

always in unison, and made her too circumstantial on trifles. She was discreet without being reserved; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connexions, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned; her friends even affecting to suppose that her connexion with the king had been confined to pure friendship.—Unfortunately, his majesty's passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love for a woman who was deaf *—sentiments he had expressed in a letter to the queen, who, however jealous of lady Suffolk, had latterly dreaded the king's contracting a new attachment to a younger rival, and had prevented lady Suffolk from leaving the court as early as she had wished to do. "I don't know," said his majesty, "why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman, of whom I am weary."

Her credit had always been extremely limited by the queen's superior influence, and by the devotion of the minister to her majesty. Except a barony,

* Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and, if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation—and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too—but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

a red riband, and a good place for her brother, lady Suffolk could succeed but in very subordinate recommendations. Her own acquisitions were so moderate, that, besides Marble-hill, which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds, her complaisance had not been too dearly purchased. She left the court with an income so little to be envied, that, though an economist and not expensive, by the lapse of some annuities on lives not so prolonged as her own, she found herself straitened; and, besides Marble-hill, did not at most leave twenty thousand pounds to her family. On quitting court, she married Mr. George Berkeley, and outlived him.

No established mistress of a sovereign ever enjoyed less of the brilliancy of the situation than lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the queen, disclaimed by the minister, she owed to the dignity of her own behaviour, and to the contradiction of *their* enemies, the chief respect that was paid to her, and which but ill compensated for the slavery of her attendance, and the mortifications she endured. *She* was elegant; her lover the reverse, and most unentertaining, and void of confidence in her. His motions too were measured by etiquette and the clock. He visited her every evening at nine; but with such dull punctuality, that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand, if the stated minute was not arrived.

But from the queen she tasted more positive vexations. Till she became countess of Suffolk, she constantly dressed the queen's head, who delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices,

though always apologizing to *her good Howard*. Often her majesty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once, that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dressing, has snatched off the handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's."

It is certain that the king always preferred the queen's person to that of any other woman; nor ever described his idea of beauty, but he drew the picture of his wife.

Queen Caroline was said to have been very handsome at her marriage, soon after which she had the small-pox; but was little marked by it, and retained a most pleasing countenance. It was full of majesty or mildness as she pleased, and her penetrating eyes expressed whatever she had a mind they should. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands beautifully small, plump, and graceful. Her understanding was uncommonly strong; and so was her resolution. From their earliest connexion she had determined to govern the king, and deserved to do so; for her submission to his will was unbounded, her sense much superior, and his honour and interest always took place of her own: so that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill employed. She was ambitious too of fame; but, shackled by her devotion to the king, she seldom could pursue that object. She wished to be a patroness of learned men: but George had no respect for them or their works; and her majesty's own taste was not very exquisite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any studies. Her generosity would have dis-

played itself, for she valued money but as the instrument of her good purposes: but he stinted her alike in almost all her passions; and though she wished for nothing more than to be liberal, she bore the imputation of his avarice, as she did of others of his faults. Often, when she had made prudent and proper promises of preferment, and could not persuade the king to comply, she suffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being supposed to be governed by her; and that silly parade was extended even to the most private moments of business with my father. Whenever he entered, the queen rose, curtsied, and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the king condescended to bid her stay—on both occasions she and sir Robert had previously settled the business to be discussed. Sometimes the king would quash the proposal in question, and yield after retalking it over with her—but then he boasted to sir Robert that he himself had better considered it.

One of the queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the king believed she paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended plans, saying he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. He little suspected the aids sir Robert furnished to her from the treasury. When she died, she was indebted twenty thousand pounds to the king.

Her learning I have said was superficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The king, with a bluff Westphalian accent, spoke English correctly. The queen's chief study was di-

vinity; and she had rather weakened her faith than enlightened it. She was at least not orthodox; and her confidante lady Sundon, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance towards the less-believing clergy. The queen however was so sincere at her death, that when archbishop Potter was to administer the sacrament to her, she declined taking it, very few persons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the ante-room crowded round him, crying "My lord, has the queen received?" His grace artfully eluded the question, only saying most devoutly, "her majesty was in a heavenly disposition"—and the truth escaped the public.

She suffered more unjustly by declining to see her son, the prince of Wales, to whom she sent her blessing and forgiveness—but conceiving the extreme distress it would lay on the king, should he thus be forced to forgive so impenitent a son, or to banish him again if once recalled, she heroically preferred a meritorious husband to a worthless child.

The queen's greatest error was too high an opinion of her own address and art: she imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her, were imposed upon; and she had the additional weakness of thinking that she could play off many persons without being discovered. That mistaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offensive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealousies between the ministers, that each might be more dependent on herself, was no sound wisdom. It was the queen who blew into a flame the ill-blood between sir Robert

Walpole and his brother-in-law lord Townshend. Yet though she disliked some of the cabinet, she never let her own prejudices disturb the king's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the mistress. Lord Ilay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for sir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in spite of his attachment to lady Suffolk.

The queen's great secret was her own rupture, which till her last illness nobody knew but the king, her German nurse, Mrs. Mailborne, and one other person. To prevent all suspicion, her majesty would frequently stand some minutes in her shift talking to her ladies*; and though labouring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariable a rule never to refuse a desire of the king, that every morning at Richmond she walked several miles with him; and more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise, threw her into such fits of perspiration as vented the gout—but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper. It was great shrewdness in sir Robert Walpole, who, before her distemper broke out, discovered her se-

* While the queen dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bedchamber-woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain Dr. Madox (afterwards bishop of Worcester) begin the service. He said archly, "And a very proper altar-piece is here, madam!" Queen Anne had the same custom; and once ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the chaplain stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did not proceed? He replied, "he would not whistle the word of God through the key-hole."

cret. On my mother's death, who was of the queen's age, her majesty asked sir Robert many physical questions—but he remarked, that she oftenest reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, " Now, Horace, I know by possession of what secret lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the queen." He was in the right. How lady Sundon had wormed herself into that mystery was never known. As sir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibson bishop of London, he often met with troublesome obstructions from lady Sundon, who espoused, as I have said, the heterodox clergy; and sir Robert could never shake her credit.

Yet the queen was constant in her protection of sir Robert, and the day before she died gave a strong mark of her conviction that he was the firmest support the king had. As they two alone were standing by the queen's bed, she pathetically recommended, not the minister to the sovereign, but the master to the servant. Sir Robert was alarmed, and feared the recommendation would leave a fatal impression—but a short time after, the king reading with sir Robert some intercepted letters from Germany, which said that now the queen was gone sir Robert would have no protection: " On the contrary," said the king, " you know she recommended *me* to you." This marked the notice he had taken of the expression; and it was the only notice he ever took of it: nay, his majesty's grief was so excessive and so sincere, that his kindness to his minister seemed to increase for the queen's sake.

The queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakness: the behaviour of her eldest son was a real thorn. He early displayed his aversion to his mother, who perhaps assumed too much at first; yet it is certain that her good sense, and the interest of her family, would have prevented, if possible, the mutual dislike of the father and son, and their reciprocal contempt. As the opposition gave into all adulation towards the prince, his ill-poised head and vanity swallowed all their incense. He even early after his arrival had listened to a high act of disobedience. Money he soon wanted: old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough*, ever proud and

* That woman, who had risen to greatness and independent wealth by the weakness of another queen, forgot, like the duc D'Epernon, her own unmerited exaltation, and affected to brave successive courts, though sprung from the dregs of one. When the prince of Orange came over to marry the princess royal, Anne, a boarded gallery with a pent-house roof was erected for the procession, from the windows of the great drawing-room at St. James's cross the garden to the Lutheran chapel in the friary. The prince being indisposed, and going to Bath, the marriage was deferred for some weeks, and the boarded gallery remained, darkening the windows of Marlborough-house. The duchess cried, "I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his orange chest!"—which it did resemble. She did not want that sort of wit*, which ill-temper, long knowledge of the world, and insolence can sharpen—and envying the favour which she no longer possessed, sir R. Walpole was

* Baron Gleicken, minister from Denmark to France, being at Paris soon after the king his master had been there, and a French lady being so ill-bred as to begin censuring the king to him, saying, "Ah! monsieur, c'est une tête!"—"Couronnée," replied he instantly, stopping her by so genteel a hint.

ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter lady Diana Spencer, afterwards duchess of Bedford, to the prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the duchess's lodge in the great park at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

Youth, folly, and indiscretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large sum of ready money, might have offered something like a plea for so rash a marriage, had it taken place: but what could excuse, what indeed could provoke, the senseless and barbarous insult offered to the king and queen, by Frederic's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night, when she was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent risk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaired palace and bed at St. James's? Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing to kill his wife and the heir of the crown? A baby that wounds itself to vex its nurse is not more void of reflection. The scene which commenced by unfeeling idiotism closed with paltry hypocrisy. The

often the object of her satire. Yet her great friend, lord Godolphin, the treasurer, had enjoined her to preserve very different sentiments. The duchess and my father and mother were standing by the earl's bed at St. Albans as he was dying. Taking sir Robert by the hand, lord Godolphin turned to the duchess, and said, "Madam, should you ever desert this young man, and there should be a possibility of returning from the grave, I shall certainly appear to you."—Her grace did not believe in spirits.

queen, on the first notice of her son's exploits, set out for St. James's to visit the princess by seven in the morning. The gracious prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach—still dumb!—but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her majesty's hand.—Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt!

After the death of the queen, lady Yarmouth came over, who had been the king's mistress at Hanover during his latter journeys—and with the queen's privity, for he always made her the confidante of his amours; which made Mrs. Selwyn once tell him, he should be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, for she knew he would tell the queen. In his letters to the latter from Hanover, he said, "You must love the Walmoden, for she loves *me*." She was created a countess, and had much weight with him, but never employed her credit but to assist his ministers, or to convert some honours and favours to her own advantage. She had two sons, who both bore her husband's name; but the younger, though never acknowledged, was supposed the king's, and consequently did not miss additional homage from the courtiers. That incense being one of the recommendations to the countenance of lady Yarmouth, drew lord Chesterfield into a ridiculous distress. On his being made secretary of state, he found a fair young lad in the ante-chamber at St. James's, who seeming much at home, the earl, concluding it was the mistress's

son, was profuse of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal still of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The shrewd boy received all his lordship's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himself:—at last he said, "I suppose your lordship takes me for master Louis; but I am only sir William Russel, one of the pages."

The king's last years passed as regularly as clockwork. At nine at night he had cards in the apartment of his daughters, the princesses Amelia and Caroline, with lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household. Every Saturday in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond: they went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe.

His last year was glorious and triumphant beyond example; and his death was most felicitous to himself, being without a pang, without tasting a reverse, and when his sight and hearing were so nearly extinguished, that any prolongation could but have swelled to calamities.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM tempted to drain my memory of all its rubbish, and will set down a few more of my recollections, but with less method than I have used even in the foregoing pages.

I have said little or nothing of the king's two unmarried daughters. Though they lived in the palace with him, he never admitted them to any share in his politics; and if any of the ministers paid them the compliment of seeming attachment, it was more for the air than for the reality. The princess royal Anne, married in Holland, was of a most imperious and ambitious nature; and on her mother's death, hoping to succeed to her credit, came from Holland on pretence of ill health: but the king, aware of her plan, was so offended, that he sent her to Bath as soon as she arrived, and as peremptorily back to Holland—I think, without suffering her to pass two nights in London.

Princess Amelia, as well-disposed to meddle, was confined to receiving court from the duke of Newcastle, who affected to be in love with her; and from the duke of Grafton, in whose connexion with her there was more reality.

Princess Caroline, one of the most excellent of women, was devoted to the queen, who, as well as the king, had such confidence in her veracity, that on any disagreement amongst their children, they said, "Stay, send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth."

The memorable lord Hervey had dedicated him-

self to the queen, and certainly towards her death had gained great ascendance with her. She had made him privy seal; and as he took care to keep as well with sir Robert Walpole, no man stood in a more prosperous light. But lord Hervey, who handled all the weapons of a court,* had also made a deep impression on the heart of the virtuous princess Caroline; and as there was a mortal antipathy between the duke of Grafton and lord Hervey, the court was often on the point of being disturbed by the enmity of the favourites of the two princesses. The death of the queen deeply affected her daughter Caroline; and the change of the ministry four years after dislodged lord Hervey, whom for the queen's sake the king would have saved, and who very ungratefully satirised the king in a ballad as if he had sacrificed him voluntarily. Disappointment, rage, and a distempered constitution carried lord Hervey off, and overwhelmed his princess: she never appeared in public after the queen's death; and, being dreadfully afflicted with the rheumatism, never stirred out of her apartment, and rejoiced at her own dissolution some years before her father.

Her sister Amelia leagued herself with the Bedford faction during the latter part of her father's life. When he died, she established herself re-

* He had broken with Frederic prince of Wales, on having shared the favours of his mistress, miss Vane, one of the queen's maids of honour. When she fell in labour at St. James's, and was delivered of a son, which she ascribed to the prince, lord Hervey and lord Harrington each told sir Robert Walpole that he believed himself father of the child.

spectably; but enjoying no favour with her nephew, and hating the princess dowager, she made a plea of her deafness, and soon totally abstained from St. James's.

The duke of Cumberland never or very rarely interfered in politics. Power he would have liked, but never seemed to court it. His passion would have been to command the army; and he would, I doubt, have been too ready to aggrandize the crown by it. But successive disgusts weaned his mind from all pursuits; and the grandeur of his sense* and philosophy made him indifferent to a world that had disappointed all his views. The unpopularity which the Scotch and Jacobites spread against him for his merit in suppressing the rebellion, his brother's jealousy, and the contempt he himself felt for the prince, his own ill success in his battles abroad, and his father's treacherous sacrifice of him on the convention of Closter-seven, the dereliction of his two political friends lord Holland and lord Sandwich, and the rebuffing spite of the princess dowager; all those mortifications centering on a constitution evidently tending to dissolution, made him totally neglect himself, and ready to shake off

* The duke in his very childhood gave a mark of his sense and firmness. He had displeased the queen, and she sent him up to his chamber. When he appeared again, he was sullen. "William," said the queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading."——"Reading what?" "The Bible."——"And what did you read there?" "About Jesus and Mary."——"And what about them?" "Why, that Jesus said to Mary, Woman! what hast thou to do with *me*?"

being, as an encumbrance not worth the attention of a superior understanding.

From the time the duke first appeared on the stage of the public, all his father's ministers had been blind to his royal highness's capacity, or were afraid of it. Lord Granville, too giddy himself to sound a young prince, had treated him arrogantly, when the king and the earl had projected a match for him with the princess of Denmark. The duke, accustomed by the queen and his governor Mr. Poyntz to venerate the wisdom of sir Robert Walpole, then on his death-bed, sent Mr. Poyntz the day but one before sir Robert expired, to consult him how to avoid the match. Sir Robert advised his royal highness to stipulate for an ample settlement. The duke took the sage counsel—and heard no more of his intended bride.

The low ambition of lord Hardwicke, the childish passion for power of the duke of Newcastle, and the peevish jealousy of Mr. Pelham, combined, on the death of the prince of Wales, to exclude the duke of Cumberland from the regency (in case of a minority), and to make them flatter themselves that they should gain the favour of the princess dowager by cheating her with the semblance of power. The duke resented the slight, but scorned to make any claim. The princess never forgave the insidious homage, and, in concurrence with lord Bute, totally estranged the affection of the young king from his uncle, nor allowed him a shadow of influence.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE done with royal personages. Shall I add a codicil on some remarkable characters that I remember? As I am writing for young ladies, I have chiefly dwelt on heroines of your own sex. They too shall compose my last chapter. Enter the duchesses of Marlborough and Buckingham.

Those two women were considerable personages in their day. The first, her own beauty, the superior talents of her husband in war, and the caprice of a feeble princess, raised to the highest pitch of power; and the prodigious wealth bequeathed to her by her lord, and accumulated in concert with her, gave her weight in a free country. The other, proud of royal though illegitimate birth, was from the vanity of that birth so zealously attached to her expelled brother, the Pretender, that she never ceased labouring to effect his restoration: and as the opposition to the house of Brunswic was composed partly of principled Jacobites; of Tories, who either knew not what their own principles were, or dissembled them to themselves; and of Whigs, who, from hatred of the minister, both acted in concert with the Jacobites, and rejoiced in their assistance; two women of such wealth, rank, and enmity to the court, were sure of great attention from all the discontented.

The beauty of the duchess of Marlborough had always been of the scornful and imperious kind; and her features and air announced nothing that

her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, she cut off those commanding tresses, and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there; nor stop till it had totally estranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her mistress. The duchess was often seen to give her majesty her fan and gloves, and turn away her own head, as if the queen had offensive smells.

Incapable of due respect to superiors, it was no wonder she treated her children and inferiors with supercilious contempt. Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger duchess exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph, of her own composition and bad spelling, to Congreve, in Westminster-abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, "I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*." With her youngest daughter, the duchess of Montagu, old Sarah agreed as ill.—"I wonder," said the duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so alike!" Of her granddaughter, the duchess of Manchester, daughter of the duchess of Montagu, she affected to be fond. One day she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And she has a mother!" answered the Manchester, who was all spirit, justice, and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications

sprung from a granddaughter. The most beautiful of her four charming daughters, lady Sunderland*, left two sons†, the second duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became her heir, and Anne, lady Bateman, and lady Diana Spencer, whom I have mentioned, and who became duchess of Bedford. The duke and his brother, to humour their grandmother, were in opposition, though the eldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and not more œconomy than was to be expected from a young man of warm passions and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister, lady Bateman, had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather, earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox, the first lord Holland, and both had great influence over the duke of Marlborough. What an object would it be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the

* Lady Sunderland was a great politician; and having, like her mother, a most beautiful head of hair, used, while combing it at her toilet, to receive men whose votes or interest she wished to influence.

† She had an elder son who died young, while only earl of Sunderland. He had parts, and all the ambition of his parents and of his family (which his younger brothers had not); but George II. had conceived such an aversion to his father that he would not employ him. The young earl at last asked sir Robert Walpole for an ensigncy in the guards. The minister, astonished at so humble a request from a man of such consequence, expressed his surprise—"I ask it," said the young lord, "to ascertain whether it is determined that I shall never have any thing." He died soon after at Paris.

duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortune, should owe the obligation to her. Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a handsome young lady, who unluckily was daughter of lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather, the victorious duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of lady Bateman, she blackened the face, and wrote on it, "Now her outside is as black as her inside." The duke she turned out of the little lodge in Windsor Park; and then pretending that the new duchess and her female cousins, eight Trevors, had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made with waxen figures, representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm.

Her fury did but increase when Mr. Fox prevailed on the duke to go over to the court. With her coarse intemperate humour she said, "That was the Fox that had stolen her goose." Repeated injuries at last drove the duke to go to law with her. Fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingsgate with which she was animated herself, she appeared in the court of justice, and with some wit, and infinite abuse, treated the laughing public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire, metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandson, in his suit, demanded a sword set with diamonds, given to his grandsire by the emperor. "I retained it," said the beldame, "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

I will repeat but one more instance of her insolent asperity, which produced an admirable reply of the famous lady Mary Wortley Montague. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond ear-rings as a bribe for procuring a considerable post in queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and, decked with those jewels, paid a visit to the old duchess; who, as soon as she was gone, said, "What an impudent creature, to come hither with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied lady Mary Wortley, who was present, "how should people know where wine is sold, unless a bush is hung out?"

The duchess of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. as the Marlborough was by the favour of his daughter. Lady Dorchester,* the mother of the former, endeavoured to curb that pride, and, one should have thought, took an effectual method, though one few mothers

* Lady Dorchester is well known for her wit, and for saying that she wondered for what James chose his mistresses: "We are none of us handsome," said she; "and if we have wit, he has not enough to find it out."—But I do not know whether it is as public, that her style was gross and shameless. Meeting the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Orkney, the favourite of king William, at the drawing-room of George the first, "God!" said she, "who would have thought that we three whores should have met here?" Having, after the king's abdication, married sir David Collyer, by whom she had two sons, she said to them, "If any body should call you sons of a whore, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Susan lady Bellasis, another of king James's mistresses, had wit, too, and no beauty. Mrs. Godfrey had neither. Grammont has recorded why she was chosen.

would have practised: "You need not be so vain," said the old profligate, "for you are not the king's daughter, but colonel Graham's." Graham was a fashionable man of those days, and noted for dry humour. His legitimate daughter, the countess of Berkshire, was extremely like to the duchess of Buckingham: "Well! well!" said Graham, "kings are all-powerful, and one must not complain; but certainly the same man begot those two women." To discredit the wit of both parents, the duchess never ceased labouring to restore the house of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it. Frequent were her journeys to the continent for that purpose. She always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become thread-bare—and so it remained!

Finding all her efforts fruitless, and perhaps aware that her plots were not undiscovered by sir Robert Walpole, who was remarkable for his intelligence, she made an artful double, and resolved to try what might be done through him himself. I forget how she contracted an acquaintance with him—I do remember, that more than once he received letters from the Pretender himself, which probably were transmitted through her. Sir Robert always carried them to George II. who endorsed and returned them. That negotiation not succeeding, the duchess made a more home push. Learning his extreme fondness for his daughter (afterwards lady Mary Churchill), she sent for sir Robert, and asked him if he recollected what had not

been thought too great a reward to lord Clarendon for restoring the royal family? He affected not to understand her—"Was not he allowed," urged the zealous duchess, "to match his daughter to the duke of York?" Sir Robert smiled, and left her.

Sir Robert being forced from court, the duchess thought the moment* favourable, and took a new journey to Rome; but conscious of the danger she might run of discovery, she made over her estate to the famous Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath), and left the deed in his custody. What was her astonishment, when on her return she re-demanded the instrument.—It was mislaid—He could not find it—He never could find it! The duchess grew clamorous. At last his friend lord Mansfield told him plainly, he could never show his face unless he satisfied the duchess. Lord Bath did then sign a release to her of her estate. The transaction was recorded in print by sir Charles Hanbury Williams in a pamphlet that had great vogue, called A Congratulatory Letter, with many other anecdotes of the same personage, and was not less acute than sir Charles's Odes on the same hero. The duchess dying not long after sir Robert's entrance into the house of lords, lord Oxford, one of her executors, told him there, that the duchess had struck lord Bath out of her will, and made him, sir Robert,

* I am not quite certain that, writing by memory at the distance of fifty years, I place that journey exactly at the right period, nor whether it did not take place before sir Robert's fall. Nothing material depends on the precise period.

one of her trustees in his room. "Then," said sir Robert laughing, "I see, my lord, that I have got lord Bath's place before he has got mine." Sir Robert had artfully prevented the last. Before he quitted the king, he persuaded his majesty to insist, as a preliminary to the change, that Mr. Pulteney should go into the house of peers, his great credit lying in the other house; and I remember my father's action when he returned from court and told me what he had done—"I have turned the key of the closet on him"—making that motion with his hand. Pulteney had jumped at the proffered earldom, but saw his error when too late; and was so enraged at his own oversight, that, when he went to take the oaths in the house of lords, he dashed his patent on the floor, and vowed he would never take it up——But he had kissed the king's hand for it, and it was too late to recede.

But though madam of Buckingham could not effect a coronation to her will, she indulged her pompous mind with such puppet-shows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough: she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad, who died under age; and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster-abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the duke. "It carried my lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have

consulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds."

One of the last acts of Buckingham's life was marrying a grandson she had to a daughter of lord Hervey. That intriguing man, sore, as I have said, at his disgrace, cast his eyes every where to revenge or exalt himself. Professions or recantations of any principles cost him nothing: at least the consecrated day which was appointed for his first interview with the duchess made it presumed, that to obtain her wealth, with her grandson for his daughter, he must have sworn fealty to the house of Stuart. It was on the martyrdom of her grandfather: she received him in the great drawing-room of Buckingham-house, seated in a chair of state, in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr.

It will be a proper close to the history of those curious ladies to mention the anecdote of Pope relative to them. Having drawn his famous character of Atossa, he communicated it to each duchess, pretending it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself—and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it——And yet he left the copy behind him!

Bishop Burnet, from absence of mind, had drawn as strong a picture of herself to the duchess of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the duchess after the duke's disgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Belisarius —"But how," said she, "could so great a general

be so abandoned?"—"Oh! madam," said bishop, "do not you know what a brimstone wife he had?"

Perhaps you know this anecdote, and perh several others that I have been relating—— matter—they will go under the article of my tage—and very properly—I began with tales of nursery and prove that I have been writing in second childhood.

January 13th, 1789.

END OF THE REMINISCENCES.

LETTERS.

EVERY reader of taste will feel regret on ar
at the close of the foregoing pages;—the qu
is, indeed, so small, as scarcely to make a vo
To this edition are therefore added, the LE
(not being found in the larger collections
Correspondence) which are scattered up and
the WALPOLIANA; and the remainder of that
has, with some trifling exceptions, and a
change of arrangement, been printed as a
panion to the REMINISCENCES.

London, April, 1819.

LETTERS.

I.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 1st, 1781.

I AM truly sensible of, and grateful for, your lordship's benevolent remembrance of me, and shall receive with great respect and pleasure the collection your lordship has been pleased to order to be sent to me. I must admire too, my lord, the generous assistance that you have lent to your adopted children; but more forcibly than all I feel your pathetic expressions on the distress of the public, which is visible even in this extravagant and thoughtless city. The number of houses to be let in every street, whoever runs may read. At the time of your writing your letter, your lordship did not know the accumulation of misfortune and disgrace that has fallen on us; nor should I wish to be the trumpeter of my country's calamities. Yet as they must float on the surface of the mind, and blend their hue with all its emanations, they suggest this reflection, that there can be no time so proper for the institution of inquiries into past story as

the moment of the fall of an empire—a nation becomes a theme for antiquaries when it ceases to be one for an historian !—and while its ruins are fresh and in legible preservation.

I congratulate your lordship on the discovery of the Scottish monarch's portrait in Suabia, and am sorry you did not happen to specify of which ; but I cannot think of troubling your lordship to write again on purpose ; I may probably find it mentioned in some of the papers I shall receive.

There is one passage in your lordship's letter, in which I cannot presume to think myself included ; and yet, if I could suppose I was, it would look like most impertinent neglect and unworthiness of the honour that your lordship and the society has done me, if I did not at least offer very humbly to obey it. You are pleased to say, my lord, that the members, when authors, have agreed to give copies of such of their works as any way relate to the objects of the institution. Amongst my very trifling publications, I think there are none that can pretend even remotely to that distinction but the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and the Anecdotes of Painting, in each of which are Scottish authors or artists. If these should be thought worthy of a corner on any shelf of the society's library, I should be proud of sending, at your lordship's command, the original edition of the first. Of the latter I have not a single set left but my own. But I am printing a new edition in octavo, with many additions and corrections, though without cuts, as the former edition was too dear for many artists to purchase. The new I will send when finished, if I could hope it would be accept-

able, and your lordship would please to tell me by what channel.

I am ashamed, my lord, to have said so much, or any thing, relating to myself. I ask your pardon too for the slovenly writing of my letter, but my hand is both lame and shaking, and I should but write worse if I attempted transcribing. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

My lord,
Your lordship's most obedient
and obliged humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

P. S. It has this moment started into my mind, my lord, that I have heard that at the old castle at Aubigny, belonging and adjoining to the duke of Richmond's house, there are historic paintings or portraits of the ancient house of Lenox. I recollect too that father Gordon, superior of the Scots college at Paris, showed me a whole length of queen Mary, young, and which he believed was painted while she was queen of France. He showed me too the original letter she wrote the night before her execution, some deeds of Scottish kings, and one of king (I think Robert) Bruce, remarkable for having no seal appendent, which, father Gordon said, was executed in the time of his so great distress that he was not possessed of a seal. I shall be happy if these hints lead to any investigation of use.

II.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Strawberry-hill, May 12, 1783.

My Lord,

I did not know, till I received the honour of your lordship's letter, that any obstruction had been given to your charter. I congratulate your lordship and the society on the defeat of that opposition, which does not seem to have been a liberal one. The pursuit of national antiquities has rarely been an object, I believe, with any university: why should they obstruct others from marching in that track? I have often thought the English Society of Antiquaries have gone out of their way when they meddled with Roman remains, especially if not discovered within our island. Were I to speak out, I should own that I hold most relics of the Romans, that have been found in Britain, of little consequence, unless relating to such emperors as visited us. Provincial armies, stationed in so remote and barbarous a quarter as we were then, acted little, produced little worth being remembered. Tombstones erected to legionary officers and their families, now dignified by the title of *Inscriptions;* and banks and ditches that surrounded camps, which we understand much better by books and plans than by such faint fragments, are given with much pomp, and tell us nothing new. Your lordship's new foundation seems

to proceed on a much more rational and more useful plan. The biography of the illustrious of your country will be an honour to Scotland, to those illustrious, and to the authors, and may contribute considerably to the general history; for the investigation of particular lives may bring out many anecdotes that may unfold secrets of state, or explain passages in such histories as have been already written; especially as the manners of the times may enter into private biography, though before Voltaire *manners* were rarely weighed in general history, though very often the sources of considerable events. I shall be very happy to see such lives as shall be published, while I remain alive.

I cannot contribute any thing of consequence to your lordship's meditated account of John Law. I have heard many anecdotes of him, though none that I can warrant, particularly that of the duel for which he fled early. I met the other day with an account in some French literary gazette, I forget which, of his having carried off the wife of another man. Lady Catherine Law his wife lived, during his power in France, in the most stately manner. Your lordship knows to be sure that he died and is buried at Venice. I have two or three different prints of him, and an excellent head of him in crayons by Rosalba, the best of her portraits. It is certainly very like; for were the flowing wig converted into a female head-dress, it would be the exact resemblance of lady Wallingford, his daughter, whom I see frequently at the duchess of Montrose's, and who has by no means a look of the age to which she is arrived. Law was a very extraordinary man, but not at all an estimable one.

Dr. Hunter's magnificent future donation will *be* a great addition to the collection of curiosities in Scotland, though, I suppose, not much connected with the pursuits of your society: but it will gratify the thirst of knowledge which does your country, my lord, so much honour.

I shall wish much to see lord Hailes's life of Barclay, and the other of James the first, when finished, and that of the regent Murray. May I ask your lordship if there is any portrait known of the last?

I don't remember whether I ever told your lordship that there are many charters of your ancient kings preserved in the Scots college at Paris, and probably many other curiosities. I think I did mention many paintings of the old house of Lenox in the ancient castle at Aubigny. Was not one of your countrymen, my lord, constable of France? I suspect my memory is worse than it was, and therefore you will excuse me both if I make mistakes, forget names, or repeat what I have said before, when zeal to obey your commands draws me into blunders or tautology. I have the honour to be

Your lordship's

Most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

III.

Oct. 1784.

* * * * * * *

I AM much obliged to you for the many civil and kind expressions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the last I can only ascribe to the goodness of your heart.

I have published nothing of any size but the pieces you mention, and one or two small tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The rest have been prefaces to some of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and some fugitive pieces, which I reprinted some years ago in a small volume, and which shall be at your service, with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongst which I do not doubt but he will generously bestow on me many that I did *not* write, according to the liberal practice of such compilers), and who also intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public) he must likewise be a volunteer contributor, it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whosoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but happily the insects that prey on carrion are still

more short-lived than the carcasses were from which they draw their nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies, which, in catacombs, preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be most wise to swim for a moment on the passing current, secure that it will soon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to bespeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conscious of no intrinsic worth, do but beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate spurious publications by a comprehensive and authentic one, is almost as great an evil: it is giving a body to scattered atoms; and such an act in one's old age is declaring a fondness for the indiscretions of youth, or for the trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the less excuseable. It is most true, sir, that so far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am persuaded, that had I thought early as I think now, I should never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illness, and pain, have given me as many hours of reflection in the intervals of the two latter, as the two latter have drawn from reflection;

and, besides their showing me the inutility of all our little views, they have suggested an observation that I love to encourage in myself from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practised the humiliating task of comparing myself with great authors; and that comparison has annihilated all the flattery that self-love could suggest. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the standard that constitutes excellence; for the shades that distinguish mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine, therefore, you find, sir, is not humility, but pride! When young, I wished for fame, not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor considering in what lights fame was desirable. There are two parts of honest fame; that attendant on the truly great, and that better sort that is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor discovered, till too late, that I could not compass the former. Having neglected the best road, and having, instead of the other, strolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth seeking, I see the idleness of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark solicitude for trifles, which I think so myself.

I beg your pardon for talking so much of myself; but an answer was due to the unmerited attention which you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleasure to speak on yours. Forgive me if I shall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention, or are too impatient to execute it. A

mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand much acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* sources of measures. The present time is accustomed to details and anecdotes; and the age immediately preceding one's own is less known to any man than the history of any other period.

* * * * * * * * *

Your obliged and obedient
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

IV.

ON IMPROVEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, &c.

SINCE I received your book, sir, I scarce ceased from reading till I had finished it; so admirable I found it, and so full of good sense, brightly delivered. Nay, I am pleased with myself, too, for having formed the same opinion with you on several points, in which we do not agree with the generality of men. On some topics I confess as frankly I do not concur with you; considering how many you have touched, it would be wonderful if we agreed on all, for I should not be sincere if I said I did. There are others on which I have formed no opinion, for I should give myself an impertinent air with no truth, if I pretended to have

any knowledge of many subjects, of which, young as you are, you seem to have made yourself master. Indeed, I have gone deeply into nothing, and therefore shall not discuss those heads on which we differ most, as probably I should not defend my opinions well. There is but one part of your work to which I will venture any objection, though you have considered it much, and I little—very little, indeed, with regard to your proposal, which to me is but two days old. I mean, your plan for the improvement of our language, which I allow has some defects, and which wants correction in several particulars. The specific amendment which you propose, and to which I object, is the addition of *a's* and *i's* to our terminations. To change *s* for *a* in the plural number of our substantives and adjectives, would be so violent an alteration, that I believe neither the power of Power, nor the power of Genius, would be able to effect it. In most cases, I am convinced that very strong innovations are more likely to make impression than small and almost imperceptible differences, as in religion, medicine, politics, &c.; but I do not think that language can be treated in the same manner, especially in a refined age. When a nation first emerges from barbarism, two or three masterly writers may operate wonders; and the fewer the number of writers, as the number is small at such a period, the more absolute is their authority. But when a country has been polishing itself for two or three centuries, and when, consequently, authors are innumerable, the most supereminent genius (or whoever is esteemed so, though without foundation) possesses very limited empire, and is far from meeting implicit

obedience. Every petty writer will contest very novel institutions; every inch of change in any language will be disputed: and the language will remain as it was, longer than the tribunal, which should dictate very heterogeneous alterations.

With regard to adding *a* or *o* to nasal consonants, consider, sir, should the usage be adopted, what havoc would it make? All our poetry would be defective in metre, or would become at once as obsolete as Chaucer; and could we promise ourselves that we should acquire better harmony, and more rhymes, we should have a new crop of poets to replace Milton, Dryden, Gray, and I am sorry you will not allow me to add, Pope! You might enjoin our prose to be reformed, as you have done by the Spectator in your *******, but try Dryden's Ode by your new institution.

I beg your pardon for these trivial observations. I assure you I could write a letter ten times as long, if I were to specify all I like in your work. I more than like most of it; and I am charmed with your glorious love of liberty, and your other humane and noble sentiments. * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
It is as great as uncommon, and gives me as good an opinion of your heart, sir, as your book does of your great sense. *Both* assure me that you will not take ill the liberty I have used in expressing my doubts on your plan for amending our language, or for any I may use in dissenting from a few other sentiments in your work; as I shall in what I think your too low opinion of some of the French writers; of your preferring Lady Mary Wortley to Madame Sevigné; and of your esteeming Mr. Hume a man

of a deeper and more solid understanding than Mr. Gray. In the two last articles it is impossible to think more differently than we do. In Lady Mary's letters, which I never could read but once, I discovered no merit of any sort; yet I have seen others by her (unpublished) that have a good deal of wit: and for Mr. Hume, give me leave to say, that I think your opinion, *that he might have ruled a state*, ought to be qualified a little, as in the very next page you say—*his History is a mere apology for prerogative, and a very weak one.* If he could have ruled a state, one must presume at best that he would have been an able tyrant—and yet I should suspect that a man who, sitting coolly in his chamber, could forge but a weak apology for prerogative, would not have exercised it very wisely. I knew personally, and well, both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gray; and thought there was no degree of comparison between their understandings—and, in fact, Mr. Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that I frequently said he understood nothing till he had written upon it. What you say, sir, of the discord in his history from his love of prerogative, and hatred of churchmen, flatters me much, as I have taken notice of that very unnatural discord in a piece I printed some years ago, but did not publish, and which I will show to you when I have the pleasure of seeing you here; a satisfaction I shall be glad to taste whenever you will let me know you are at leisure after the beginning of next week. I am, sir, with great respect and esteem, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill, June 22, 1785.

V.

ON GRACE IN COMPOSITION.

June 26, 1785.

To *your* book, sir, I am much obliged on many accounts, particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself whence you feel so much disregard for certain authors whose fame is established. You have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators—it was natural then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity? I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of those authors possessed *grace*—do not take me for a disciple of lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing—but I do believe that it is a perfume that will preserve from putrefaction; and is distinct even from style, which regards *expression;* grace I think belongs to *manner*. It is from the charm of grace that I believe some authors, not in your favour, obtained part of their renown. Virgil in particular—and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the Æneid [and when he did invent, it was often so foolishly]; so little good

sense, so little variety, and so little power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt for his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better, if I was to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin. On the other hand, he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images, especially in the Georgics, or at least it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture—but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age; and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil tossed about his dung with an air of majesty. A style may be excellent without grace—for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from, or constitutes, grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, and which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakespeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, even when his humour descended to characters that, in any other hands, would have been vulgarly low. Is it not clear that Will Whimble was a gentleman,

though he always lived at a distance from good company? Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison; but having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward when they should be at their ease.

The Grecians had grace in every thing, in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and probably in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit, that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's Odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner, and purity of his style; the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's Odes.

Waller, whom you proscribe, sir, owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat: but a few of his small pieces are as graceful as possible: one might say, that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that if his Angels, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvedere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medici, as his description of Eden has the colouring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas; and the Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus, might be denoted from the three Graces; as the Italians give singular titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets.

Cowley, I think, would have had grace (for his mind was graceful) if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit; which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry produces erroneous dignity; the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort, or prevent, grace. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression the swan leaves is that of grace —so does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those it dislikes. If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by sense and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals) an upright magistrate whom you respect; but whose justice and severity leave an awe, that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile—but

if a good translator deserve praise, Boileau deserves more: he certainly does not fall below his originals; and, considering at what period he wrote, has greater merit still. By his imitations he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his Lutrin, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. In my eyes, the Lutrin, the Dispensary, and the Rape of the Lock, are standards of grace and elegance, not to be paralleled by antiquity; and eternal reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the Pucelle degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his Henriade leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors. The Dunciad is blemished by the offensive images of the games, but the poetry appears to me admirable; and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others. It has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever existed; and which surely a writer merely ingenious will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all the grace for which I contend, as distinct from poetry, though united with the most beautiful; and the Rape of the Lock, besides the originality of great part of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing.

In general, I believe that what I call *grace*, is denominated elegance; but by grace I mean some-

thing higher. I will explain myself by instances; Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant.

Petrarch perhaps owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers, and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning, and want of variety. His complaints too may have added an interest, which, had his passion been successful, and had expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable. Melancholy in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy, because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

Madame de Sevigné shines both in grief and gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence; yet it is always expressed by new turns, new images; and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern, and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty: her allusions, her applications, are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance; and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian. Pray read her accounts of the death of Turenne and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons, as if you had lived at the time. For my

part, if you will allow me a word of digression (not that I have written with any method), I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians; *si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*—but that I may not wander again, nor tire, nor contradict you any more, I will finish now; and shall be glad if you will dine at Strawberry-hill next Sunday, and take a bed there; when I will tell you how many more parts of your book have pleased me, than have startled my opinions, or, perhaps, prejudices.

I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Be so good as to let me know, by a line by the post to Strawberry-hill, whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday.

VI.

Strawberry-hill, July 27, 1785.

You thank me much more than the gift deserved, sir. My editions of such pieces as I have left, are waste paper to me. I will not sell them at the ridiculously advanced prices that are given for them; indeed only such as were published for sale, have I sold at all; and therefore the duplicates that remain with me, are to me of no value, but when I can oblige a friend with them. Of a few of my impressions I have no copy but my own set; and as I could give you only an imperfect collection, the present was really only a parcel of fragments. My me-

mory was in fault about the R. and N. authors: I thought I had given them to you; I recollect now that I only lent you my own copy; but I have others in town, and you shall have them when I go thither. For Vertue's MS. I am in no manner of haste.

* * * * *

My chief reason for calling on you twice this week was to learn what you had heard; and I shall be much obliged to you for further information, as I do not care to be too inquisitive, lest I should be suspected of knowing more of the matter.

There are many reasons, sir, why I cannot come into your idea of printing Greek*. In the first place, I have two or three engagements for my press; and my time of life does not allow me but to look a little way farther. In the next, I cannot now go into new expenses of purchase. My fortune is very much reduced, both by my brother's death, and by the late plan of reformation. The last reason would weigh with me, had I none of the other. My admiration of the Greeks was a little like that of the mob on other points, not from sound knowledge. I never was a good Greek scholar; have long forgotten what I knew of the language; and as I never disguise my ignorance of any thing, it would look like affectation to print Greek authors. I could not bear to print them without owning that I do not understand them; and such a confession would perhaps be as much ostentation as unfounded pretensions. I must therefore stick to my simplicity, and not go out of my line. It is difficult to divest one's

* An edition of Anacreon had been recommended as a mere literary curiosity.

self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-love. If one runs from one glaring vanity, one is catched by its opposite. Modesty can be as vain-glorious on the ground, as Pride on a triumphal car. Modesty, however, is preferable; for should she contradict her professions, she still keeps her own secret, and does not hurt the pride of others. Adieu, sir. I am, very sincerely,

Your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

VII.

Strawberry-hill, August 18, 1785.

I AM sorry, dear sir, that I must give you unanswerable reasons why I cannot print the work you recommend. I have been so much solicited since I set up my press to employ it for others, that I was forced to make it a rule to listen to no such applications. I refused lord Hardwicke to print a publication of his; lady Mary Forbes, to print letters of her ancestor lord Essex; and the countess of Aldborough to print her father's poems, though in a piece as small as what you mention. These I recollect at once, beside others whose recommendations do not immediately occur to my memory; though I dare say they do remember them, and would resent my breaking my rule. I will only beg you not to treat me with so much ceremony, nor ever use the word *humbly* to me, who am no ways entitled to such respect. One private gentleman is not superior to another, in essentials; I fear, the

virtues of an untainted young heart are preferable to those of an old man long conversant with the world: and in soundness of understanding you *have* shown, and *will* show, a depth which has not fallen to the lot of

Your sincere humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will call on you in a few days, and say more on the particulars of your letter.

VIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1785.

You are too modest, sir, in asking my advice on a point, on which you could have no better guide than your own judgment. If I presume to give you my opinion, it is from zeal for your honour. I think it would be below you to make a regular answer to anonymous scribblers in a magazine. You had better wait to see whether any formal reply is made to your book, and whether by any avowed writer, to whom, if he writes sensibly and decently, you may condescend to make an answer.

Still, as you say you have been misquoted, I should not wish you to be quite silent, though I should like better to have you turn such enemies into ridicule. A foe who misquotes you ought to be a welcome antagonist. He is so humble as to confess, when he censures what you have *not* said, that he cannot confute what you have said—and he is so kind as to furnish you with an opportunity

of proving him a liar, as you may refer to your book to detect him.

This is what I would do: I would specify in the same magazine, in which he has attacked you, your real words, and those he has imputed to you, and then appeal to the equity of the reader. You may guess that the shaft comes from somebody, whom you have censured, and thence you may draw a fair conclusion that you had been in the right to laugh at one, who was reduced to put his own words into your mouth, before he could find fault with them: and having so done, whatever indignation he excited in the reader must recoil on himself, as the offensive passages will come out to have been his own, not yours. You might even begin with loudly condemning the words, or thoughts, imputed to you, as if you retracted them—and then, as if you turned to your book, and found you had said no such thing there as what you was ready to retract, the ridicule would be doubled on your adversary. Something of this kind is the most I would stoop to: but I would take the utmost care not to betray a grain of more anger than is implied in contempt and ridicule. Fools can only revenge themselves by provoking, for then they bring you to a level with themselves. The good sense of your work will support it, and there is scarce a reason for defending it, but by keeping up a controversy, to make it more noticed: for the age is so idle and indifferent, that few objects strike, unless parties are formed for and against them. I remember many years ago advising some acquaintance of mine who were engaged in the direction of the opera, to raise a competition between two of their singers, and have papers writ-

ten *pro* and *con*—for then numbers would go to clap and hiss the rivals respectively, who would not go to be pleased with the music.

Dr. Lort was chaplain to the late archbishop, sir, but I believe is not so to the present, nor do I know whether at all connected with him. I do not even know where Dr. Lort is, having seen him but once the whole summer. I am acquainted with another person, who I believe has some interest with the present archbishop; but I conclude that leave must be asked to consult the particular books, as probably indiscriminate access could not be granted.

I have not a single correspondent left at Paris. The abbé Barthelemi, with whom I was very intimate, behaved most unhandsomely to me after madame du Deffand's death; when I had acted by him in a manner that called for a very different return. He could have been the most proper person to apply to; but I cannot ask a favour of one to whom I had done one, and who has been very ungrateful. I might have an opportunity, perhaps, ere long, of making the inquiry you desire, though the person to whom I must apply is rather too great to employ; but if I can bring it about, I will; for I should have great pleasure to assist your pursuits, though, from my long acquaintance with the world, I am very diffident of making promises that are to be executed by others, however sincerely I am myself,

Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

IX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 30, 1785.

As soon, sir, as I can see the lady my friend, who is much acquainted with the archbishop, I will try if she will ask his leave for you to see the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the list. I did ask Mr. Cambridge where Dr. Lort is: he told me, with the bishop of Chester, and on an intended tour to the Lakes. I do not possess, nor ever looked into, one of the books you specify; nor Mabillon's Acta Sanctorum, nor O'Flaherty's Ogygia. My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory; not that, perhaps, it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the Deeds of Sinners than Acta Sanctorum. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number; and had rather have read fewer than I have than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you, who, I am sure, would not read them for general use and pleasure; and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare say, any thing you do write; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvass, to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations, unless for an opportunity of smiling at

the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we have of them; except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley. He stands with me in lieu of what are called *The Fathers;* and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his *; but as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men? Is not it an established rule in France that every person should love every king they have in his turn? What government is formed for general happiness? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions? Had not I better at sixty-eight leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to bishop Hoadley, and sigh?

* A collection of his small tracts and single sheets, presented by himself to speaker Onslow.

Not but I have a heart-felt satisfaction when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter sacred truths, meets with approbation and purchasers of his work. You must not, however, flatter yourself, sir, that all your purchasers are admirers. Some will buy your book, because they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and because they want to find matter in it for abusing you. Let them; the more it is discussed, the more strongly will your fame be established. I commend you for scorning any artifice to puff your book; but you must allow me to hope it will be attacked.

I have another satisfaction in the sale of your book; it will occasion a second edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting misquoters, you simply printed a list of their false quotations, referring to the identic sentences, at the end of your second edition. That will be preserving their infamy, which else would perish where it was born: and perhaps would deter others from similar forgeries. If any rational opponent staggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it; and that would be a second triumph. I am, perhaps, too impertinent and forward with advice: it is, at least, a proof of zeal; and you are under no obligation to follow my counsel. It is the weakness of old age, to be apt to give advice; but I will fairly arm you against myself, by confessing, that when I was young I was not apt to take any.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

X.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1786.

I AM much obliged to you, dear sir, for the notice, and your kind intentions. I have various copies of king Charles's collection; but the one you mention is probably more curious, and what I should be very glad to have; and, if I can afford it, will give whatever shall be thought reasonable; for I would by no means take advantage of the poor man's ignorance or necessity, and therefore should wish to have it estimated by some connoisseur: and though the notes may be foolish, they would not prejudice the information I should like to get. I must go to town on Friday, and will call on you: and if you cannot be at home, be so good as to leave the MS. and I will bring it back to you the next day, or Sunday, as I return hither.

Yours sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

XI.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

SOME time ago you said you would be so kind as to give me a list of the writings of lord Elibank. I have a mind to complete my account of royal and noble authors, for which I have amassed a great

number of additions, both of works and omitted writers. I shall therefore be much obliged to you, if, without interrupting your own much more valuable writings, you can favour me with that list.

All I know of lord Elibank's publications are the following:

1. Inquiry into the Origin and Consequence of the Public Debts.

2. Thoughts on Money, Circulation, and Paper Currency. Edinb. 1758.

3. A pamphlet on the Scottish peerage, 1771. I do not know the title.

I have a very imperfect memorandum, made long ago, and which being only written with a pencil, is almost effaced; so that all that remains legible are these words, "Lord Lyttelton's correspondents, Lord Elibank's answer to"——

I recollect that it alluded to some remarkable anecdote; but my memory grows superannuated, and I cannot recover it. Have you any idea?

I do not even know lord Elibank's Christian name; was it Patrick?

In 1778, I cut out of a newspaper almost a whole column, containing an account of the death and character of Patrick, lord Elibank; and as he is there described as a very aged man, I conclude it was the lord I remember, who married the widow of lord North and Grey, and was brother of Mr. Alexander Murray, imprisoned by the house of commons.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you here (which I hope will be in about a fortnight, when I shall be free from all engagements), I will, if you care to see it, trouble you with a sight of my in-

tended supplement, to which, perhaps, you can contribute some additions, as I think you told me. I am in no haste, for I only intend to leave it behind me; and have actually put all the materials in order, except the article of lord Elibank. I do not pretend to show you any thing worthy of your curiosity, for nothing is more trifling than my writings; but I am glad to lay you under a sort of debt of communication, in which I am sure of being greatly overpaid.

I can tell you what is truly curious: I have a list (over and above those whom I shall mention, being dead) of at least thirty living authors and authoresses. Would not one think this a literary age? As perhaps you was not aware of what a mass of genius the house of lords is possessed—I ought rather to say, the peerage of the three kingdoms, and of all, except of two of the ladies (who are five), the works are in print, I will show you the catalogue; nay, you shall have a copy, if you please, lest so many illustrious names should be lost, when I, their painful chronicler, am not alive to record them. Nor is there an atom of vanity in that expression. Books of peerage are like the precious spices that embalm corpses, and preserve the dead for ages.—Adieu, dear sir.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XII.

Strawberry-hill, August 14, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

THE new regulation of the post proves very inconvenient to this little district. It arrives and departs again in half an hour; so that having a visit when I received your letter yesterday, I could not possibly answer it then; nor can I write now expeditiously, as for these thirteen days I have had a third fit of the gout in my left arm and hand, and can barely hold the paper.

Your intelligence of the jubilees to be celebrated in Scotland * in honour of the revolution was welcome indeed. It is a favourable symptom of an age when its festivals are founded on good sense and liberality of sentiment, and not to perpetuate superstition and slavery. Your countrymen, sir, have proved their good sense too in their choice of a poet. Your writings breathe the noble, generous spirit congenial to the institution. Give me leave to say, that it is very flattering to me to have the Ode communicated to me.—I will not say, to be consulted, for of that distinction I am not worthy; I am not a poet; and am sure cannot improve your ideas, which you have expressed with propriety and clearness, the necessary ingredients of an address to a populous meeting, for I doubt our numerous audiences are not arrived at Olympic taste enough

* At Glasgow, it should have been.

to seize with enthusiasm the eccentric flights of Pindar. You have taken a more rational road to inspiration by adhering to the genuine topics of the occasion: and you speak in so manly a style, that I do not believe a more competent judge could amend your poetry. I approve of it so much, that if you *commanded* me to alter it, I would alter but one word, and would insert but one more. In the second stanza, for

Here ever *gleam'd* the patriot sword,

I would rather read,

Here ever *flash'd*,

as I think *gleam'd* not forcible enough for the thought, nor expressive enough of the vigorous ardour of your heroes. In the third stanza, I think, there wants a syllable, not literally, but to the ear;

And *slavery*, with arts unbless'd.

Slavery, if pronounced as three syllables, does not satisfy the fulness of harmony, and besides obliges the tongue to dwell too strongly on *with*, which ought not to occupy much accent. An epithet to *arts* would make the whole line sonorous.

These are trifling criticisms of a trifling critic, but they mark both my attention and satisfaction with your ode. I must add, how beautifully is introduced, *innocent of blood!* How ought that circumstance to be dwelt upon at the jubilee of the revolution!

I will tell you how more than occasionally the mention of Pindar slipped into my pen. I have fre-

quently, and even yesterday, wished that some attempt were made to ennoble our horse-races, particularly at Newmarket, by associating better arts with the courses, as by contributions for odes, the best of which should be rewarded by medals. Our nobility would find their vanity gratified, for as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them; and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if their horse (which should be the impress on one side) were not well executed; and as I hold there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead further, and the cups or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful verses. But this is a vision; and I may as well go to bed and dream of any thing else. I do not return the ode, which I flatter myself you meant I should keep.

Your much obliged, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I must not forget how difficult it is to write to a given tune, especially with so much ease as you have done; and nothing is more happy than *making November smile as May.*

XIII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 13, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I AM rather sorry to hear that you are going to be the editor of another's work, who are so infinitely better employed when composing yourself. However, as it will be on a branch of vertû that I love, I comfort myself, from your taste and accuracy, that it will be better executed than by any one else.

I will execute your commissions, but you must give me a little time. The gout has lamed my fingers, and I cannot use them much at a time; and I doubt it has made me a little indolent too. Age, you may be sure, has not improved my sight; and Vertue's MSS. are not only a heap of immethodic confusion, but are written in so very diminutive a hand, that many years ago, when I collected my Anecdotes from them, and had very strong eyes, I was often forced to use a magnifying glass. Should you be impatient, will you come and search those MSS. yourself? next, will you come next Sunday hither, and pass the whole day, if you please, in the examination? I do not recollect *three* medals of my father. One I think was struck by Natter, who was much patronised by my brother sir Edward, and who also engraved two or three seals of sir Robert's head. The consular figure, on the reverse of the medal I mean, was intended for Cicero, but I believe was copied from a statue be-

longing to the late earl of Leicester at Holkham; and which, if I do not mistake at this distance of time, is called Lucius Antonius. I do not know that any medal of my father was struck on any particular occasion. That I mention, and Dassier's, were honorary, as of a considerable person; and his being prime minister might have a little share in the compliment. Of Dassier I know no more than I have said in the Anecdotes of Painting. I am ignorant who has the medal of the duchess of Portsmouth; perhaps you might learn of Mr. ***, who lives in Somerset-house. He had a great collection of modern medals, but sold them. Perhaps the duke of Devonshire has the medal in question; you might learn of Dr. Lort, or I can ask him. Are there no modern medals in Dr. Hunter's collection? These are all the answers I am ready to give to your queries at present.

Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

XIV.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 14, 1789.

I MUST certainly have expressed myself very awkwardly, dear sir, if you conceived that I meant the slightest censure on your book; much less on your manner of treating it, which is able, and clear, and demonstrative as possible. No: it was myself, my age, my want of apprehension and memory, and my total ignorance of the subject, which I intended to blame. I never did taste or study the very ancient

histories of nations. I never had a good memory for names of persons, regions, places, which no specific circumstances concurred to make me remember: and now at seventy-two, when, as is common, I forget numbers of names most familiar to me, is it possible I should read with pleasure any work that consists of a vocabulary totally new to me? Many years ago, when my faculties were much less impaired, I was forced to quit Dow's History of Indostan, because the Indian names made so little impression on me, that I went backward instead of forward; and was every minute reverting to the former page, to find about whom I was reading.

Your book was a still more laborious task to me, for it contains such a series of argumentation, that it demanded a double effort from a weak, old head; and when I had made myself master of a deduction, I forgot it the next day, and had my pains to renew.

These defects have for some time been so obvious to me, that I never read now but the most trifling books, having often said that, at the very end of life, it is very useless to be improving one's stock of knowledge, great or small, for the next world.

Thus, sir, all I have said in my last letter, or in this, is an encomium on your work, not a censure or criticism. It would be hard on you indeed, if my incapacity detracted from your merit.

Your arguments in defence of works of science, and deep disquisition, are most just; and I am sure I have neither power nor disposition to answer them. You have treated your matter as it ought

to be treated. Profound men, or conversant in the subject, like Mr. * * *, will be pleased with it, for the very reasons that made it difficult to me. If sir Isaac Newton had written a fairy tale, I should have swallowed it eagerly; but do you imagine, sir, that, idle as I am, I am idiot enough to think that sir Isaac had better have amused me, for half an hour, than enlightened mankind, and all ages?

I was so fair as to confess to you, that your work was above me, and did not divert me. You was too candid to take that ill; and must have been content with silently thinking me very silly; and I am too candid to condemn any man for thinking of me as I deserve. I am only sorry when I do deserve a disadvantageous character.

Nay, sir, you condescend, after all, to ask my opinion of the best way of treating antiquities; and by the context I suppose you mean how to make them entertaining. I cannot answer you in one word, because there are two ways, as there are two sorts of readers. I should therefore say; to please antiquaries of judgment, as you have treated them, with arguments and proofs: but if you would adapt antiquities to the taste of those who read only to be diverted, not to be instructed, the nostrum is very easy and short. You must divert them, in the true sense of the word *diverto;* you must turn them out of the way; you must treat them with digressions, nothing, or very little, to the purpose. Yet, easy as I call this recipe, you, I believe, would find it more difficult to execute than the indefatigable industry you have employed to penetrate chaos and extract truth. There have been professors who

have engaged to adapt all kinds of knowledge to the meanest capacities. I doubt their success; at least on me. However, you need not despair; all readers are not so dull and superannuated as, dear sir,

Your very humble servant,
and sincere admirer,
HOR. WALPOLE.

XV.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 19, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not use many words, but enough I hope to convince you that I meant no irony in my last. All I said of you, and of myself, was very sincere. It is my true opinion that your understanding is one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest, I ever knew; and as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of all sound deep application to all abstract science and abstract speculation, I should have been foolish and very partial, if I had attempted to sneer at you or your pursuits. Mine have always been light, trifling, and tended to nothing but my casual amusement—I will not say, without a little vain ambition of showing some parts, but never with industry sufficient to make me apply them to any thing solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory. In my latter age I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings—I felt how insignificant is the reputation

of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius*, I only added one name more to a list of writers; but had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without. These reflections were the best proofs of my sense; and when I could see through my own vanity, there is less wonder at my discovering that such talents, as I might have had, are impaired at seventy-two. Being just to myself, I am not such a coxcomb as to be unjust to you. Nor did I cover any irony towards you in the opinion I gave you of making deep writings palatable to the mass of readers. Examine my words, and I am sure you will find that, if there was any thing ironic in my meaning, it was levelled at your readers, not at you. It is my opinion that whoever wishes to be read by many, if his subject is weighty and solid, he must treat the majority with more than is to his purpose. Do not you believe that twenty name Lucretius, because of the poetic commencements of his books, for five that wade through his philosophy?

I promised to say but little—and if I have explained myself clearly, I have said enough. It is not my character to be a flatterer. I do most sincerely think you capable of great things; and I should be a pitiful knave if I told you so, unless it was my opinion. And what end could it answer to me? Your course is but beginning—mine is almost terminated. I do not want you to throw a

* Too modest. The author of the Mysterious Mother was undoubtedly a man of genius—as well as of wit and genuine taste.

few daisies on my grave *; and if you make the figure I augur you will, I shall not be a witness to it. Adieu! Dear sir, pray believe me, what I am,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XVI.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 15, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

You will probably have been surprised at not hearing from me so long. Indeed, I hope you will have been so, for as it has been occasioned by no voluntary neglect, I had rather you should have reproached me in your own mind, than have been thoughtless of me and indifferent.

The truth is, that between great misfortunes, accidents, and illness, I have passed six melancholy months. I have lost two of my nearest and most beloved relations, lady Dysart and lord Waldegrave. Her illness terminated but in September; his, besides the grievous loss of him, left me in the greatest anxiety for his widow, who thought herself at the end of her pregnancy, but was not delivered

* ———— sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver.

Gentle spirit, the interested arts and insinuations that misled thy two last years of extreme old age, when even talents glimmer ere they die, shall never injure the impressions of gratitude!

till above two months after his death, a fortnight ago.

In the midst of these distresses I had two very bad falls in June and September, by which I bruised myself exceedingly, and the last of which brought on a fit of the gout. In such situations I was very incapable of entertaining any body, or even of being entertained, and saw few but of my own unhappy family; or I should have asked the favour of your company at Strawberry-hill.

I am now pretty well, and came to town but to-day, when I take the first moment of telling you so, that, whenever you come to London, I may have a chance of having the pleasure of seeing you. I am, with sincere regard and esteem, dear sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XVII.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HE HAD, BY THE DEATH OF HIS NEPHEW, SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE OF EARL OF ORFORD.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 26, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

As I am sure of the sincerity of your congratulations, I feel much obliged by them; though what has happened destroys my tranquillity; and if what the world reckons advantages could compensate the loss of peace and ease, would ill indemnify me, even

by them. A small estate, loaded with debt, and of which I do not understand the management, and am too old to learn; a source of law-suits amongst my near relations, though not affecting me; endless conversations with lawyers; and packets of letters every day to read and answer: all this weight of business is too much for the rag of life that yet hangs about me; and was preceded by three weeks of anxiety about my unfortunate nephew, and a daily correspondence with physicians, and mad doctors, calling upon me when I had been out of order ever since July: such a mass of troubles made me very seriously ill for some days, and has left me, and still keeps me, so weak and dispirited, that if I shall not soon be able to get some repose, my poor head or body will not be able to resist. For the empty title, I trust you do not suppose it any thing but an encumbrance, by larding my busy mornings with idle visits of interruption, and which, when I am able to go out, I shall be forced to return. Surely no man of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I always do, and being called by a new name.

It will seem personal, and ungrateful too, to have said so much about my own *trist* situation, and not to have yet thanked you, sir, for your kind and flattering offer of letting me read what you have finished of your history; but it was necessary to expose my condition to you, before I could venture to accept your proposal, when I am so utterly incapable of giving a quarter of an hour at a time to what, I know by my acquaintance with your works, will demand all my attention, if I wish to reap the

pleasure they are formed to give me. It is most true that, for these seven weeks, I have not read seven pages, but letters, states of accounts, cases to be laid before lawyers, accounts of farms, &c. &c. and those subject to mortgages. Thus are my mornings occupied: in an evening my relations, and a very few friends, come to me; and when they are gone, I have about an hour, to midnight, to write answers to letters for the next day's post, which I had not time to do in the morning. This is actually my case now; I happened to be quitted at ten o'clock, and I would not lose the opportunity of thanking you, not knowing when I could command another hour.

I would by no means be understood to decline your obliging offer, sir. On the contrary, I accept it joyfully, if you can trust me with your manuscript for a little time, should I have leisure to read it but by small snatches, which would be wronging, and would break all connexion in my head. Criticism you are* — — — — — and to read critically is far beyond my present power. Can a scrivener, or a scrivener's hearer, be a judge of composition, style, profound reasoning, and new lights, and discoveries, &c.? But my weary hand and breast must finish. May I ask the favour of your calling upon me any morning when you shall happen to come to town? you will find the new old lord exactly the same admirer of yours, and your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[It was a considerable time before he would sign

* An overstrained compliment is omitted.

Orford, or could even hear his style or title without hesitation.]

XVIII.

Berkeley-square, April 11, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE carefully gone through your MSS. with great delight: and, with the few trifling corrections that I have found occasion to make, I shall be ready to restore them to you whenever it shall be convenient to you to call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be trusted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and two, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

Your much obliged humble servant,

ORFORD.

XIX.

Berkeley-square, May 15, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

MY house is so full of pictures, that I could not place a new one without displacing some other; nor is that my chief objection; I am really much too old now to be hunting for what I may have few moments to possess; and as the possessor of the picture you mention values it highly, I am not

tempted to visit what would probably be very dear. The lady represented does not strike my memory as a person about whom I have any knowledge, or curiosity; and I own I have been so often drawn to go after pictures that were merely ancient, that *now*, when I am so old, and very infirm, and go out very little, you will excuse me if I do not wait on you, though much obliged to you for your proposal. I cannot go up and down stairs without being led by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me: *lusi satis.*

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I. *Farce.*

"Mr. O'KEEFE has brought our audiences to bear with extravagance; and were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the *limits* of nonsense—but I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour. Even that favourite performance I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce."

II. *Dramatic Characters.*

"YOUR remark, that a piece full of marked characters would be void of nature, is most just. This is so strongly my opinion, that I thought it a great fault in Miss Burney's Cecilia, though it has a thousand other beauties, that she has laboured far too much to make all her personages talk always in character: whereas, in the present refined or depraved state of human nature, most people endeavour to conceal their real character, not to display it. A professional man, as a pedantic fellow

of a college, or a seaman, has a characteristic dialect; but that is very different from continually *letting out* his ruling passion."

III. *Song-writing.*

"I HAVE no more talent for writing a song, than for writing an ode like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by Nature alone. Poor Shenstone was labouring through his whole life to write a perfect song—and, in my opinion at least, never succeeded —not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilian ode. I doubt not whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images (without which a song cannot be good), and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind, that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now. At least, we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of poetic virgins write in the other extreme. They colour their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers.—But this is wandering from the subject: and while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill."

IV. *Poetic Epochs.*

"I WILL yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favourable to poets—a rude age, when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled. The other is, when, after ages of barbarism and incorrection, a master or two produce models formed by purity and taste. Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had the abilities to rival their masters. Insipidity ensues:—novelty is dangerous:—and bombast usurps the throne, which had been debased by a race of *Faineants*."

V. *Criticism.*

"IT is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication—but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too: nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his own youth; which having partaken of, or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance."

VI. *Dramatic Composition.*

"I CONFESS, too, that there must be two distinct views in writers for the stage; one of which is more allowable to them than to other authors. The one is *durable fame*—the other, peculiar to dramatic authors, *the view of writing to the present taste*, and perhaps, as you say, to the level of the audience. I do not mean for the sake of profit—but even high comedy must risk a little of its immortality by consulting the ruling taste. And thence a comedy always loses some of its beauties, the transient—and some of its intelligibility. Like its harsher sister, Satire, many of its allusions must vanish, as the objects it aims at correcting cease to be in vogue—and perhaps that cessation, the natural death of fashion, is often ascribed by an author to his own reproofs. Ladies would have left off patching on the Whig or Tory side of their face, though Mr. Addison had not written his excellent Spectator. Probably even they who might be corrected by his reprimand adopted some new distinction as ridiculous; not discovering that his satire was levelled at their partial animosity, and not at the mode of placing their patches—for, unfortunately, as the world cannot be cured of being foolish, a preacher who eradicates one folly does but make room for some other."

END OF THE LETTERS.

NARRATIVE

Of what passed relative to

THE QUARREL OF

MR. DAVID HUME

AND

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

AS FAR AS MR. HORACE WALPOLE WAS CONCERNED IN IT.

THE Volume is yet deficient in its necessary quantity—another "REMINISCENCES" the reader will not expect—but the "NARRATIVE" which follows, partakes so much of the same *matériel*, although in a very different tone, and is so strikingly characteristic not only of Rousseau, but of our Author, that the Editor feels no hesitation in selecting it for the entertainment of his readers.

MAY, 1819.

NARRATIVE, &c.

I WENT to Paris in September, 1765. Mr. Hume was there, secretary to the English ambassador, the earl of Hertford. About that time the curate of Motiers, in Switzerland, had excited the mob against Rousseau, and it was no longer safe for him to stay in that country. He petitioned the magistrates of the place to imprison him, affirming that he was troubled with a rupture, and in so bad a state of health that it was impossible for him to travel. There was no law in Switzerland against ruptures, and the magistrates could not comply with his request. Mr. Hume was desired by some friends of Rousseau to procure him a retreat in England, and undertook it zealously. He spoke to me, and said, he had thoughts of obtaining permission for him to live in Richmond new park. I said, an old groom, that had been servant of my father, was one of the keepers there, had a comfortable little lodge in a retired part of that park, and I could answer for procuring a lodging there. We afterwards recollected that lord Bute was ranger

of the park, and might not care to have a man who had given such offence by his writings to pious persons, appear to be particularly under his protection; on which we dropped that idea. Sir Gilbert Elliot was then at Paris, and going to England: to him Mr. Hume applied to look out for some solitary habitation for Rousseau, as the latter had desired.

The king of Prussia, hearing that Rousseau could not remain in Switzerland, had offered him a retreat in his dominions, which Rousseau declined. It happened that I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's in a mixed company, where the conversation turned on this refusal, and many instances were quoted of Rousseau's affected singularities, and of his projects to make himself celebrated by courting persecution. I dropped two or three things, that diverted the company, of whom monsieur Helvetius was one. When I went home, I reduced those thoughts into a little letter from the king of Prussia to Rousseau*, and dining the next

* The letter was as follows:

"*Le Roi de Prusse à Mons. Rousseau.*

"Mon chere Jean Jaques,

"Vous avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a decreté.

"Venez donc chez moi: j'admire vos talents; je m'amuse de vos reveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un veritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fachera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible; je vous veux

day with M. Helvetius, I showed it to him. He was much diverted with it, and pointed out one or two faults in the French, which I am far from pretending to write correctly. A day or two afterwards I showed it to two or three persons at madame de Rochfort's, who were all pleased with it, among whom the duc de Nivernois proposed the alteration of one verb. I showed the letter too to madame du Deffand, and she desired to communicate it to the president Henault, and he changed the construction of the last phrase, though the thought remained exactly the same. Madame de Jonsac, the president's niece, said, if I had a mind it should appear, she would disperse it without letting the author be known. I replied, No, it had never been intended for the public, was a private piece of pleasantry, and I had no mind it should be talked of. One night at madame du Deffand's, the latter desired me to read it to madame la marechale de Mirepoix, who liked it so much, that she insisted upon having a copy; and this, as far as I can remember, was the first occasion of the dispersion.

du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstiniez à rejetter mon secours, attendez vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au grè de vos souhaits; et ce qui surement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persecuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

" Votre bon ami,

" FREDERIC."

I have recounted circumstantially the trifling incidents of the corrections of the letter, because they were afterwards most unjustly the occasion of the letter being imputed to one who had not the smallest share in it, and who was aspersed from private pique. As soon as the letter made a noise, I was so afraid of affecting to write French better than I could, that I mentioned every where, and particularly to M. Diderot at baron Holbach's, that the letter had been corrected, though I did not tell by whom, for fear of involving others in a dispute; but I never, as M. D'Alembert has falsely asserted, avowed that I had had any assistance in the composition, which would have been an untruth. This attention of not committing others, has since most absurdly been complained of by D'Alembert. Has he set his name to every thing he has written? Do his principles lead him to betray every thing that has passed in confidence between him and others? But I shall unmask his motives, and detect his spleen. He had formerly been a great friend of madame du Deffand. She had brought to Paris a poor young gentlewoman, a mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, who lived with her as a companion. They had quarrelled (I neither know nor care about what) some time before I came to Paris, and had parted. Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse had talents, drew company and authors about her, and of the latter, D'Alembert was the most assiduous; and a total coolness ensued between him and madame du Deffand. The latter soon after my arrival had shown me great distinctions and kindness. Mr. Hume proposed to carry me to mademoiselle de L' Espinasse, where I might be sure of seeing D'Alembert.

I said, I had not the honour of knowing mademoiselle de L'Espinasse: that madame du Deffand had been remarkably good to me, and as I understood they did not love one another, I did not care to disoblige madame du Deffand, nor to be involved in a quarrel with which I had nothing to do; and for monsieur D'Alembert, I was mighty indifferent about seeing him; that it was not my custom to seek authors, who are a conceited troublesome set of people, and that I was not come to Paris to pay homage to their vanity. This was by no means levelled particularly at D'Alembert, of whom I knew nothing, but so much my way of thinking, that in seven months and a half that I was at Paris, I would visit but two authors, whom I infinitely preferred to all the rest, which were the younger Crebillon and monsieur Buffon, the latter of whom is one of the most amiable, modest, humane men I ever knew. This neglect of D'Alembert and his friend, and my attachment to madame du Deffand, was not to be forgiven; and I am glad he did not forgive it, as it drew him to expose his peevish spite.

Mr. Hume remained some time longer at Paris; and though he lodged in the same hotel with me, I declare, and Mr. Crawfurd is my witness, that I never showed or mentioned the king of Prussia's letter to him.

In the mean time, a passport had been obtained for Rousseau; and notwithstanding he was incapable of travelling, he came to Paris in his Armenian habit, which he had worn some time, as he said, to conceal his rupture. He was lodged by the prince of Conti in the Temple; several persons ob-

tained his permission to visit him, though he made it a great favour, and yet he was so good as to indulge the curiosity of the multitude, by often walking in the public walks, where the singularity of his dress prevented his escaping their eyes. He staid a fortnight, till the parliament who had passed a decree against him began to complain of his residence in their jurisdiction. On their murmurs, the ministers alleged that the passport had been granted merely to facilitate his journey to England, and was not understood to extend beyond two or three days. The duchess of Choiseul told me, that the duke her husband was very angry that his indulgence had been abused, and at Rousseau's public exhibition of himself. I said, I hoped the duke would excuse Rousseau's delay, as I knew he had staid in complaisance to Mr. Hume, who had not been ready to depart. She replied, "Then he paid more deference to friendship than to obedience." Mr. Hume and Rousseau set out for England. They had not been there many days before accounts were written from thence to Paris of Rousseau's vanity and extravagant folly; as of his complaining to Mr. Hume one afternoon that few persons had been to see him that day; and of his refusing to settle in a gentleman's family, because the latter would not admit Rousseau's housekeeper to dine with his wife. I pitied Mr. Hume, and thought, as I had done before, that he would be heartily sick of his charge; but Mr. Hume was beyond measure attached to him, and thought he could not do too much to please him and compensate for his past misfortunes.

Some few days before I left Paris, I went to ma-

dame Geoffrin; she was writing in her closet: in the cabinet I found two persons, one of whom was talking with much warmth, and in the style in fashion, on religion. By the turn of his conversation, and by what I had heard of his person, I concluded this was D'Alembert. It was. I walked about the room, till madame Geoffrin came to us. D'Alembert went away, and this was the only time I saw him.

The very day before I set out, I was showed in an English newspaper, Rousseau's ridiculous letter to the printer, in which he complains with so much bitterness of the letter of the king of Prussia. Before I went to bed, I wrote a letter to Rousseau, under the name of his own Emile, to laugh at his folly; but on reflection I suppressed this, as I had done a second letter in the name of the king of Prussia, in which I foretold the variety of events which would happen in England to interfere with the noise which Rousseau hoped to make there, which would occasion his being forgotten and neglected, and which consequently would soon make him disgusted with our country. These events were, politics, Mr. Pitt's return to power, horse-races, elections, &c. all easily foreseen, and which did happen of course, and which did contribute to make Rousseau weary of the solitude which he pretended to seek, which he had found, and which he could not bear.

After I came to England, Mr. Hume told me he had solicited Mr. Conway, one of the secretaries of state, to obtain for Rousseau from the king a pension of an hundred pounds a year. Mr. Conway

asked, and the king consented to it; but, in consideration of Rousseau's obnoxious writings, his majesty desired the pension should be a secret. Rousseau wished to have it public, and had not yielded then to receive it in a private manner. Afterwards followed Rousseau's extravagant quarrel with Mr. Hume, in the course of which Mr. Hume begged me to press Mr. Conway to obtain the pension in the way which would please Rousseau most. I willingly undertook it, urged Mr. Conway to pursue it, which he promised me to do; but I told Mr. Hume that he must by no means let Rousseau know that I had any share in it, as he probably would not care to owe it to me.

Then arrived Rousseau's long absurd letter to Mr. Hume, which most people in England, and I among the rest, thought was such an answer to itself, that Mr. Hume had no occasion to vindicate himself from the imputations contained in it. The gens de lettres at Paris, who aim at being an *order*, and who in default of parts raise a dust by their squabbles, were of a different opinion, and pressed Mr. Hume to publish on the occasion. Mr. Hume however declared he was convinced by the arguments of his friends in England, and would not engage in a controversy. Lord Mansfield told me, he was glad to hear I was of his opinion, and had dissuaded Mr. Hume from publishing. Indeed I was convinced he did not intend it: and when he came to me one morning, and desired I would give him a letter under my hand to show to his friends, disculpating him from having been privy to the king of Prussia's letter, I willingly consented, and wrote

one, which I gave him, and the beginning of which proved how strong my opinion was against his publishing.

I am sorry to say, that on this occasion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter, I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wished him to publish, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own spleen to Rousseau. I had no spleen to him, I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to serve him; and above all things, I despised the childish quarrels of pedants and pretended philosophers. This commencement of my letter was therefore a dissuasive against printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make use of part of my letter, and suffer it to be printed—and even without asking my consent? I had told him he might do what he pleased with it: but when he had desired it only to show, and when it advised him not to publish, could my words imply a permission to print my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again: was he at liberty to do this without asking and obtaining my consent? It is very true, I heartily despised Rousseau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been published, I should not have expressed my feeling in such harsh terms as *a thorough contempt*—at least I should have particularized the cause of that contempt, because the superiority and excellence of Rousseau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor should I have treated him with the same indifference as I should the present gens de lettres at Paris, the mushrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated

with respect for them, and not to wound their vain and sensitive ears, suppressed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form suffered them to publish it. When it was published, he made an apology to me: his letters and my answers I shall annex to this narrative.

In consequence however of my contempt of controversy, with a proper scorn of D'Alembert's womanish motives, and in tenderness to Mr. Hume, I forbore to expose D'Alembert as he deserved. The little insects produced by this quarrel kept it up for some time in print, and Freron, who exists on such sour nutriment, attacked me in one of his journals, which to this hour I never saw; nor so much as heard of, till I was informed from Paris that the duchess of Choiseul obliged him to make a public retractation, and, as well as the duke, was much incensed against D'Alembert, madame du Deffand being the duchess's particular friend. I immediately wrote to Paris, to beg the duchess would suffer Freron and D'Alembert, or any of the tribe, to write what they pleased, and get what money they could by abusing me.

Rousseau remained for some months longer in Derbyshire, in a cottage near Mr. Davenport—but in the spring Rousseau and his housekeeper suddenly departed. The post-master where he hired horses told him, Mr. Davenport would be much concerned at being quitted so abruptly. Rousseau replied, he took that method not to shock Mr. Davenport by his complaints.—However, he left a letter behind him for this last benefactor, not much inferior in reproaches to the one he had addressed to Mr. Hume. The chief cause of his discontent

had been a long quarrel between his housekeeper and Mr. Davenport's cook-maid, who, as Rousseau affirmed, had always dressed their dinner very ill, and at last had sprinkled ashes on their victuals.

Rousseau, quitting his Armenian masquerade, crossed the country with his governante, and arrived at Boston in Lincolnshire. There a gentleman who admired his writings waited on him, offered him assistance in money, and called him *the great Rousseau*. He replied with warmth, "No, sir, no, I am not *the great Rousseau*, I am the poor neglected Rousseau, of whom nobody takes any notice." Thus broke forth the true source of all his unhappiness. The brightest parts, the most established fame, could not satisfy him, unless he was the perpetual object of admiration and discourse; and to keep up this attention, he descended to all the little tricks of a mountebank.

From Boston he wrote to the lord chancellor Camden, to desire his lordship would send him a guard to conduct him to Dover. A guard! and in England! where he or any body may travel in the most perfect security! and where there was no sentence of law or decree of parliament against him!—And for what? To conduct him to France, where he was proscribed and liable to be apprehended by the first guard that should meet him. The chancellor smiled at his folly, and desired Mr. Fitzherbert to acquaint him that he had no occasion for a guard, and might go with the utmost safety to Dover—and so he did.

From Dover he wrote to Mr. Conway the most extravagant of all his letters, and which indeed amounted to madness. In it he entreated Mr. Con-

way in the most earnest and pathetic terms to suffer him to quit England (from whence he would be sailed long before Mr. Conway could receive his letter); he intimated a violent apprehension that he was to be assassinated at sea; he promised, if he was permitted to depart, that he never would write a syllable against England, or the English; offered to deposit all his unprinted writings there, and, to prove his sincerity, demanded his pension (an odd request for a man going to perish), the acceptance of which, he said, would constitute him the greatest of villains, if he should ever afterwards abuse England: and he concluded his solicitation of leave to depart, with a promise of acquainting Mr. Conway how to direct to him, as soon as he should be landed at Calais.

Mr. Conway showed me this letter. I begged him, as soon as he should receive the direction, to acquaint Rousseau that he was at full liberty to write what he pleased; that nobody wished to prevent his writing any thing he had a mind to say; and I begged Mr. Conway to obtain the pension, which he did, and which was granted.

Still wishing to compensate for any uneasiness I had given Rousseau by the king of Prussia's letter, and now really thinking him distracted enough to thrust himself on actual calamities, I wrote to the duchess of Choiseul to represent his case, to beg her protection for him, and to entreat that she would save him, if the parliament of Paris or the government should be disposed to exercise their resentment on him.

He arrived safely at Paris, was received by his old friend the prince of Conti, was for some time

lodged near Meudon; and when I returned to Paris in August, 1767, he lived very privately at a little distance from that capital on an estate belonging to the same prince, where I shall leave him, and conclude this idle history.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Paris, Sept. 13, 1767.

LETTERS

Which passed between

DAVID HUME, ESQ.

AND

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

RELATIVE TO ROUSSEAU.

LETTERS

RELATIVE TO ROUSSEAU.

I.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from D'Alembert, who tells me, that, on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me, with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D'Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the king of Prussia: I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not

show it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray recollect, if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter and Rousseau's answer. Pray assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

I am, dear sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
DAVID HUME.

Saturday forenoon.

II.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Arlington-street, July 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the king of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for

I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.

III.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

A FEW posts ago I had a letter from M. D'Alembert, by which I learn, that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publish an account of my rupture with Rousseau, in consequence of a general discretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publish is the same with that which I left with lord Hertford, and which I believe you have seen. It consists chiefly of original papers, connected by a short recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. D'Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permission and at my desire. Among the papers published is your letter to me, justifying my innocence with regard to the king of Prussia's letter. You permitted me to make what use of it I pleased for my own apology; and as I knew that you could have no reason for concealing it, I inserted it without scruple in the narrative. My Parisian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the necessity which they found of extorting my consent. It appears particularly, that my antagonist had wrote letters of defiance against me all over Europe, and said, that the letter he wrote me was so confounding to me, that I would not dare to show it to any one without falsifying it. These letters were likely

to make impression, and my silence might be construed into a proof of guilt. I am sure that my friends have judged impartially in this affair, and without being actuated by any prejudice or passion of their own: for almost all of them were at first as averse as I was to the publication, and only proceeded to it upon the apparent necessity which they discovered. I have not seen the preface; but the book will probably be soon in London, and I hope you will find that the reasons assigned by my friends are satisfactory. They have taken upon them the blame, if any appears to lie in this measure. I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Dear sir,
Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 30th of Oct. 1766.

IV.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Nov. 6, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here: I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed I

am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backside. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the fifth and Francis the first. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the Philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser,

and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and had it been necessary, I could have added much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guess that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted too my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who I suppose has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected.* D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his eloges and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear sir; I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely; I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

V.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY I received by the post a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rousseau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the necessity under which they found themselves to publish this narrative; and an appendix in D'Alembert's name, protesting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rousseau. I have no objection with regard to the first, but the second contains a clause which displeases me very much, but which you will probably only laugh at: it is that where he blames the king of Prussia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to use this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it possible that a man of his superior parts can bear you ill will because you are the friend of his enemy, madame du Deffand? What makes me suspect that there may be something true of this suspicion, is, that several passages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the translation, and rendered much less obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative sent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for surely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but

I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be translated in London, if there be hopes of selling a hundred copies of it. For this reason, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be published, in which case I shall give orders that all the passages altered in my narrative shall be restored.

Since I came here I have been told that you have had a severe fit of sickness, but that you are now recovered: I hope you are perfectly so. I am anxious to hear of your welfare; being, with great sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 4th of Nov. 1766.

VI.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

INDEED, dear sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he

urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of madame du Deffand, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him any thing like a *superior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far, as to hate a friend of hers qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd, and impious, as to

displace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris, and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now). She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently

paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I who am an author must own this conduct very sensible; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake, do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I had heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does

a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the king of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the rex regum, the man who is præcipuè sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature?—In short, my dear sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-street, Nov. 11th, 1766.

P. S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on madame du Deffand's account; but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent sçavant, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells. I hope you will receive it.

VII.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

I READILY agree with you, my dear sir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the necessity of consenting to this publication; but it had certainly become necessary. Even those who at first joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me and represented, that this strange man's defiances had made such impression, that I should pass universally for the guilty person, if I suppressed the story. Some of his greatest admirers and partisans, who had read my manuscript, concurred in the same sentiments with the rest. I never consented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I should have persevered in my refusal. One reason of my reluctance was, that I saw this publication, if necessary at Paris, was yet superfluous, not to say worse, at London. But I hope it will be considered that the publication is not, properly speaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in consequence of a discretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a distance to form a judgment in the case.

I am as sensible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have exposed themselves, by running every moment to the public with all their private squabbles and altercations; but surely there has been something very unexpected and peculiar in

this affair. My antagonist, by his genius, his singularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the subject of general conversation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any person in it. I do not even except Voltaire, but less the king of Prussia and Mr. Pitt. How else could it have happened, that a clause of a private letter, which I wrote somewhat thoughtlessly to a private gentleman at Paris, should in three days' time have been the only subject of conversation in that capital, and should thence have propagated itself every where as fast as the post could carry it? You know, that at first I was so little inclined to make a noise about this story, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the insult, which was really so ridiculous: but you very properly dissuaded me from this resolution; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly nobody will find fault with.

Having made this apology for myself (where, however, I expect to be absolved as much by your compassion as your judgment), I proceed to say something in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D'Alembert who suppressed that clause of your letter, but me, who did not transcribe it in the copy I sent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needlessly in a quarrel with these literati; and as that clause had no reference to the business in hand, I thought I might fairly secrete it. I wish I could excuse him as well on another head. He sent me above two months ago something like that declaration, and desired me to convey it to Rousseau; which I refused to do, and gave him some reasons of my refusal: but he

replied to me, that he was sure my true secret reason was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be disagreeable to me to see such a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked also the omission of a phrase in the translation; and this omission could not be altogether by accident: it was where I mention your suppressing the king of Prussia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I said it was *agreeable to your usual politeness and humanity*. I have wrote to Becket the bookseller to restore this passage, which is so conformable to my real sentiments: but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I saw the Paris edition, I had desired Becket to follow it wherever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other respects but inconsiderable.

It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendship with madame du Deffand; because I can find no other ground for it. I see also, that in his declaration there is a stroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not understand, but I do; because he wrote me that he heard she was your corrector. I found these two persons in great and intimate friendship when I arrived at Paris: but it is strange how intemperate they are both become in their animosity; though perhaps it is more excusable in her, on account of her age, sex, and bodily infirmities. I am very sensible of your discretion in not citing me on this occasion; I might otherwise have a new quarrel on my hands.

With regard to D'Alembert, I believe I said he

was a man of *superior parts*, not a *superior genius*; which are words, if I mistake not, of a very different import. He is surely entitled to the former character, from the works which you and I have read: I do not mean his translation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I suppose neither you nor I have read, his Geometry and Algebra. I agree with you, that in some respects Rousseau may more properly be called a superior genius; yet is he so full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny him even that appellation. I fancy D'Alembert's talents and Rousseau's united might fully merit such an eulogy.

In other respects, D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refusing great offers from the czarina and the king of Prussia, he has shown himself above interest and vain ambition: he lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, suitable to a man of letters. He has five pensions: one from the king of Prussia, one from the French king, one as member of the academy of sciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of these is not 6000 livres a year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I scarce know a man, who, with some few exceptions (for there must always be some exceptions), is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philosophical* character.

You see I venture still to join these two epithets as inseparable and almost synonymous; though you seem inclined to regard them almost as incom-

patible. And here I have a strong inclination to say a few words in vindication both of myself and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepossession has seized you to beat in so outrageous a manner your nurses of mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude against science and literature? For my part, I can scarce acknowledge any other ground of distinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progress in learning and the arts. I do not say between one man and another; because the qualities of the heart and temper and natural understanding are the most essential to the personal character; but being, I suppose, almost equal among nations and ages, do not serve to throw a peculiar lustre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius; and there may no doubt be, in particular instances, a great ridicule in these affectations: but the sentiment in general was equally conspicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flourishing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century. If the case be now otherwise, it is what we are to lament and be ashamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at best but half civilized, and is now relapsing fast into barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. I beg you also to consider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages.—But I find I am launching out insensibly into an immense ocean of common-place; I cut the matter therefore short, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and

had every day cooked your dinner of horseflesh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but at the same time, that reading, conversation, and travel have detracted nothing from those virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear sir,

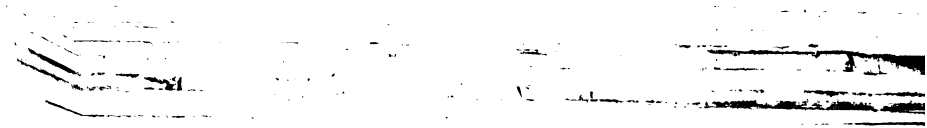
Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 20th of Nov. 1766.

P. S. The French translation of this strange piece of mine (for I must certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.



JUL 25 1939